
An ADVERTISEMENT to
the READER.

COME say the *Pilgrim's Progress* is not mine,
Influating as if I would shine,
In Name and Fame by the Worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their Brother:
Or that so fond I am of being Sire,
To Father Bastards; or if Need require,
I'll tell a Lie in Print to get Applause:
I scorn it; *John* such Dirt heap never was,
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To shew why I my *Pilgrim* Patronize.
It came from mine own Heart, so to my Head,
And thence into my Fingers trickled;
Then to my Pen, from whence immediately
On Paper I did dribble it daintily.
Manner and Matter too was all mine own,
Nor was it unto any Mortal known,
Till I had done it. Nor did any then
By Books, by Wits, by Tongues, or Hand or Pen
Add five Words to it, or write half a Line
Therefore: The Whole, and every whit is mine.
Also for *This*, thine Bye is now upon,
The Matter in this Manner came from none
But the same Heart, and Head, Fingers and Pen,
As did the others. Witness all good Men,
Or none in all the World without a Lie,
I say that *this is mine* excepting I.
I write not this of any Oration,
Nor cause I sell of Men their Commendation;
So it to keep them from such Scandalize,
Attempt that will my Name to scandalize,
Witness my Name, If anagram'd to thee,
The Letters make, *No boy in a B*.

JOHN BUNYAN



THE
Holy War,
MADE BY
SHADDAI;
UPON
DIABOLUS;
For the Regaining of the
Metropolis of the WORLD;
OR THE LOSING
And Taking again of the Town
OF
MANSOUL.

By JOHN BUNYAN, Author of the
Pilgrim's Progress, 1st and 2d Part.

Note, The 3d Part suggested to be his, is an Impostor.

I have used Similitudes, Hof. xii. 10.

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TO THE
READER.

TIS strange to me, that they that Love to tell
Things done of old, yea, and that do excell
Their Equals in Historiologie,
Speak not of Mansoul's Wars, but let them lie
Dead like old Fables, or such worthless Things,
That to the Reader no Advantage brings:
When Men, let them make what they will their own,
Till they know this, are to themselves unknown.

Of Stories I well know there's divers Sorts,
Some Foreign, some Domestick; and Reports
Are thereof made as Fancy leads the Writers;
(By Books a Man may guess at the Inditers.)

Some will again of that which never was,
Nor will be, feign, (and that without a Cause)
Such Matter, raise such Mountains, tell such Things
Of Men, of Laws, of Countries, and of Kings;
And in their Story seem to be so Sage,
And with such Gravity cloath every Page,
That though their Frontispiece says all is vain,
Yet to their Way Disciples they obtain.

But, Readers, I have somewhat else to do,
Than with vain Stories thus to trouble you,
What here I say some Men do know so well,
They can with Tears of Joy the Story tell.

True
Christians.

The Town of Mansoul is well known to many,
Nor are her Troubles doubted of by any.



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• To the READER.

That are acquainted with those Histories,
That Mansoul and her Wars Anatomize.

The
Scriptures.

Then lend thine Ear to what I do relate
Touching the Town of Mansoul, and her State,
How she was lost, took Captive, made a Slave;
And how against him set, that should her save.
Yea, how by hostile Ways she did oppose
Her Lord, and with his Enemy did close,
For they are true, he that will them deny,
Must needs the best of Records vilifie,
For my part I (myself was in the Town,
Both when 'twas set up, and when pulling down,
I saw Diabolus in its Possession,
And Mansoul also under his Oppression.
Yea, I was there when she own'd him for Lord,
And to him did submit with one Accord.

When Mansoul trampled on Things Divine,
And wallowed in Filth as doth a Swine:
When she betook herself unto her Arms,
Fought her Emanuel, despis'd his Charms,
Then I was there, and grieved for to see
Diabolus, and Mansoul so agree.

Her
Counsels.

Let no Man then count me a Fable Maker,
Nor make my Name or Credit a Partaker
Of their Derision, what is here in view,
Of mine own Knowledge I dare say is true.

I saw the Prince's armed Men come down
By Troops, by Thousands, to besiege the Town
I saw the Captains, heard the Trumpets sound,
And how his Forces cover'd all the Ground:
Yea, how they set themselves in Battle-ray,
I shall remember to my dying Day.

I saw the Colours waving in the Wind,
And they within to Mischief how combin'd
To ruin Mansoul, and to make away
Her Primam Mobile without Delay.

Her
Soul.

I saw the Mounts cast up against the Town,
And how the Slings were placed to beat it down.

I heard

TO the READER.

*I heard the Stones fly whizzing by my Ears,
(What longer kept in Mind than got in Fears?)
I heard them fall, and saw what Work they made,
And how Old Mors, did cover with his Shade, Death.
The Face of Mansoul, and I heard her cry,
Woe worth the Day in dying I shall die.*

*I saw the Battering-Rams; and how they play'd
To beat up Ear-gate, and I was afraid,
Not only Ear-gate, but the very Town
Would by those Battering-Rams be beaten down.*

*I saw the Fights, and heard the Captains shout,
And in each Battle, saw who fac'd about: Lusts.
I saw who wounded were, and who were slain,
And who when dead, would come to Life again.*

*I heard the Cries of those that wounded were,
(While others fought like Men bereft of Fear,)
And while the Cry, Kill, Kill, was in mine Ears,
The Gutters ran, not so with Blood as Tears.*

*Indeed the Captains did not always fight,
But when they would molest us Day and Night;
They cry, up, fall on, let us take the Town,
Kept us from sleeping, or from lying down.*

*I was there when the Gates were broken open,
And saw how Mansoul then was stript of Hope.
I saw the Captains march into the Town,
How there they fought, and did their Foes cut down.*

*I heard the Prince bid Boanerges go
Up to the Castle, and there seize his Foe,
And saw him and his Fellows bring him down
In Chains of great Contempt quite through the Town.*

*I saw Emanuel when he possess'd
His Town of Mansoul, and how greatly blest
A Town, his gallant Town of Mansoul was,
When she receiv'd his Pardon, lov'd his Laws.*

*When the Diabolians were caught,
When try'd, and when to Execution brought,
Then I was there; yea, I was standing by
When Mansoul did the Rebels crucifie.*

*I also saw Mansoul clad all in white,
And heard her Prince call her his Heart's Delight.*

I saw

TO the READER.

*I saw him put upon her Chains of Gold,
And Rings and Bracelets, goodly to behold.*

*What shall I say? I heard the Peoples Cries,
And saw the Prince wipe Tears from Mansoul's Eyes.
I heard the Groans, and saw the Joy of many:
Tell you of all I neither will, nor can I,
But by what here I say, you well may see
That Mansoul's matchless Wars no Fables be.*

*Mansoul! the Desire of both Princes was,
One keep his Gain would t'other gain his Loss;
Diabolus would cry, The Town is mine,
Emanuel would plead a Right Di-vine
Unto his Mansoul; then to Blows they go,
And Mansoul cries, These Wars will me undo!*

*Mansoul, her Wars seem'd endless in her Eyes,
She's lost by one, becomes another's Prize;
And he again that lost her last would swear,
Have her, I will, or her in Pieces tear.*

*Mansoul, it was the very Seat of War,
Wherefore her Troubles greater were by far,
Than only where the Noise of War is heard,
Or where the shaking of a Sword is fear'd:
Or only where small Skirmishes are fought,
Or where the Fancy fighteth with a Thought.*

*She saw the Swords of Fighting Men made red,
And heard the Cries of those with them wounded.
Must not her Frights then be much more by far,
Than theirs that to such Doings Strangers are?
Or theirs that hear the Beating of a Drum,
But not made fly for Fear from House and Home?*

*Mansoul not only heard the Trumpet sound,
But saw her Gallants gasping on the Ground;
Wherefore we must not think that she could rest
With them whose greatest Earnest is but Jest:
Or where the blustering Threatning of great Wars
Do end in Parleys, or in wording Jars.*

*Mansoul, her mighty Wars, they do pretend
Her Weal, or Woe, and that World without End;*

TO the READER.

Wherefore she must be more concern'd than they
Whose Fears begin and end the self same Day:
Or where none other Harm doth come to him
That is engag'd, but Loss of Life or Limb,
As all must needs confess that now do dwell,
In Universe, and can this Story tell.

Count me not then with them, that to amaze
The People, set them on the Stars to gaze,
Insinuating with much Confidence
They are the only Men that have Science
Of some brave Creatures; yea, a World they will
Have in each Star, tho' it be past their Skill
To make it manifest unto a Man
That Reason bath, or tell his Fingers can.

But I have too long held thee in the Porch,
And kept thee from the Sun-shine with a Torch.
Well, now go forward, step within the Door,
And there behold five hundred Times much more
Of all Sorts of such inward Rarities,
As please the Mind well, and well feed the Eyes,
With those which of a Christian, thou wilt see.
Nor do thou go to work without my Key.
(In Mysteries Men do soon lose their Way)
And also turn it right if thou would'st know
My Riddle, and would'st with my Heifer plow;
It lies there in the Window, fare thee well,
My next may be to ring thy Passing Bell.

The
Margin.

John Bunyan.



A
RELATION
OF THE
HOLY WAR, &c.

IN my Travels, as I walked through many Regions and Countries, it was my chance to happen into that famous *Continent of Universe* ; a very large and spacious Country it is. It lieth between the two Poles, and just amidst the four Points of the Heavens. It is a Place well watered, and richly adorned with Hills and Valleys, bravely situated ; and for the most part (at least where I was) very fruitful, also well peopled, and a very sweet Air.

The People are not all of one Complexion, nor yet of one Language, Mode, or Way of Religion ; but differ as much as ('tis said) do the Planets themselves : Some are right and some are wrong, even as it happeneth to be in lesser Regions.

In this Country, as I said, it was my Lot to travel, and there travel I did, and that so long, even till I had learned much of their Mother tongue, together with the Customs and Manners of them among whom I was. And to speak Truth, I was much delighted to see and hear many Things which I saw and heard among them. A natural State pleasing to the People
Yea, I had (to be sure) even lived and died a Native among them. (I was so taken with 'em and their Doings) had not my Master sent for me home to his House, there to do Business for him, and to oversee Business done.

The Holy War,

Now there is in this gallant Country of *Universe*, a fair and delicate Town, a Corporation called *Man-soul*; a Town for its Building so curious, for its Situation so commodious, for its Privileges so advantageous; (I mean with reference to its Original) that I may say of it, as was said-before, of the *Continent* in which it is placed, *There is not its Equal under the whole Heaven.*

As to the Situation of this Town, it lieth just between the two Worlds, and the first Founder, and

Builder of it, so far as by the best and
 Scriptures, most authentic Records I can gather,
 The Almighty. was one *Shaddai*; and he built it for

his own Delight. *Gen. i. 26.* He made it the Mirror and Glory of all that he made, even the Top-piece, beyond any Thing else that he did in that Country:

Yea, so goodly a Town was *Man-soul*, when first built, that it is said by some, the Gods at the
 Created Angels. setting up thereof, came down to see it,

and sung for Joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also mighty to have Dominion over all the Country round about. Yea, all was commanded to acknowledge *Man-soul* for their Metropolitan, all was enjoined to do homage to it. Ay, the Town itself had positive Commission, and Power from her King to demand Service of all, and also to subdue any, that any ways denied to do it.

There was reared up in the midst
 The Heart. of this Town, a most famous and stately Palace; for Strength it may be called a Castle; for Pleasantness, a Paradise; for Largeness, a Place so copious as to contain all the World, *Eccles. iii. 11.* This Place, the King *Shaddai* intended but for himself alone, and not another with him: Partly because of his own Delights, and partly because

he would not that the Terror of Strangers should be upon the Town. This
 The Power of Place *Shaddai* made also a Garrison of
 the Souls. but committed the keeping of it, only to the Men of
 the Town.

The

The Wall of the Town was well built, yea, so fast and firm was it knit and compacted together, that had it not been for the Townsmen themselves, they could not have been shaken, or broken for ever.

For here lay the excellent Wisdom of him The Body. that built *Manfoul*, that the Walls could never be broken down nor hurt, by the most mighty adverse Potentates, unless the Townsmen gave Consent thereto.

This famous Town of *Manfoul* had five Gates, at which to come out, and at which to go in, and these were made likewise answerable to the Walls: To wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced, but by the Will and Leave of those within. The Names of the Gates were these,

Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate. The five Senses.

Other Things there were that belonged to the Town of *Manfoul*, which if you adjoin to these, will yet give further Demonstration to all, of the Glory and Strength of the Place. It had always a Sufficiency The State of of Provision within its Walls; it had the *Manfoul* at first. best, most wholesome, and excellent Law that was then extant in the World. There was not a

Rascal, Rogue, or traiterous Person then within its Walls: They were all true Men, and fast joined together, and this you know is a great Matter. And to all these, it was always so long as it had the Goodness to keep true to *Shaddai* the King, his Countenance, his Protection, and it was his Delight, &c.

Well, upon a Time, there was one *Diabolus* a mighty Giant, made an Assault upon the famous Town of *Manfoul*, to take it, and make it his own Habitation. This Giant was King of the *Blacks* or *Negros*, and a most raving Prince he was. We will, if you please, first discourse of the Original of this *Diabolus*, and then of his taking of this famous Town of *Manfoul*. Sinners the fallen Angels. The Original of Diabolus.

This *Diabolus* is indeed a great and mighty Prince, and yet both poor and beggarly. As to his Original,

The Holy War,

he was at first one of the Servants of King *Shaddai*, made and taken, put by him into most high and mighty Place, yea, and was put into such Principalities as belonged to the best of his Territories and Dominions, *Isaiah* xiv. 12. This *Diabolus* was made *Son of the Morning*, and a brave Place he had of it: It brought him much Glory, and gave him much Brightness, an Income that might have contented his *Luciferian* Heart, had it not been insatiable, and enlarged as Hell itself.

Well, he seeing himself thus exalted to Greatness and Honour, and raging in his Mind for higher State and Degree, what doth he but begins to think with himself, how he might be set up as Lord over all, and have the sole Power under *Shaddai*, 2 *Pet.* ii. 4. *Jude* vi. (Now that did the King reserve for his Son, yea, and had already bestowed it upon him) wherefore he first consults with himself what had best to be done, and then breaks his Mind to some other of his Companions, to the which they also agreed. So in fine, they came to this Issue, that they should make an Attempt upon the King's Son to destroy him, that the Inheritance might be theirs. Well, to be short, the Treason (as I said) was concluded, the Time appointed, the Word given, the Rebels rendezvoused, and the Assault attempted. Now the King and his Son being all, and always Eye, could not but discern all Passages in his Dominions; and he having always a Love for his Son, as for himself, could not, at what he saw, but he greatly provoked and offended: Wherefore what does he, but takes them in the very Nick, and first Trip that they made towards their Design, convicts them of the Treason, horrid Rebellion and Conspiracy that they had devised, and now attempted to put into Practice, and casts them altogether out of all Place of Trust, Benefit, Honour, and Preferment; this done, he banishes them the Court, turns them down into the horrid Pits, and as fast bound in Chains; never more to expect the least Favour from his Hands, but to abide the Judgment that

that he had appointed; and that for ever and ever.

Now they being thus cast out of all Place of Trust, Profit, and Honour, and also knowing that they had lost their Prince's Favour for ever, being banished his Court and cast down to the horrible Pits, you may be sure they would now add to their former Pride, what Malice and Rage against *Shaddai*, and against his Son they could, 1 *Pet.* v. 8. Wherefore roving and ranging in much Fury from Place to Place, (if perhaps they might find something that was the King's) to revenge, by spoiling of that, themselves on him. At last they happened into this spacious Country of *Universe*, and steer their Course towards the Town of *Mansoul*; and considering that that Town was one of the chief Works and Delights of King *Shaddai*; what do they, but after Council taken, make an Assault upon that. I say they knew that *Mansoul* belonged unto *Shaddai*, for they were there when he built it, and beautified it for himself. So when they had found the Place, they shouted horribly for Joy, and roared on it like as a Lion upon the Prey; Saying, Now we have found the Prize, and how to be revenged on King *Shaddai*, for what he hath done to us. So they sat down and called a Council of War, and considered with themselves what Ways and Methods they had best to engage in, for the winning to themselves this famous Town of *Mansoul*: And these four Things were then propounded to be considered of.

A Council of
War held by
Diabolus.

First, *Whether they had best all of them to shew themselves in this Design to the Town of Mansoul?*

Secondly, *Whether they had best to go and sit down against Mansoul, in their now ragged and beggarly Garb?*

Thirdly, *Whether they had best shew to Mansoul their Intentions, and what Design they came about, or whether to assault it with Words and Ways of Deceit?*

Fourthly, *Whether they had not best, by some of their Companions, to give out private Orders to take the Advantage, if they see one or more of the principal Towns-*
men,

men to shoot them; if thereby they shall judge their Cause and Design will the better be promot'd.

It was answer'd to the first of these Proposals, in the Negative, to wit, that it would not be best that all should shew themselves before the Town, because the Appearance of many of them might alarm and fright the Town, whereas, a few, or but one of them, was not so likely to do it. And to enforce this Advice to take place, 'twas added further, that if *Manfoul* was frightened or did take the Alarm, 'tis impossible said *Diabolus* (for he spake now) that we should take the Town: For that none can enter into it without its own Consent. Let therefore but a few, or but one assault *Manfoul*, and in my Opinion, said *Diabolus*, let me be he. Wherefore to this they all agreed, and then to the second Proposal they came, namely, Whether they had best to go and sit down before *Manfoul*, in their now ragged and beggarly Guise? To which it was answer'd also in the Negative, by no means; and that because, tho' the Town of *Manfoul* had been made to know, and to have to do before now, with Things that are invisible; they did never as yet see any of their fellow Creatures in so bad and Rascal Condition as they. And this was the Advice of the fierce *Alasco*. Then said *Apollyon*,

Alasco. The Advice is pertinent, for even one of us
Apollyon. appearing to them as we are now, must needs both beget and multiply such Thoughts in them, as will both put them into a Consternation of Spirit, and necessitate them to put themselves upon their Guard. And if so, said he, then, as my Lord *Electo* said but now, 'tis in vain for us to think of taking the Town. Then said that mighty Giant *Boixebub*. The Advice that already is given is safe, for though the Men of *Manfoul* have seen such Things as we once were, yet hitherto they did never behold such Things as we now are. And 'tis best in mine Opinion, to come upon them in such a Guise as is common to, and most familiar among them. To this when they had consented: The next Thing to be considered was, in what Shape, Hue, or Guise, *Diabolus* had best to shew himself, when he

went

went about to make *Mansoul* his own. Then one said one thing, and another the contrary. At last *Lucifer* answered, That in his Opinion, 'twas best that his Lordship should assume the Body of some of those Creatures that they of the Town had Dominion over. For, quoth he, those are not only familiar to them, but being under them, they will never imagine that any Attempt should by them be made upon the Town; and to blind all, let him assume the Body of one of those Beasts that *Mansoul* deems to be wiser than any of the rest, *Gen. i. Rev. xx. 1, 2.* This Advice was applauded of all, so it was determined that the Giant *Diabolus* should assume the Dragon, for that he was in those Days, as familiar with the Town of *Mansoul*, as now is the Bird with the Boy. For nothing that was in its primitive State was at all amazing to them. Then they proceeded to the third Thing, which was,

3. *Whether they had best shew their Inclinations, or the Design of his coming to Mansoul, or no?*

This also was answered in the Negative, because of the Weight that was in their former Reasons, to wit, for that *Mansoul* were a strong People, a strong People in a strong Town, whose Wall and Gates were impregnable, (to say nothing of their Castle) nor can they by any means be won but by their own Consent. Besides, said *Legion*, (for he gave answer to this) A Discovery of our Intentions, may make them send to their King for Aid, and if that be done, I know, quickly what Time of Day 'twill be with us: Therefore let us assault them in all pretended Fairness, covering of our Intentions with all manner of Lies, Flatteries, delusive Words; feigning of Things that will never be, and promising of that to them, that they shall never find: This is the Way to win *Mansoul*, and to make them of themselves to open their Gates to us; yea, and to desire us too, to come in to them.

And the Reason why I think that this Project will do, is, because the People of *Mansoul* are now every one Simple and Innocent; all Honest and True: Nor do they as yet know what it is to be assaulted with

Fraud,

Fraud, Guile, and Hypocrisie. They are Strangers to Lying and dissembling Lips; wherefore we cannot, if thus we be disguised, by them at all be discerned; our Lies shall go for true Sayings, and our Dissimulation, for upright Dealings. What we promise them, they will in that believe us; especially, if in all our Lies and feigned Words, we pretend great Love to them, and that our Design is only their Advantage and Honour. Now there was not one Bit of a Reply against this, this went as current down, as doth the Water down a steep Descent: Wherefore they go to consider of the last Proposal, which was,

4. *Whether they had not best to give out Orders to some of their Company, to shoot some one or more of the principal of the Townsmen: If they judge that their Cause may be promoted thereby.*

This was carried in the Affirmative; and the Man that was designed by this Stratagem to be destroyed,

was one Mr. *Resistance*, otherwise called
 Of Captain *Resistance*, and a great Man in
Resistance. *Manfoul* this Captain *Resistance* was; and

a Man that the Giant *Diabolus*, and his Band, more feared, than they feared the whole Town of *Manfoul* besides. Now who should be the Actor to do the Murder; that was the next; and they appointed one *Tisiphone*, a Fury of the Lake, to do it.

They thus having ended the Council of
 The Result War, rose up, and assay'd to do as they
 of their Coun- had determined; they marched towards
 cil. *Manfoul*, but all in a Manner invisible,

saw only one; nor did he approach the Town in his own Likeness, but under the Shape, and in the Body of the Dragon.

So they drew up, and set down before *Ear-gate*, for that was the Place of Hearing for all without the Town,

as *Eye-gate* was the Place of Perfection. So as I said, he came up with his Train to the Gate, and laid his Ambuscade for
 Diabolus marches up to the Town. Captain *Resistance*, within Bow-shot of

the Town. This done, the Giant ascended up close

to the Gate, and called to the Town of *Mansoul* for Audience. Not took he any with him but one *All-pause*, who was his Orator in all difficult Matters. Now, as I said, he being come up to the Gate (as the Manner of those Times was) sounded his Trumpet for Audience: at which the chief of the Town of *Mansoul*, such as my Lord *Innocent*, my Lord *Will be-will*, my Lord-Mayor, Mr. *Recorder*, and Captain *Resistance*, came down to the Wall to see who was there, and what was the Matter. And my Lord *Will be-will*, when he looked over, and saw who stood at the Gate, demanded what he was, and wherefore he was come, and why he roused the Town of *Mansoul* with so unusual a Sound?

The Lords of
Mansoul ap-
peared.

Diabolus then, as if he had been a Lamb, began his Oration and said, *Gentlemen of the famous Town of Mansoul, I am, as you may perceive, no far Dweller from you, but near, and one that is bound by the King to do you my Homage, and what Service I can: wherefore that I may be faithful to myself, and to you, I have somewhat of Concern to impart unto you. Wherefore grant me your Audience and bear me patiently. And first, I will assure you, it is not myself, but you, not mine, but your Advantage that I seek by what I now do, as will full well be made manifest, by that I have open'd my Mind to you. For, Gentlemen, I am (to tell you the Truth) come to shew you how you may obtain great and ample Deliverance from a Bondage that unawares to yourselves you are captivated and enslaved under. At this the Town of Mansoul began to prick up its Ears. And what is it, pray, what is it, thought they? And he said, I have something to say to you concerning your King, concerning his Law, and also touching yourselves. Touching your King, I know he is great and potent, but yet, all that he has said to you, is neither true, nor yet for your Advantage. 1. 'Tis not true, for that wherewith he hath hitherto awed you, shall not come to pass, nor be fulfilled, though you do the Thing he hath forbidden. But if there was Danger, what a Slavery is it to live always in Fear of the greatest of Punishments, for*
doing

Diabolus his
Oration.

Mansoul

engaged,

The Holy War,

*Diabolus his
Subtilty made
up of Lies.*

*doing so small and trivial a Thing, as eating
a little Fruit is? 2. Touching his Lusts,
this I say further, they are both unreason-
able, intricate, and intolerable. Unreason-
able as was hinted before, for that the Punishment is not
proportioned to the Offence. There is great Difference, and*



Disproportion betwixt the Life, and an Apple; Yet the one must go for the other by the Law of your Shaddai. But it is also intricate, in that he saith, First, You may eat of all; and yet after, forbids the eating of one. And then in the last Place, it must needs be intolerable, for as much as that Fruit which you are forbidden to eat of (if you are forbidden any) is that, and that alone, which is able by your eating, to minister you a Good, as yet unknown by you. This is manifest by the very Name of the Tree, it is called the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil; and have you that Knowledge as yet? No, no, nor can you conceive how good, how pleasant, and how much to be desired to make one wise it is, so long as you stand by your King's Commandment. Why should you be holden in Ignorance and Blindness? Why should you not be enlarged in Knowledge and Understanding? And now, Ah ye Inhabitants of the famous Town of Mansoul, to speak more particularly to yourselves, you are not a free People! Ye are kept both in Bondage and Slavery, and that by a grievous Threat, no Reason being annexed, but so I will have it, so it shall be. And is it not grievous to think on, that that very Thing you are forbidden to do, might you but do it, would yield you both Wisdom and Honour: For then your Eyes will be opened, and you shall be as Gods. Now, since this is thus, quoth he, can you be kept by any Prince in more Slavery, and in greater Bondage than you are under, this Day? You are made Underlings, and are wrapt up in Inconveniences, as I have well made appear: For what Bondage greater than to be kept in Blindness? Will not Reason tell you, that it is better to have Eyes than to be without them; and to be at Liberty, to be better than to be shut up in a dark and stinking Cave?

And just now while Diabolus was speaking Captain Resistance these Words to Mansoul, Tisiphone shot Assurance slain. at Captain Resistance, where he stood on the Gate, and mortally wounded him in the Head, so that he, to the Amazement of the Townsmen; and the Encouragement of Diabolus, fell down dead quite over the Wall. Now when Captain Resistance was dead (and he was the only Man of War in the Town) poor Mansoul was wholly

left

The Holy War,

left naked of Courage, nor had she now any Heart to resist. But this was as the Devil would have it. Then stood forth that He, Mr. *Ill-pause*, that *Diabolus* brought with him, who was his Orator, and he addressed himself to speak to the Town of *Manfoul*: The Tenour of whose Speech here follows.

Ill-pause. Gentlemen, quoth he, it is my Master's Happiness, that he has this Day a quiet and teachable Auditory; and it is hoped by us, that we shall prevail with you, not to cast off good Advice: My Master has a very great Love for you, and although, as he very well knows, that he runs the Hazard of the Anger of King *Shaddai*, yet Love to you will make him do more than that. Nor doth there need that a Word more should be spoken to confirm for Truth what he has said; ~~there is not a Word~~ that carries with itself Evidence in its Bowels; the very Name of the Tree may put an End to all Controversy in this Matter. I therefore at this Time shall only add this Advice to you, under, and by the Leave of my Lord (and with that he made *Diabolus* a very low Congee.) Consider his Words, look on the Tree and the promising Fruit thereof; remember also that yet you know but little, and that this is the Way to know more: And if your Reasons be not conquered to accept of such good Counsel, you are not the Men I took you to be. *But when the Towns-folk saw that the Tree was good for Food, and that it was pleasant to the Eye, and a Tree to be desired to make one wise, they did as old Ill-pause advised, they took and did eat thereof; now this I should have told you before, that even then, when this Ill-pause was making*

My Lord Innocency's Death.

of this Speech to the Townsmen, my Lord *Innocency*, (whether by a Shot from the Camp of the Giant, or from some Quail that suddenly took him, or whether by the stinking Breath of that treacherous Villain, Old *Ill-pause*, for so I am most apt to think) sunk down in the Place where he stood, nor could he be brought to Life again. Thus these two brave Men died; brave Men I call

call them, for they were the Beauty and Glory of *Mansoul*, so long as they lived therein: Nor did there now remain any more a Noble Spirit in *Mansoul*, they all fell down and yielded Obedience to *Diabolus*, and became his Slaves and Vassals as you shall hear.

Now these being dead, what do the rest of the Towns-folk, but as Men that had found a Fool's Paradise, they presently, as afore was hinted, fell to prove the Truth of the Giant's Words, and first they did as *Ill-pause* had taught them, they looked, they considered, they were taken with the forbidden Fruit, *they took thereof and did eat*: And having eaten, they became immediately drunken therewith; so they opened the Gates; both *Ear-gate*, and *Eye-gate*, and let in *Diabolus* with all his Bands, quite forgetting their good *Shaddai*, his Law, and the Judgment that he had annexed with solemn Threatning to the Breach thereof.

Diabolus having now obtained Entrance in at the Gates of the Town, marches up to the Middle thereof, to make his Conquest as sure as he could, and finding by this Time, the Affections of the People warmly inclining to him, he, as thinking 'twas best striking while the Iron is hot, made this further deceivable Speech unto them, saying, *Alas, my poor Mansoul! I have done thee indeed this Service, as to promote thee to Honour, and to greaten thy Liberty, but now, Alas! Alas! poor Mansoul, thou wantest now one to defend thee, for assure thyself, that when Shaddai shall hear what is done, he will come: For sorry will he be that thou hast broken his Bonds, and cast his Cords away from thee. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou after Enlargement, suffer thy Privileges to be invaded and taken away? Or wilt thou refuse with thyself?* Then they all with one Consent, said to this Bramble, Do thou reign over us. So he accepted the Motion, and became the King of the Town of *Mansoul*. This being done, the next Thing was, to give him Possession of the Castle, and so of the whole Strength of the Town. Wherefore into the Castle he

The Town
taken.

He is en-
tertained for
their King.

goes

The Holy War,

He is possessed
of the Castle,
and fortifieth it
for himself.

He new model-
eth the Town.

This done, but not thinking himself yet secure enough, in the next Place he bethinks himself of new modelling the Town: and so he does, setting up one, and putting down another at Pleasure. Wherefore my Lord Mayor, whose Name was my Lord *Understanding*, and Mr. Recorder, whose Name was Mr. *Conscience*, those he puts out of Place and Power.

As for my Lord-Mayor, though he was an Understanding Man, and one too that had complied with the rest of the Town of *Mansoul* in admitting of the Giant into the Town, 2 Cor. x. 4, 5. Yet *Diabolus* thought not fit to let him abide in his former Lustre and Glory, because he was a seeing Man: Eph. iv. 18, 19. Wherefore he had darkned it not only by taking from him his Office and Power, but by building of an high and strong Tower, just between the Sun's Reflections, and the Windows of my Lord's Palace: By which means the House and the whole of his Habitation, was made as dark as Darkness itself. And thus being alienated from the Light, he became as one that was born blind. To this his House my Lord was confined, as to a Prison; nor might he upon his *Parole*, go further than within his own Bounds. And now had he had an Heart to do for *Mansoul*, what could he do for it, or wherein could he be profitable to her? So then, so long as *Mansoul* was under the Power and Government of *Diabolus*, (and so long it was under him, as it was obedient to him; which was, even until by a

War

Was it was rescued out of his Hand.) So long my Lord Mayor was rather an Impediment in, than an Advantage to, the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

As for Mr. Recorder, before the Town was taken, he was a Man well read in the Laws of his King, and also a Man of Courage and Faithfulness to speak Truth on every Occasion: And he had a Tongue as bravely hung, as he had an Head filled with Judgment. Now this Man, *Diabolus* could by no means abide, because, though he gave his Consent to his coming into the Town, yet he would not, by all Wiles, Trials, Stratagems and Devices that he could use, make him wholly his own. True, he was much degenerated from his former King, and also much pleased with many of the Giant's Laws, and Service: But this would not do, for as much as he was not wholly his; he would now and then think upon *Shaddai*, and have a dread of his Law upon him, and then he would speak with a Voice as great against *Diabolus*, as when a Lion roar-eth. Yea, and would also at certain times when his Fits were upon him (for you must know, that sometimes he had terrible Fits) make the whole Town of *Mansoul* shake with his Voice; and therefore the new King of *Mansoul* could not abide him.

The Recorder
put out of Place.

He sometimes
speaks for his
first King.

Diabolus therefore feared the Recorder, more than any that was left alive in the Town of *Mansoul*, because as I said, his Words did shake the whole Town; they were like the Rattling of Thunder, and also like Thunder-claps. Since therefore the Giant could not make him wholly his own, what doth he do, but studies all that he could to debauch the Old Gentleman, and by Debauchery to supify his Mind, and more harden his Heart in Ways of Vanity. And as he attempted, so he accomplished his Design. He debauched the Man, and by little and little, so drew him into Sin and Wickedness, that at last he was not only debauched as at first, and so by consequence defiled, but was almost (at last I say) past all Conscience of Sin. And this was the farthest

He is more
debauched than
before.

farthest *Diabolus* could go. Wherefore he bethinks him of another Project, and that was to persuade the

The Town taken off from heeding of him.

Men of the Town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his Fits, and said, If he be himself, why doth he not do

thus always? But, quoth he, all mad Folk have their Fits, and in them raving Language; so hath this old and doating Gentleman. Thus by one Means or other, he quickly got *Manfoul* to flight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say. For besides, what already you have heard, *Diabolus* had a Way to make

How Conscience becomes so ridiculous, as with Carnal Men it is.

the Old Gentleman when he was merry, unsay and deny what he in his Fits had affirmed. And indeed this was the next Way to make himself ridiculous, and to cause that no Man should regard him. Also now he never spake freely for King *Shaddai*, but always by Force and Constraint. Besides, he would at one Time be hot against that, at which at another he would hold his Peace, for uneven was he now in his Doings. Sometimes he would be, as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole Town of *Manfoul* was in her Career after Vanity, and in her Dance after the Giant's Pipe.

Wherefore, sometimes when *Manfoul* did use to be frightened with the thundering Voice of the Recorder that was, and when they did tell *Diabolus* of it, he would answer, that what the Old Gentleman said, was neither of Love to him, nor Pity to them, but of a foolish Fondness that he had to be prating: And so would hush, still, and put all to quiet again. And that he might leave no Argument un-urged that might tender to make them secure, he said, and said it often, Oh *Manfoul*! Consider, that notwithstanding the Old Gentleman's Rage, and the Rattle of his high and thundering Words, you hear nothing of *Shaddai* himself (when Liar and Deceiver that he was, every Out-cry of Mr. Recorder against the Sin of *Manfoul* was the Voice of God in him to them.)

Satanical Rhetorick.

But he goes on and says, You see that he values not the Loss, nor Rebellion of the Town of *Mansoul*, nor will he trouble himself with calling of his Town to a Reckoning, for their giving themselves to me. He knows that though ye were his, now you are lawfully mine; so leaving us to one another, he now hath shaken his Hands of us.

Moreover, O *Mansoul*! quoth he, consider how I have served you, even to the uttermost of my Power; and that with the best that I have, could get, or procure for you in all the World: Besides, I dare say, that the Laws and Customs that you now are under, and by which you do Homage to me, do yield you more Solace and Content, than did the Paradise that at first you possessed. Your Liberty also, as yourselves do very well know, has been greatly widen'd and enlarged by me; whereas I found you a

His Flatteries.

pen'd up People, I have not laid any Restraint upon you: you have no Law, Statute, or Judgment of mine to fright you; I call none of you to Account for your Doings, except the Madman, you know who I mean: I have granted you to live, each Man like a Prince in his own, even with as little Controul from me, as I have from you.

Conscience.

And thus would *Diabolus* hush up, and quiet the Town of *Mansoul*, when the *Reorder* that was, did at Times molest them: Yea, and with such cursed Orations as these, would set the whole Town in a Rage and Fury against the old Gentleman: Yea, the Rascal Crew at some Times would be for destroying him. They have often wished (in my Hearing) that he had lived a Thousand Miles off from them: His Company, his Words, yea, the Sight of him, and especially when they remembered how in old Times he did use to threaten and condemn them; (for all he was now so debauched) did terrify and afflict them sore.

Men sometimes angry with their Conscience.

But all Wishes were vain; for I don't know how, unless by the Power of *Shaddai*, and his Wisdom, he was preserved in Being amongst them. Besides, his Houe

was as strong as a Castle, and stood hard by a strong Ill-thoughts. Hold of the Town: moreover, if at any Time any of the Crew or Rabble attempted to make Of Fears, him away, he could pull up the Sluices, and let in such Floods as would drown all round about him.

But to leave Mr. Recorder, and to come The Will. to my Lord *Will-be-will*, another of the Gentry of the famous Town of *Mansoul*. This *Will-be-will* was as high born in *Mansoul*, and was as much, if not more, a Free-holder than many of them were: Besides, if I remember my Tale aright, he had some Priviledge peculiar to himself in the famous Town of *Mansoul*: Now, together with these, he was a Man of great Strength, Resolution and Courage, nor in his Occasion could any turn him away. But I say, whether he was proud of his Estate, Priviledges, Strength, or what (but sure it was thro' Pride of something) he scorns now to be a Slave in *Mansoul*; and therefore resolves to bear office under *Diabolus*, that he might (such an one as he was) be a petty Ruler and Governor in *Mansoul*, and (head-strong Man that he was) thus he began betimes; for this Man, when *Diabolus* did make his Oration at *Ear gate*, was one of the first that was for consenting to his Words, and for accepting of his Council as wholesome, and that was for opening of the Gate, and letting him into the Town: Wherefore *Diabolus* had a Kindness for him; and therefore he designed for him a Place: And perceiving the Valour and Stoutness of the Man, he coveted, to have him for one of his great Ones, to act and do in Matters of the highest Concern.

So he sent for him, and talked with The Will. him of that secret Matter that lay in his *Will-be-will* Breast, but there needed not much Persuasion in the Case. For as at first he was willing, that *Diabolus* should be let into the Town: so now he was as willing to serve him there: When the Tyrant therefore perceived the Willingness of my Lord to serve him, and that his Mind stood bending that Way, he forthwith made him Captain of the Castle, Gover-

Governor of the Wall, and Keeper of the Gates of *Mansoul*: Yea, there was a Clause in his Commission, that no Thing without him should be done in all the Town of *Mansoul*. So that now, next to *Diabolus* himself, who but my Lord *Will-be-will* in all the Town of *Mansoul*; nor could any thing now be done, but at his Will and Pleasure throughout the Town of *Mansoul*. *Rom. viii. 7.* He had also one Mr. *Mind* for his Clerk, a Man to speak on, every Way like his Master: For he and his Lord were in Principle one, and in Practice not far asunder, *Eph. ii. 2, 3, 4.* And now was *Mansoul* brought under to Purpose, and made to fulfil the Lusts of the Will, and of the Mind.

But it will not out of my Thoughts, what a desperate one this *Will-be-will* was, when Power was put into his Hand. First, he flatly denied that he owed any Suit or Service to his former Prince, and Liege-Lord. This done, in the next Place he took an Oath, swore Fidelity to his great Master *Diabolus*, and then being stated and settled in his Places, Offices, Advancements and Preferments; Oh! you cannot think unless you had seen it, the strange Work that this Workman made in the Town of *Mansoul*.

First, he maligned Mr. Recorder to Death, he would neither endure to see him, nor hear the Words of his Mouth; he would shut his Eyes when he saw him, and stop his Ears when he heard him speak. Also he could not endure that so much as a Fragment of the Law of *Shaddai* should be any where seen in the Town. For Example, his Clerk Mr. *Mind* had some old rents *Neb. ix. 26.* and torn Parchments of the Law of good *Shaddai* in his House, but when *Will-be-will* saw them, he cast them behind his Back. True, Mr. Recorder had some of the Laws in his Study, but my Lord could by no means come at them: He also thought and said, the Windows of my old Lord-Mayor's House were always too light for the Profit of the Town of *Mansoul*. The Light of a Candle he could

Heard
Flesh
Senses

Mr. Mind, my
Lord's Clerk.

The Cars
Will oppose
Conscience.

Corrupt Will
loves a dark
Understanding.

not endure. Now nothing at all pleased *Will-be-will* but what pleased *Diabolus* his Lord.

There was none like him to trumpet about the Streets, the brave Nature, the wise Conduct, and great Glory of the King *Diabolus*: He would range throughout all the Streets of *Mansoul*, to cry up his illustrious Lord, and would make himself even as an Abjeet, among the base and Rascal Crew, to cry up his valiant Prince. And I say, when, and wheresoever he found those Vassals, he would even make himself as one of them. In all ill Courses he would act without bidding, and do Mischief without Commandment.

The Lord *Will-be-will* also had a Deputy under him, and his Name was Mr. *Affection*; one that was also greatly debauched in his Principles, and answerable thereto in his Life: *Rom. i. 25.* He was only given to the Flesh, and therefore they call him *Vile Affection*:

Now there was he, and one *Carnal-Lust*, the Daughter of Mr. *Mind* (like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier) that fell in Love and made a Match, and were married; and as I take it they had several Children, as *Impudence*, *Black-mouth*, and *Hate-reproof*: These three were black Boys; and besides these three they had three Daughters, as *Scorn-Truth*, *Slight-God*, and the Name of the youngest was *Revenge*; these were all married in the Town, and also begot and yielded many bad Brats, too many to be inserted. But to pass by this.

When the Giant had thus ingarrison'd himself in the Town of *Mansoul*, and had put down and set up whom he thought good, he betakes himself to Defacing. Now there was in the Market-place of *Mansoul*, and also upon the Gates of the Castle, an Image of the blessed King *Shaddai*; this Image was so exactly engraven (and it was engraven in Gold) that it did the most resemble *Shaddai* himself of any Thing that then was extant in the World. This he basely commanded to be defaced, and it was basely done by the Hand of Mr. *No-truth*. Now you

What No-truth did.

the Hand of Mr. No-truth. Now you must

must know, that as *Diabolus* had commanded, and that by the Hand of Mr. *No-Truth*, the Image of *Shaddai* was defaced; he likewise gave Order that the same Mr. *No-Truth* should set up in its stead the horrid and formidable Image of *Diabolus*, to the great Contempt of the former King, and debasing his Town of *Mansoul*.

Moreover, *Diabolus* made Havock of all Remains of the Laws and Statutes of *Shaddai*, that could be found in the Town of *Mansoul*; to wit, such as contain'd either the Doctrines or Morals, with all Civil and Natural Documents. Also relative Severities he sought to extinguish. To be short, there was nothing of the Remains of Good in *Mansoul*, which he and *Will-be-will* sought not to destroy; for their Design was to turn *Mansoul* into a Brute, and to make it like to the sensual Sow, by the Hand of Mr. *No-Truth*.

All Law-Books destroyed that could be found.

When he had destroyed what Law and good Orders he could, then further to effect his Design, namely, to alienate *Mansoul* from *Shaddai* her King, he commands, and they set up his own vain Edicts, Statutes, and Commandments, in all Places of Resort, or Concourse in *Mansoul*, 1 John ii. to wit, such as gave Liberty to the Lusts of the Flesh, the Lusts of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life, which are not of *Shaddai*, but of the World. He encouraged, countenanced, and promoted Lasciviousness, and all Ungodliness there. Yea, much more did *Diabolus* to encourage Wickedness in the Town of *Mansoul*: He promised them Peace, Content, Joy and Bliss in doing his Commands, and that they should never be called to an account for their not doing the contrary. And let this serve to give a Taste to them that love hear of what is done beyond their Knowledge, as far as in other Countries.

Now *Mansoul* being wholly at his Beck, and brought wholly to his Bow, nothing was heard or seen therein but that which tended to set up him.

But now, he having disabled the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder from bearing of Office in *Mansoul*, and

They have a new Lord Mayor and a new Recorder.

The Holy War,

seeing that the Town, before he came to it, was the most ancient of Corporations of the World; and fearing if he did not maintain Greatness, they at any time should object that he had done them an Injury: Therefore, I say (that they might see that he did not intend to lessen their Grandeur, or to take from them any of their advantageous Things) he did chuse for them a Lord-Mayor, and a Recorder, himself: And such as contented them to the Heart, and such also as pleased him wondrous well.

The New Lord-Mayor. The Name of the Mayor that was of *Diabolus's* making, was the Lord *Lustful*. A Man that had neither Eyes nor Ears; all that he did, whether as a Man, or an Officer, he did it naturally as doth the Beast. And that which made him yet the more ignoble, tho' not to *Manfoul*, yet to them that beheld, and were grieved for its Ruins, was, that he could never favour Good, but Evil.

The new Recorder. The Recorder was one whose Name was *Forget-good*. And a very sorry Fellow he was. He could remember nothing but Mischief, and to do it with Delight. He was naturally prone to do Things that are hurtful; even hurtful to the Town of *Manfoul*, and to all the Dwellers there. These two therefore, by their Power and Practice, Examples and Smiles upon Evil, did much more Mischief, and settle the common People in hurtful Thoughts. Ways. For who doth not perceive but when those that sit aloft, are vile and corrupt themselves, they corrupt the whole Region and Country where they are.

Besides these, *Diabolus* made several Burgesses, and Aldermen in *Manfoul*: Such as out of whom the Town, when it needed, might chuse them Officers, Governors and Magistrates. And these are the Names of the Chief of them. Mr. *Incredulity*, Mr. *Haughty*, Mr. *Swearing*, Mr. *Whoring*, Mr. *Hard-heart*, Mr. *Pitiless*, Mr. *Fury*, Mr. *No-truth*, Mr. *Stand-to-let*, Mr. *False Peace*, Mr. *Drunkenness*, Mr. *Cheating*, Mr. *Anything*;

thing; Thirteen in all. Mr. *Incredulity* is the Eldest, and Mr. *Atheism* they Youngest of the Company.

There was also an Election of Common-Council-men, and others; as Bailiff, Serjeants, Constables, &c. but all of them like those afore-named, being either Fathers, Brothers, Cousins or Nephews to them, whose Names, for Brevity sake, I omit to mention.

When the Giant had thus far proceeded in his Work, in the next Place he be-

He buildeth
three strong
Holds.

took him to build some strong Holds in the Town; and he built three that seemed to be impregnable. The first he called the Hold of *Defiance*, because it was made to command the whole Town, and to keep it from the Knowledge of its ancient King. The second he called *Midnight Hold*, because it was built on purpose to keep *Mansoul* from the true Knowledge of itself. The third was called *Sweet-Sin-Hold*, because by that he fortified *Mansoul* against all Desires of Good. The First of these Holds stood close by *Eye-gate*, that as much as might be Light might be darkened there. The second was built hard by the Old Castle, to the End that that might be made more blind, (if possible) And the third stood in the Market-Place.

He that *Diabolus* made Governor over the first of these, was one *Spite-God*, a most blasphemous Wretch. He came with the whole Rabble of them that came against *Mansoul* at first, and was himself one of themselves. He that was made the Governor of *Midnight-Hold* was one *Love-no-light*, he was also one of them that came first against the Town. And he that was made the Governor of the Hold called *Sweet-Sin-Hold*, was one whose Name was *Love-Flesh*, he was also a very lewd Fellow, but not of that Country from whence the others are bound. *This Fellow could find more Sweetness, when he stood sucking of a Lust, than he did in all the Paradise of God.*

And now *Diabolus* thought himself safe; he had taken *Mansoul*; he had ingarrison'd himself therein; he had put down the old Officers, and had set up new

The Holy War,

Diabolus has
made his Nest.

Ones; he had defaced the Image of *Shaddai*, and had set up his own; he had spoiled the old Law-Books, and had promoted his own vain Lies; he had made him new Magistrates, and set up new Aldermen; he had built his new Holds, and had man'd them for himself. And all this he did to make himself secure, in Case the good *Shaddai*, or his Son should come to make an Incurſion upon him.

Tidings carried
to the Court of
what had hap-
pened to *Man-
ſoul*.

Now you may well think, that long before this Time, Word by ſome or other could not but be carried to the good King *Shaddai*, how his *Manſoul* in the Continent of *Univerſe* was loſt; and that the Giant *Diabolus*, once one of his Maſteſty's Servants, had in Rebellion againſt the King, made ſure thereof for himſelf: Yea, Tidings were carried and brought to the King thereof, and that to a very Circumſtance.

At firſt, How *Diabolus* came upon *Manſoul*, (they being a ſimple People and innocent) with Craft, Subtlety, Lies and Guile: *Item*, That he had treacherouſly ſlain their Right Noble and Valiant Captain, the Captain *Reſiſtance*, as he ſtood upon the Gate with the reſt of their Townſmen: *Item*, How my brave Lord *Innocent* fell down dead, (with Grief ſome ſay, or with being poiſoned with the ſtinking Breath of one *Ill-pauſe*, as ſay others) at the hearing of his juſt Lord, and Rightful Prince *Shaddai* ſo abuſed, by the Mouth of ſo filthy a *Diaboliſm*, as that Varlet *Ill-pauſe* was. The Meſſenger further told, that after this *Ill-pauſe* had made a ſhort Oration to the Townſmen, in behalf of *Diabolus* his Maſter, the ſimple Town believing that was ſaid was true, with one Conſent did open *Ear-gate*, the chief Gate of the Corporation, and did let him with his Crew into the Poſſeſſion of the famous Town of *Manſoul*. He further ſhewed how *Diabolus* had ſerved the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Recorder, to wit, that he had put them from all Place of Power and Truſt: *Item*, he ſhewed alſo

also that my Lord *Will-be-will* was turned a very Rebel and Runagate, and that so was one Mr. *Mind*, his Clerk, and that they two did range and revel it all the Town over, and teach the wicked ones their Ways. He said moreover, that this *Will-be-will* was put into great Trust, and particularly that *Diabolus* had put in *Will-be-will's* Hand, all the strong Places in *Mansoul*; and that Mr. *Affection* was made my Lord *Will-be-will's* Deputy, in his most rebellious Affairs. Yea, said the Messenger, this Monster, Lord *Will-be-will* has openly disavowed the King *Shaddai*, and hath horribly given his Faith and plighted Troth to *Diabolus*.

Also, said the Messenger, besides this, the new King, or rather rebellious Tyrant over the once famous, but now perishing Town of *Mansoul*, has set up a Lord-Mayor, and Recorder of his own. For Mayor he has set up one Mr. *Lustings*, and for Recorder Mr. *Forget-good*, two of the vilest of all the Town of *Mansoul*. This faithful Messenger also proceeded, and told what a Sort of new Burgesses *Diabolus* had made; also that he had built several strong Forts, Towers, and strong Holds in *Mansoul*. He told too, the which I had almost forgot, how *Diabolus* had put the Town of *Mansoul* into Arms, the better to capacitate them on his Behalf, to make Resistance against *Shaddai* their King, should he come to reduce them to their former Obedience.

Now the Tidings-teller did not deliver his Relation of Things in private, but in open Court, the King and his Son, High Lords, Chief Captains, and Nobles, being all there present to hear. But by that they had heard the whole of the Story, it would have amazed one, to have seen, had he been there to behold it, what Sorrow and Grief, and Compunction of Spirit, there was among all Sorts, to think that the famous *Mansoul* was now taken: Only the King and his Son foresaw all this long before, yea, and sufficiently provided for the Relief of *Mansoul*, tho' they told not every body thereof. Yet, because they also would have a Share in con-

Grief at Court
to hear the Tidings.

The Holy War,

doling of the Misery of *Mansoul*, therefore they also did, and that at a Rate of the highest Degree, bewail the losing of *Mansoul*, *Gen. vi. 5, 6.* The King said plainly, *that it grieved him at the Heart*, and you may be sure that his Son was not a whit behind him. Thus they gave Conviction to all about them, that they had Love and Compassion for the famous Town of *Mansoul*. Well, when the King and his Son were retired into the Privy-chamber, there they again consulted about what they had designed before, to wit, That as *Mansoul* should in Time be suffered to be lost:

The Secrets of
his Purpose.

So as certainly it should be recovered again. Recovered I say, in such a Way as that both the King and his Son would get themselves Eternal Fame and Glory thereby. Wherefore, after this Consult, the Son of *Shaddai* (a sweet and comely Person, and one that had always great Affection for those that were in Afflic-

tion, but one that had mortal Enmity in his Heart against *Diabolus*, because he was designed for it, and because he sought his Crown and Dignity) *Isa. xlix. 5.*

1 Tim. i. 15. Hef. xili. 14. This Son of *Shaddai*, I say, having stricken Hand with his Father, and promised that he would be his Servant to recover *Mansoul* again, stood by his Resolution, nor would he repent of

A brave Design
on foot for the
Town of *Man-
soul*.

the same. The Purport of which Agreement was this, to wit, That at a certain Time prefixed by both, the King's Son should take a Journey into the Country of *Universe*, and there in a Way of Justice and Equity, by making of Amends for the Follies of *Mansoul*, he should lay the Foundation of her perfect Deliverance from *Diabolus*, and from his Tyranny.

Moreover, *Emanuel* resolved to make, at a Time convenient, a War upon the Giant *Diabolus*, even while he was possessed of the Town of *Mansoul*;

By the Holy
Ghost.

and that he would fairly, by Strength of Hand, drive him out of his Hold, his Nest, and take it to himself, to be his Habitation.

This

This now being resolved upon, Order was given to the Lord Chief Secretary, to draw up a fair Record of what was determined, and to cause that it should be published in all the Corners of the Kingdom of *Universe*. A short Breviat of the Contents thereof, you may if you please take here as follows :

The Holy Scriptures.

Let all Men know, who are concerned, that the Son of Shaddai, the great King, is engaged by Covenant to his Father, to bring his Mansoul to him again ; yea, and to put Mansoul too, through the Power of his matchless Love, into a far better, and more happy Condition than it was in before it was taken by Diabolus.

The Contents.

These Papers therefore were published in several Places, to the no little Molestation of the Tyrant *Diabolus* ; for now thought he, I shall be molested, and my Habitation will be taken from me.

But when this Matter, I mean this Purpose of the King and his Son, did at first take Air at Court, who can tell how the High Lords, Chief Captains, and noble Princes that were there, were taken with the Business ! First, they whispered it to one another, and after that it began to ring throughout the King's Palace, all wondering at the glorious Design, that between the King and his Son was on foot for the miserable Town of *Mansoul*. Yea, the Courtiers could scarce do any Thing, either for the King or Kingdom, but they would mix with the Doing thereof, a Noise of the Love of the King and his Son, that they had for the Town of *Mansoul*.

Among the Angels.

Nor could these Lords, high Captains, and Princes, be content to keep this News at Court ; yea, before the Records thereof were perfected, themselves came down and told it in *Universe*. At last it came to the Ears, as I said, of *Diabolus*, to his no little Discontent. For you must think it would perplex him to hear of such a Design against him : Well, but after a few Casts in his Mind, he concluded upon these four Things.

Diabolus perplexed at the News.

The Holy War,

First, that this News, this good Tidings (if possible) should be kept from the Bars of the Town of *Mansoul*: For, said he, if they shall once come to the Knowledge that *Shaddai* their former King, and *Emanuel* his Son, are contriving of Good for the Town of *Mansoul*, what can be expected by me, but that *Mansoul*, will make a Revolt from under my Hand and Government, and return again to him?

He concluded
on several
Things.

First how to keep the News from *Mansoul*.
Now to accomplish this his Design, he renews his Flattery with my Lord *Will-be-will*, and also gives him strict Charge and Command, that he should keep Watch by Day and by Night of all the Gates of the Town, especially *Ear-gate* and *Eye-gate*: For I hear of a Design, quoth he, a Design to make us all Traytors, and that *Mansoul* must be reduced to its first Bondage again. I hope they are but flying Stories, quoth he, however, let no such News by any means be let into *Mansoul*, lest the People be dejected thereat: I think,

The Will engaged against
the Gospel.
Good Thoughts
must be kept
out of *Mansoul*.

my Lord, it can be no welcome News to you, I am sure it is none to me. And I think that at this Time it should be all our Wisdoms and Care to nip the Head of all such Rumours as shall tend to trouble our People: Wherefore I desire my Lord, that you will in this Matter do as I say. Let there be strong Guards daily kept at every Gate of the Town. Stop also and examine from whence such come, whom you perceive do come from far hither to Trade; nor let them by any means be admitted into *Mansoul*, unless you shall plainly perceive that they are Favourers of our excellent Government.

All good
Thoughts and
Words are to be
suppressed.

I command moreover, said *Diabolus*, that there be Spies continually walking up and down the Town of *Mansoul*, and let them have Power to suppress and destroy any they shall perceive to be plotting against us, or that shall prate of what by *Shaddai* and *Emanuel* is intended.

This

This therefore was accordingly done : My Lord *Will-be-will* hearken'd to his Lord and Master, went willingly after his Commandment, and with all the Diligence he could, kept any that would, from going out abroad, or that sought to bring these Tidings to *Manfoul*, from coming into the Town.

Secondly, This done, in the next place, *Diabolus*, that he might make *Manfoul* as sure as he could, frames and imposes a new Oath, and horrible Covenant upon the Towns-folk.

A new Oath imposed.

To wit, That they should never desert him, nor his Government, nor yet betray him, nor seek to alter his Laws : But that they should own, confess, stand by, and acknowledge him for their rightful King, in Defiance to any that do, or hereafter shall, by any Pretence, Law, or Title whatsoever, lay Claim to the Town of *Manfoul*, *Isa. xxviii. 15.* Thinking belike that *Shaddai* had not Power to absolve them for this Covenant with Death, and Agreement with Hell. Nor did the silly *Manfoul* stick or boggle at all at this most monstrous Engagement, but as if it had been a Sprat in the Mouth of a Whale, they swallowed it without any chewing. Were they troubled at it? Nay, they rather bragged and boasted of their so brave Fidelity to the Tyrant their pretended King, swearing that they would never be Changlings, nor forsake their Old Lord for a New.

Thus did *Diabolus* tie poor *Manfoul* fast, but Jealousy that never thinks itself strong enough, put him in the next Place upon another Exploit, which was yet more, if possible, to debauch this Town of *Manfoul*. Wherefore he caused by the Hand of one Mr. *Fidd*, an odious, nasty, lascivious Piece of Beastliness to be drawn up in Writing, and set upon the Gates, whereby he granted and gave Licence to all his true and trusty Sons in *Manfoul*, to do whatsoever their lustful Appetites prompted them to do, and that no Man was to let, hinder, or controul them, upon Pain of incurring the Displeasure of their Prince.

Odious Atheistical Pamphlets and filthy Ballads and Romances full of Ribaldry.

Now

The Holy War,

Now this he did for these Reasons :

Reasons for his thus doing. 1. That the Town of *Mansoul* might be yet made weaker and weaker, and so more unable, should Tidings come, that their Redemption was designed ; to believe, hope, or consent to the Truth thereof. For Reason says, *The bigger the Sinner, the less Ground or Hope of Mercy.*

2. The second Reason was, If perhaps *Emanuel*, the Son of *Shaddai* their King, by seeing the horrible and prophane Doings of the Town of *Mansoul*, might repent, though entered into a Covenant of redeeming them, of pursuing that Covenant of their Redemption ; for he knew that *Shaddai* was Holy, and that his Son *Emanuel* was Holy, yea, he knew it by woeful Experience : For, for the Iniquity and Sin of *Diabolus*, was he cast from the highest Orbs. Wherefore what more rational than for him to conclude, that thus for Sin it might fare with *Mansoul* : But fearing lest also this Knot should break, he bethinks himself of another, to wit :

3. Thirdly, to endeavour to possess all Hearts in the Town of *Mansoul*, that *Shaddai* was raising of an Army, to come to overthrow, and utterly to destroy the Town of *Mansoul* (and this he did to forestall any Tidings that might come to their Ears, of their Deliverance) for thought he, if I first spread this abroad, the Tidings that might come after, will all be swallowed up of this : for what else will *Mansoul* say, when they shall hear that they must be delivered, but that the true Meaning is, *Shaddai* intends to destroy them ? Wherefore he summons the whole Town into the Market place, and there with deceitful Tongue, thus he addresses himself unto them.

And my very good Friends,
The Place of Hearing and of Considering. *you are all as you know my Legal Subjects, and Men of the famous Town of Mansoul ; you know how from the first Day that I have been with you until now, I have behaved myself among you, and what Liberty, and great Privileges, you have enjoyed under my Government, I hope to your Honour,*
and

and mine, and also to your Content and Delight: Now, my famous Mansoul, a Neise of Trouble there is Abroad, of Trouble to the Town of Mansoul, sorry I am therefore for your Sakes. For I received but now by the Post, from my Lord Lucifer, (and he useth to have good Intelligence) That your old King Shaddai, is raising of an Army to come against you, to destroy you Root and Branch: And this, O Mansoul! is now the Cause, that at this Time I have called you together; namely, to advise what in this Juncture is best to be done. For my Part, I am but one, and can with Ease shift for myself, did I list to seek my own Ease, and to leave my Mansoul in all Danger: But my Heart is so firmly united to you, and so unwilling am I to leave you, that I am willing to stand and fall with you, to the utmost Hazard that shall befall me. What say you? O my Mansoul! will you now desert your old Friend; or, do you think of standing by me? Then as one Man, with one Mouth, they cried out together, Let him die the Death that will not.

Then said Diabolus again, 'Tis in vain for us to hope for Quarter, for this King knows not how to shew it: True, perhaps, he at his first sitting down before us, will talk of, and pretend to Mercy, that thereby with the more Ease, and less Trouble, he may again make himself the Master of Mansoul; whatever therefore he should say, believe not one Syllable or Tittle of it, for all such Language is but to overcome us, and to make us while we wallow in our Blood, the Trophies of his merciless Victory. My Mind is therefore, that we resolve to the last Man, to resist him, and not to believe him on any Terms. For in at that Door will come our Danger. But shall we be flattered out of our Lives? I hope you know more of the Rudiments of Politicks than to suffer yourselves so pitifully to be served.

Very deceiv-
ing Language.

But suppose he should, if he get us to yield, save some of our Lives, or the Lives of some of them that are Underlings in Mansoul, what Help will that be to you that are the Chief of the Town, especially you whom I have set up, and whose Greatness has been procured by you through

The Holy War,

Lying Language.

through your faithful sticking to me? And suppose again, that he should give Quarter to every one of you, be sure he will bring you into that Bondage under which you were captivated before, or a worse, and then what good will your Lives do you? Shall you with him live in Pleasure, as you do now? No, no, you must be bound by Laws that will pinch you, and be made to do that, which at present is hateful to you? I am for you, if you are for me, and it is better to die valiantly, than to live like pitiful Slaves. But I say, the Life of a

He is afraid of losing Mansoul.

Slave will be accounted a Life too good for *Mansoul* now. Blood, Blood, nothing but Blood is in every Blast of *Shaddai's* Trumpet against poor *Mansoul* now: Pray be concerned, I hear he is coming up, and stand to your Arms, that now while you have any Leisure, I may learn you some Feats of war. Armour for you I have, and by me it is; yea, and it is sufficient for *Mansoul*, from Top to Toe; nor can you be hurt by what his Force can do, if you shall keep it well girt and fastened about you: Come therefore to my Castle and welcome, and harness yourselves for the War. There is Helmet, Breast plate, Sword, Shield, and what not, that you will fight like Men.

He puts them upon Arming themselves.

His Helmet.

1. My *Helmet*, otherwise called an Head-piece, is Hope of doing well at last, what Lives soever you live, *Deut. xix. 19.* This is that which they had, who said, that *they should have Peace, tho' they walked in the Wickedness of their Heart, to add Drunkenness to thirst*; a Piece of approv'd Armour is this, and whoever has it, and can hold it, so long no Arrow, Dart, Sword, or Shield, can hurt him; this therefore keep on, and thou wilt keep off many a Blow, my *Mansoul*.

His Breast-plate.

2. My *Breast-plate* is a *Breast-plate of Iron*, *Rev. ix. 9.* I had it forged in mine own Country, and all my Soldiers are armed therewith: in plain Language it is an *Hard-Heart*, an Heart as hard as Iron, and as much past feeling as a Stone; the which if you get and keep, neither Mercy shall win you, nor Judgment

fright

fright you. This therefore is a Piece of Armour, most necessary for all to put on that hate *Shaddai*, and that would fight against him under my Banner.

3. *My Sword is a Tongue that is set on Fire of Hell, Ps. lviii. 4. and lxiv. 3 Jam.* His Sword,

iii. And that can bend itself to speak Evil of *Shaddai*, his Son, his Ways, and People; use this, it has been tried a thousand times twice told; whoever hath it, keeps it, and makes that Use of it as I would have him, can never be conquered by mine Enemy.

4. *My Shield is Unbelief, Job xv. 26. Ps lxxvi. 3. Mark vi. 5. 6. or calling* His Shield.

into Question the Truth of the Word, or all the Sayings that speak of the Judgment that *Shaddai* has appointed for wicked Men, use this Shield; many Attempts he has made upon it, and sometimes, 'tis true, it has been bruised, but they that have writ of the Wars of *Emanuel* against my Servants, have testified that he could do no mighty Work there, because of their Unbelief: Now to handle this Weapon of mine aright, it is not to believe Things because they are true, of what Sort, or by whomsoever asserted; if he speaks of Judgment, care not for it; if he speaks of Mercy, care not for it; if he promises, if he swears that he would do to *Manfoul*, if it turns, no Hurt but Good, regard not what is said, question the Truth of all; for it is to wield the Shield of Unbelief aright, and as my Servants ought and do: And he that does otherwise loves me not, nor do I count him but an Enemy to me.

5. Another Part or Piece, said *Diabolus*, of mine excellent Armour is, *a dumb and Prayerless Spirit*, a Spirit that scorns to cry for Mercy; wherefore be you my *Manfoul*, sure that you make use of this: What! cry for Quarter? Never do that, if you would be mine; I know you stout Men, and am sure that I have clad you with that which is Armour of Proof; wherefore to cry to *Shaddai* for Mercy, let that be far from you: Besides all this, I have a Maul, Fire-brands, Arrows, and Death, all good Hand Weapons, and such as will do Execution.

After he had thus furnished his Men with Armour and

He backs all
with a Speech
to them:

and Arms, he addressed himself to them in such like Words as these, *Remember, quoth he, that I am your rightful King, and that you have taken an Oath, and entred into Covenant to be true to me and to my Cause; I say, remember this, and shew yourselves stout, and valiant Men of Mansoul. Remember also the Kindness that I have always shewed to you, and that without your Petition. I have granted to you external Things, wherefore the Privileges, Grants, Immunities, Profits, and Honours wherewith I have endowed you, do call for it at your Hands, Returns of Loyalty, my Lion-like Men of Mansoul: And when so fit a Time to shew it, as when another shall seek to take my Dominion over you into their own Hands? One Word more, and I have done: Can we but stand, and overcome this one Shock or Bruise, I doubt not but in little Time all the World will be ours. And when that Day comes, my true Hearts, I will make you Kings, Princes and Captains, and what brave Days shall we have then?*

Diabolus having thus armed and fore-armed his Servants and Vassals in Mansoul, against their good and lawful King Shaddai, in the next Place he doubleth his Guards at the Gates of the Town, and betakes himself to the Castle, which was his strong Hold: His Vassals also, to shew their Wills, and suppose (but ignoble) Gallantry, exercise them in their Arms every Day, and teach one another Feats of War; they also defied their Enemies, and sung up the Praises of their Tyrant; they threatened also what Men they would be, if ever Things should rise so high as a War between Shaddai and their King.

Now all this Time, the good King, the King Shaddai, was preparing to send an Army to recover the Town of Mansoul again from under the Tyranny of their pretended King Diabolus: But he thought

Shaddai prepareth an Army for the recovery of Mansoul.

good at the first, not to send them by the Hand and Conduct of brave Emanuel his Son, but under the Hand of some of his Servants, to see first by them the Temper

of

of *Mansoul*; and whether by them they would be won to the Obedience of their King. The Army consisted of above Forty Thousand, all true Men: For they came from the King's own Court, and were those of his own chusing.

They came up to *Mansoul* under the Conduct of four stout Generals, each Man being Captain of Ten Thousand Men, and these are their Names, and their Signs. The Name of the First was *Boanerges*. The Name of the Second was Captain *Conviction*. The Name of the Third Captain *Judgment*. The Captains Names. And the Name of the Fourth was Captain *Execution*. These were the Captains that *Shaddai* sent to regain *Mansoul*.

These four Captains (as was said) the King thought fit in the first Place to send to *Mansoul*, to make an Attempt upon it; for indeed generally in all his Wars, he did use to send these four Captains in the Van, for they were very stout and rough hewn Men, *Psal. lx. 4.* Men that were fit to break the Ice, and to make their Way by dint of Sword, and their Men were like themselves.

To each of these Captains the King gave a Banner, that it might be displayed, because of the Goodness of his Cause, and because of the Right that he had to *Mansoul*.

First to Captain *Boanerges*, for he was the Chief to him, I say, was given Ten Thousand Men; his Ensign was Mr. *Thunder*, he bore the Colours, and his Scutcheon was the Three Burning Thunder-bolts, *Mark iii. 17.*

The second Captain was Captain *Conviction*, to him was given Ten Thousand Men; his Ensign's Name was Mr. *Sorrow*, he did bear the Pale Colours, and his Scutcheon was the Book of the Law wide open, from whence issued a Flame of Fire, *Deut. xxxiii. 2.*

The third Captain was Captain *Judgment*, to him was given Ten Thousand Men; his Ensign's Name was Mr. *Terror*, he bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was a burning fiery Furnace, *Matt. xiii. 40, 41.*

The fourth Captain was Captain *Execution*; to him was given Ten Thousand Men; his Ensign was

one Mr. *Justice*; he also bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was a fruitless Tree, with an Ax lying at the Root thereof, *Mat. iii. 10.*

These four Captains, as I said, had every one of them under his Command ten thousand Men, all of good Fidelity to the King, and stout at their military Actions.

Well, the Captains and their Forces, their Men and under Officers, being had upon a Day by *Shaddai* into the Field, and there called all over by their Names, were then and there put into such Harness as became their Degree, and that Service that now they were going about for their King.

Now when the King had muster'd his Forces (for it is he that muster'd the Host to the Battle) he gave unto the Captains their several Commissions, with Charge and Commandments in the Audience of all the Soldiers, that they should take heed faithfully and courageously to do and execute the same. Their Commissions were for the Substance of them, the same in Form, though as to Name, Title, Place and Degree of the Captains, there might be some, but very small Variation: And here let me give you an Account of the Matter and Sum contained in their Commission.

A Commission from the great Shaddai, King of Mansoul, to his Trusty and Noble Captain, the Captain Boanerges, for making War upon the Town of Mansoul.

O! Thou *Boanerges*, one of my stout and Thundering Captains, over one Ten Thousand of my Valiant and Faithful Servants, *Matth. x. 11. Luke x. 5.* Go thou in my Name, with this thy Force to the miserable Town of *Mansoul*, and when thou comest thither, offer them first Conditions of Peace; and command them, that casting off the Yoke and Tyranny of the wicked *Diabolus*, they return to me their rightful Prince and Lord; command them also that they cleanse themselves from all that is his, in the Town of *Mansoul*, (and look to thyself that thou have good Satisfaction, touching the Truth of

their

their Obedience.) Thus when thou hast commanded them (if they in Truth submit thereto) then do thou to the uttermost of thy Power, what in thee lies, to set up for me a Garrison in the famous Town of *Mansoul*; nor do thou hurt the least Native that moveth or breatheth therein, if they will submit themselves to me, but treat thou such as if they were thy Friend or Brother; for all such I love, and they shall be dear unto me: And tell them that I will take a Time to come unto them, and to let them know that I am merciful, *Thess. ii. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.*

But if they shall, notwithstanding thy Summons, and the producing of my Authority, resist, stand out against thee, and rebel; then I do command thee to make use of all thy Cunning, Power, Might, and Force, to bring them under by Strength of Hand. Farewel.

Thus you see the Sum of their Commissions; for as I said before, for the Substance of them, they were the same that the rest of the Noble Captains had.

Wherefore they having received each Commander his Authority, at the Hand of their King; the Day being appointed, and the Place of their Rendezvous prefixed, each Commander appeared in such Gallantry, as his Cause

They prepare
for a March.

and Calling required. So after a new Entertainment from *Shaddai*, with flying Colours, they set forward to march towards the famous Town of *Mansoul*. Captain *Boanerges* led the Van; Captain *Conviction*, and Captain *Judgment* made up the main Body, and Captain *Execution* brought up the Rear. They then having a great Way to go (for the Town of *Mansoul* was far off from the Court of *Shaddai*) *Eph. ii. 13, 17.* they marched through the Regions and Countries of many People, not hurting or abusing any, but blessing wherever they came. They also lived upon the King's Cost, in all the Way they went.

Having travelled thus for many Days, at last they came within Sight of *Mansoul*, the which when they saw, the Captains could for their Hearts do no less than

for

for a while, bewail the Condition of the Town; for they quickly saw how that it was prostrate to the Will of *Diabolus*, and to his Ways and Designs.

Well, to be short, the Captains came up before the Town, march up to *Ear-gate*, set down there (for that was the Place of Hearing.) So when they had pitched their Tents, and intrenched themselves, they addressed themselves to make their Assault.

The World are convinced by the well ordered Life of the Godly. Now the Townsfolk at first, beholding so gallant a Company, so bravely accounted, and so excellently disciplin'd, having on their glittering Armour, and displaying of their Colours, could not but come out of their Houses and gaze. But the cunning Fox *Diabolus*, fearing that the People, after this Sight, should on a sudden Summons, open the Gates to the Captains, came down with all Haste from the Castle, and made them retire into the Body of the Town, who when he had them there, made this lying and deceivable Speech unto them.

Diabolus alienates their Minds from them.

Gentlemen, quoth he, although you are my trusty and well beloved Friends, yet I cannot but (a little) chide you for your late uncircumspect Action, in going out to gaze on that great and mighty Force that but Yesterday sat down before (and have now intrenched themselves in order to the maintaining of the Siege against) the famous Town of Mansoul. Do you know who they are? Whence they came? And what is their Purpose in sitting down before the Town of Mansoul? They are they whom I have told you long ago, that they would come to destroy this Town, and against whom I have been at the Cost to arm you Cap-a-pie for your Body, besides, great Fortifications for your Mind. Wherefore then did you not rather, even at the first Appearance of them, cry out, Fire the Beacons, and give the whole Town an Alarm concerning them, that we might all have been in a Posture of Defence, and have been ready to have received them with the highest Acts of De-

spence

france, when had you shew'd yourselves Men to my liking, whereas by what you have done, you have made me half afraid, I say, half afraid, that when they and we shall come to push a Pike, I shall find you want Courage to stand it out any longer. Wherefore have I commanded a Watch, and that you should double your Guards at the Gates: Wherefore have I endeavour'd to make you as hard as Iron, and your Hearts as a Piece of the nether Millstone. Was it, think you, that you might shew yourselves Women, and that you might go out like a Company of Innocents to gaze on your mortal Foe! 'Eye, syc, put yourselves into a Posture of Defence, beat up the Drum, gather together in Warlike Manner, that our Foes may know, that before they shall conquer this Corporation, there are valiant Men in Mansoul.

Satan greatly afraid of God's Ministers, that they will set Mansoul against him:

He fits them up to bid Defence to the Ministers of the Word.

I will leave off now to chide, and will not further rebuke you: But I charge you, that henceforwards you let me see no more such Actions. Let not henceforwards a Man of you, without Order first obtained from me, so much as shew his Head over the Wall of the Town of Mansoul: You have now heard me, do as I have commanded, and you shall cause me that I dwell securely with you, and that as I take Care for myself, so for your Safety and Honour also. Farewel.

Now were the Townsfolks strangely altered: They were as Men stricken with a panick Fear: They ran to and fro the Streets of the Town of Mansoul, crying out Help! Help! the Men that turn the World upside down, are come hither also. Nor could any of them be quiet after, but still as Men bereft of Wit, they cried out, The Destroyers of our Peace and People are come: This went down with Diabolus. Ah! quoth he to himself, 'This I like well, now it is as I would have it, now you shew your Obedience to your Prince; hold you but here,

When Sinners hearken to Satan, they are fit in a rage against Godliness.

and

and then let them take the Town if they can.'

Well, before the King's Forces had set before *Mansoul* three Days, Captain *Boanerges* commanded his Trumpeter to go down to *Ear-gate*, and there in the Name of the great *Shaddai*, to summon *Mansoul* to give Audience to the Message that he in his Master's Name was commanded to deliver to them. So the Trumpeter, whose Name was *Take heed what you hear*, went up as he was commanded to *Ear-gate*, and there sounded his

Trumpet for a Hearing: But there was none that appeared, that gave Answer or Regard, for so had *Diabolus* commanded; so the Trumpeter returned to his Captain, and told him what he had done, and also how he had sped, whereat the Captain was grieved, but bid the Trumpeter go to his Tent. Again Captain *Boanerges* sendeth

his Trumpeter to *Ear-gate*, to sound as before for an Hearing; but they again kept close, came not out, nor would they give him an Answer, so observant were they of the Command of *Diabolus* their King. Then the Captains and

other Field Officers called a Council of War, to consider what further was to be done for the gaining the Town of *Mansoul*, and after some close and thorough Debate upon the Contents of their Commissions, they concluded yet to give the Town by the Hand of the forenamed Trumpeter, another Summons to hear; but if that shall be refused, said they, and that the Town shall stand it out still, *Luke xiv. 23.* then they determined, and bid the Trumpeter tell them so, that they would endeavour by what means they could, to compel them by Force to the Obedience of their King.

So Captain *Boanerges* commanded his Trumpeter to go up to *Ear-gate* again, and in the Name of the great King *Shaddai*, to give it a very loud Summons to come down without Delay to *Ear-gate*, there to give Audience to the King's most noble Captains. So the Trumpeter went, and did as he was commanded: He went up to *Ear-gate*, and

founde

sounded his Trumpet, and gave a Third Summons to Mansoul, Isa. lyiii. 1. He said moreover, That if this they should still refuse to do, the Captains of his Prince would with Might come down upon them, and endeavour to reduce them to their Obedience by Force. Then stood up my Lord Will-be-will, who was the Go-



The Lord *Will-be-will* his Speech to the Trumpeter, Governor of the Town (this *Will-be-will* was the Apostate of whom mention was made before) and the Keeper of the Gates of *Manfoul*. He therefore with big and ruffling Words, demanded of the Trumpeter, who he was? Whence he came? And what was the Cause of his making so hideous a Noise at the Gate, and speaking such insufferable Words against the Town of *Manfoul*?

The Trumpeter answered, I am Ser-
vant to the most noble Captain, Captain
Banneret, General of the Forces of the
Great King *Shaddai*, against whom both thyself, and the
whole Town of *Manfoul* have rebelled, and lift up the
Head; and my Master the Captain, hath a special Mes-
sage to this Town, and to thee, as a Member thereof:
The which if you of *Manfoul* shall peaceably hear, so;
if not, take what follows.

Then said the Lord *Will-be-will*, I
will carry the Words to my Lord, and
will know what he will say.

But the Trumpeter replied, saying, Our
Message is not to the Giant *Diabolus*, but
to the miserable Town of *Manfoul*: Nor shall we at all
regard what Answer by him is made; nor yet by any for
him; we are sent to this Town, to recover it from under
his cruel Tyranny, and to persuade it to submit, as in for-
mer Times it did, to the most excellent King *Shaddai*.

Then said the Lord *Will-be-will*, I
will do your Errand to the Town.

The Trumpeter then replied, Sir, do
not deceive us, least in so doing, you de-
ceive yourselves much more. He added moreover, For
we are resolv'd, in peaceable Manner, you do not sub-
mit yourselves, then to make War upon you, and bring
you under by Force. And of the Truth of what I say,
this shall be a Sign unto you, you shall see the Black
Flag, with its hot burning Thunder-balls, set upon the
Mount To-morrow, as a Token of Defiance against your
Prince, and of our Resolution to reduce you to our Lord
and rightful King.

So the said Lord *Will-be-will* returned from off the Wall, and the Trumpeter came into the Camp. When the Trumpeter was come into the Camp, the Captains and Officers of the mighty King *Shaddai*, came together to know if he had obtained a Hearing, and what was the Effect of his Errand: So the Trumpeter told, saying, When I had I sounded my Trumpet, and called aloud to the Town for a Hearing, my Lord *Will-be-will*, the Governor of the Town, and he that hath Charge of the Gates, came up, when he heard me sound, and looking over the Wall, he asked me what I was, whence I came, and what was the Cause of my making this Noise? So I told him my Errand, and by whose Authority I brought it. Then said he, I will tell it the Governor, and to *Manfoul*: And then I returned to my Lords.

Then said the brave *Boanerges*, Let us set for a while lie still in our Trenches, and see what these Rebels will do. Now when the Time drew nigh that Audience by *Manfoul* must be given to the brave *Boanerges* and his Companions, it was commanded, that all the Men of War throughout the whole Camp of *Shaddai*, should as one Man stand to their Arms, and make themselves ready if the Town of *Manfoul* shall hear, to receive it forthwith to Mercy; but not, to force it to a Subjection. So the Day being come, the Trumpeters sounded, and that throughout the whole Camp, that the Men of War might be in Readiness, for that which then should be the Work of the Day. But when they that were in the Town of *Manfoul* heard the Sound of the Trumpet throughout the Camp of *Shaddai*, and thinking no other but that it must be in order to mornning the Corporation, they at first were put to great Consternation of Spirit; but after they little were settled again, they made what Preparation they could for a War, if they did form; else to secure themselves.

Well, when the utmost Time was come, *Boanerges* resolved to hear their Answer; wherefore he took

out his Trumpeter again to summon *Mansoul* to a Hearing of the Message that they had brought from *Sbaddai*, *Zech. vii. 11.* so he went and sounded, and the Townsmen came up, but made *Ear-gate* as sure as they could. Now, when they were come up to the Top of the Wall, Captain *Boanerges* desir'd to see the Lord Mayor, but my Lord *Incredulity* was then Lord Mayor, for he came in the Room of my Lord *Lustings*.

So *Incredulity*, he came up and shewed himself over the Wall. But when the Captain *Boanerges* had set his Eyes upon him, he cried out aloud. This is not he; where is my Lord *Understanding*, the ancient Lord Mayor of the Town of *Mansoul*, for to him I would deliver my Message?

Then said the Giant, (for *Diabolus* was also come down) to the Captain: Mr. Captain, You have by your Boldness given to *Mansoul*, at least four Summons, to subject herself to your King; by whose Authority I know not; nor will I dispute that now. I ask therefore, what is the Reason of all this ado? Or what would you be at if you knew yourselves.

Then Captain *Boanerges*, whose was the Black Colours, and whose Scutcheon was *Three Burning Thunder-bells*, (taking no Notice of the Giant, or of his Speech) thus address'd himself to the Town of *Mansoul*: Be it known unto you. O unhappy and rebellious *Mansoul*! That the most Gracious King, the Great King *Sbaddai*, my Master, hath sent me unto you, with Commission (and so he shewed to the Town his Broad Seal) to reduce you to his Obedience. And as he hath commanded me, in Case you yield upon my Summons, to carry it to you as if you were my Friends or Brethren; but he also hath bid that if after Summons to submit, you still stand out and rebel, we should endeavour to take you by Force.

Then stood forth Captain *Conscience*, and said (his was the Pale Colours, and for a Scutcheon he had the

Book of the Law wide open, &c.) Hear, O Mansoul! Thou, O Mansoul, was once famous for Innocency, but now thou art degenerated into Lies and Deceit;

Captain Con-
viction his
Speech.

Rom. iii. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23. Chap. xvi. 17, 18. Psal. l. 21, 22. Thou hast heard what my Brother, the Captain Boanerges, hath said, and it is your Wisdom, and will be your Happiness, to stoop to, and accept of Conditions of Peace and Mercy, when offered; especially when offered by one, against whom thou hast rebelled, and one who is of Power to tear thee in Pieces, for so is *Shaddai* our King, nor when he is angry, can any Thing stand before him. If you say you have not sinned, or acted Rebellion against our King, the whole of your Doings, since the Day that you cast off his Service (and there was the Beginning of your Sin) will sufficiently testify against you; what else means your hearkening to the Tyrant, and your receiving him for your King? What means else your rejecting the Laws of *Shaddai*, and your obeying of *Diabolus*? Yea, what means this of your taking up Arms against, and the shutting of your Gates upon us, the faithful Servants of your King? Luke xii. 58, 59. Be ruled then, and accept of my Brother's Invitation, and overstand not the Time of Mercy, but agree with thine Adversary quickly. Ah! *Mansoul*, suffer not thyself to be kept from Mercy, and to be run into a Thousand Miseries, by the flattering Wiles of *Diabolus*: Perhaps that Piece of Deceit may attempt to make you believe that we seek our own Profit in this our Service: But know, it is Obedience to our King, and Love to our Happiness, that is the Cause of this Undertaking of ours.

Again, I say unto thee, O *Mansoul*, consider if it be not amazing Grace, that *Shaddai* should so humble himself as he doth, 2 Cor. v. 18, 19, 20, 21. Now he by us reasons with you, in a Way of Intreaty and sweet Persuasions, that you would subject yourselves to him. Has he that need of you, that we are sure you have of him? No, no, but he is merciful, and

will not that *Manfoul* should die, but turn to him and live.

Captain Judgment's Speech.

Then stood forth Captain Judgment, whose was the Red Colours, and for a Scutcheon had the *Burning Fiery Furnace*, and he said, O ye Inhabitants of the Town of *Manfoul*! that have lived so long in Rebellion and Acts of Treason against the King *Shaddai*: Know, that we come not To-day to this Place, in this Manner, with our Message of our own Minds; or to revenge our own Quarrel; it is the King our Master that hath sent us to reduce you to your Obedience to him, the which if you refuse, in a peaceable Way to yield, we have Commission to compel you thereto. And never think of yourselves, nor yet suffer the Tyrant *Diabolus* to persuade you to think that our King by his Power, is not able to bring you down, and lay you under his Feet, for he is the Former of all Things, and if he touches the Mountains they smook. Nor will the Gate of the King's Clemency stand always open, for the Day that shall burn ye like an Oven, is before him; yea, it hasteth greatly, and slumbereth not, *Mal. iv. 1. 1 Pet. ii. 3.* O *Manfoul*! Is it little in thine Eyes, that our King does offer thee Mercy, and that after so many Provocations? Yea, he still holdeth out his golden Sceptre to thee, and will not suffer his Gate to be shut against thee, wilt thou provoke him to do it? Consider of what I say; 'To thee it shall be opened no more for ever, *Jab xxxvi. 14. Ch. xxxvi. 18. Ps. ix. 7. Isa. lxvi. 15.* If thou sayest thou shalt not see him, yet Judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him: Yea, because there is Wrath, beware, lest he take thee away with his Stroke; then a great Ransom cannot deliver thee. Will he esteem thy Riches! No, not Gold, nor all the Forces of Strength. He hath prepared his Throne for Judgment; for he will come with Fire, and with his Chariots, like a Whirlwind, to render his Anger with Fury, and rebukes with Flames of Fire. Therefore, O *Manfoul*, take heed, lest after thou hast fulfilled the Judgment of the Wicked, ju-

thice

by John Bunyan.

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Justice and Judgment should take hold of thee.' Now while that Captain Judgment was making of this Oration to the Town of Mansoul, it was observed by some, that *Diabolus* trembled: But he proceeded in his Parable, and said, O thou woeful Town of Mansoul! wilt thou not yet set open the Gate to receive us, the Deputies of the King, and those that would rejoice to see thee live? *Ezek. xxii. 14.* Can thine Heart endure, or can thy Hands be strong in the Day that he shall deal in Judgment with thee? I say, canst thou endure to be forced to drink, as one would drink sweet Wine, the Sea of Wrath that our King has prepared for *Diabolus* and his Angels? Consider, betimes consider.

Then stood forth the fourth Captain, the Noble Captain Execution, and said: O Town of Mansoul! once famous, but now like the fruitless Bough; once the Delight of the high Ones, but now a Den for *Diabolus*: Hearken also to me, and to the Words that I shall speak to thee, in the Name of the Great *Shaddai*. Behold the Axe is laid to the Root of the Tree, every Tree therefore that bringeth not forth good Fruit, is hewn down and cast into the Fire, *Mat. iii. 7, 8, 9, 10.* Thou, O Town of Mansoul! hast hitherto been this fruitless Tree, thou barest nought but Thorns and Briars, *Deut. xxxii. 32.* Thy evil Fruit foretells thee not to be a good Tree: Thy Grapes are Grapes of Gall, thy Clusters are bitter. Thou hast rebelled against thy King, and so we, the Power and Force of *Shaddai*, are the Axe that is laid to thy Roots: what say'st thou, wilt thou turn? I say again, tell me before the first Blow is given; wilt thou turn? Our Axe must first be laid to thy Root before it be laid at thy Root: it must first be laid to thy Root in a Way of Threatning, before it is laid at thy Root by Way of Execution; and between these two is required thy Repentance, and this is all the Time thou hast. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou turn, Or, shall I smite? If

I fetch my Blow, *Manfoul*, down you go: For I have Commission to lay my Axe *as*, as well as *to*, thy Root; nor will any Thing, but yielding to our King, prevent going of Execution. What art thou fit for, O *Manfoul*, if Mercy prevented not, but to be hewn down and cast into the Fire and burnt?

O *Manfoul*! Patience and Forbearance, do not act for ever: A Year or two, or three they may, but if thou provoke by a three Years Rebellion, and thou hast already done more than this, then what follows, *but cut it down*, nay, after that, *thou shalt cut it down*, Luke xiii. And dost thou think that these are but Threatnings, or that our King has not Power to execute his Words? O *Manfoul*! thou wilt find that in the Words of our King, when they are by Sinners made little or light of, there is not only Threatning, but Burning Coals of Fire.

Thou hast been a Cumber ground long already, and wilt thou continue so still? Thy Sin has brought his Army to thy Walls, and shall it bring in Judgment to do Execution to thy Town? Thou hast heard what the Captains have said, but as yet thou shuttest thy Gates, speak out *Manfoul*, wilt thou do so still? Or wilt thou accept of Conditions of Peace?

These brave Speeches of these four noble Captains, the Town of *Manfoul* refused to hear, yet a Sound thereof did beat against *Bar-gate*, though the Force thereof could not break it open. In

Manfoul line, the Town desired a Time to prepare their Answer to these Demands. The Captains then told them, That if they would throw out to them one Ill-paule, that was in the Town, that they might reward him according to his Works, that they would give them Time to consider: But if they would not cast him to them over the Wall of *Manfoul*, then they would give them none. For, said they, we know that so long as Ill-paule draws Breath in *Manfoul*, all good Considerations will be confounded; and nothing but Mischief will come thereon.

Then

Then *Diabolus*, who was there present, being loth to lose *Ill-pause*, because he was his Orator (and yet be sure he had, could the Captains have laid their Fingers on him) was resolved at this Instant to give them Answer by himself, but then changing his Mind, he commanded the then Lord Mayor, the Lord *Incredulity* to do it: Saying, *My Lord, do you give these Renegades an Answer, and speak out, that Mansoul may hear and understand you.*

Diabolus interrupts them, and sets Incredulity to answer them.

So *Incredulity*, at *Diabolus's* Command began and said: Gentlemen, you have here, as we do behold, to the Disturbance of our Prince, and Molestation of the Town of Mansoul, incamped against it: But from whence you come we will not know; and what you are, we will not believe. Indeed, you tell us in your terrible Speech, that you have this Authority from *Shaddai*; but by what Right he commands you to do it, of that we shall be yet ignorant.

His Speech.

You have also by the Authority aforesaid, summoned this Town to desert her Lord, and for Protection to yield up herself to the Great *Shaddai* your King: Flatteringly telling her, that if she will do it, he will pass by, and not charge her with her past Offences.

Further, You have also to the Terror of the Town of Mansoul, threatened with great and sore Destruction to punish this Corporation, if she consents not to do as your Wills would have her.

Now, Captains, from whence soever you come, and though your Designs be never so right, yet know ye, that neither my Lord *Diabolus*, nor I his Servant *Incredulity*, nor yet our brave Mansoul, dare regard either your Persons, Messages, or the King that you say hath sent you: His Power, his Greatness, his Vengeance we fear not; nor will we yield at all to your Summons. As for the War that you threaten to make upon us, we must therein defend ourselves as well as we can: And know ye, that we are not without what is usual to

The true Picture of Unbelief.

bid Defiance to you. And in short, for I will not be tedious, I tell you that we take you to be some Vagabond Runagate Crew, that have shaken off all Obedience to your King, have gotten together in a tumultuous Manner, and are ranging from Place to Place, to see, if through your Flatteries, you are skilled to make on the one Side, and Threats wherewith you think to fright, on the other; to make some silly Town, City, or Country, to desert their Place, and leave it to you: But Mansoul is none of them.

To conclude, We dread you not, we fear you not, nor will we obey your Summons: Our Gates we will keep shut upon you, our Place we will keep you out of: Nor will we long thus suffer you to sit down before us. Our People must live in Quiet: Your Appearance doth disturb them, Luke xi. 21. Wherefore, arise with Bag and Baggage, and be gone, or we will let fly from the
 * Flesh.
 * Walls against you.

This Oration made by Old Incredulity, was seconded by desperate Will-be-will, in Words to this Effect.

The Speech of the Word Will-be-will.
 Gentlemen, we have heard your Demand, and the Noise of your Threats, and heard the Sound of your Summons, but we fear not your Force, we regard not your Threats, but we still abide as you found us. And we command you, that in three Days Time, you cease to appear in these Parts, or you shall know what it is, once to dare to offer to rouse the Lion Diabolus, when asleep in the Town of Mansoul.

The Recorder, whose Name was Forget-good, he also added as followeth; Gentlemen, my Lords, as you see, have with mild and gentle Words, answered your rough and angry Speeches: they have moreover, in my Hearing, given you Leave quietly to depart as you came. Wherefore take their Kindness and be gone; we might have come out with Force upon you, and have caused you to feel the Dint of our Swords: But as we love Ease and Quiet ourselves; so we love not to hurt or molest others.

Then

Then did the Town of Mansoul shout for Joy, as if by *Diabolus* and his Crew some great Advantage had been gotten of the Captains. They also rang the Bells, and made merry, and danced upon the Walls.

The Town resolved to with-stand the Cap- tains.

Diabolus also returned to the Castle, and the Lord Mayor and Recorder to their Place: But the Lord *Will-be-will* took special Care that the Gates should be secured with double Guards, double Bolts, and double Locks and Bars. And that *Bar-gate* (especially) might be the better looked to, for that was the Gate in at which the King's Forces sought most to enter: The Lord *Will-be-will* made one Old Mr. *Prejudice* (an angry and ill-condition'd Fellow) Captain of the Ward at that Gate; and put under his Power sixty Men, called *Deaf-men*: Men ad- vantageous for that Service, for as much as they mattered no Words of the Captains, nor of the Soldiers.

The Band of *Deaf-men* set to keep *Bar-gate*.

Now when the Captains saw the Answer of the great Ones, and that they could not get an Hearing from the old Natives of the Town, and that *Mansoul* was resolved to give the King's Army Battle; they prepared themselves to receive them; and to try it out by the Power of the Arm. And first they made their Force more formidable against *Bar-gate*; for they knew, that unless they could penetrate that, no Good could be done upon the Town. This done, they put the rest of their Men in their Places. After which, they gave out the Word, which was, *Ye must be born a-*

The Captains resolved to give them Battle.

The Battle began.

Then they sounded the Trumpet; when they in the Town made the Answer, with Shout against Shout, Charge against Charge, and so the Battle began. Now they in the Town had planted upon the Town over *Bar-gate* two great Guns, the one called *High-mind*, and the other *Heady*. Un-

Two Great Guns planted upon *Bar-gate*.

to these two Guns they trusted much; they were cast in the Castle by *Diabolus's* Founder, whose Name was *Mr. Puff-up*, and mischievous Pieces they were. But so vigilant and watchful were the Captains when they saw them, that tho' sometimes their Shot would go by their Ears with a Whiz, yet they did them no Harm. By these two Guns, the Townsfolk made no question but greatly to annoy the Camp of *Shaddai*, and well enough to secure the Gate; but they had not much Cause to boast of what Execution they did, as by what follows will be gathered.

The famous *Manfoul* had also some other small Pieces in it, of the which they made use against the Camp of *Shaddai*.

They from the Camp also, did as stoutly, and with as much of that as may (in Truth) be called Valour, let fly as fast at the Town, and at *Ear-gate*: For they saw that unless they could break open *Ear-gate*, 'twould be but in vain to batter the Wall. Now the King's Captains had brought with them several Slings, and two or three Battering-Rams; with their Slings therefore they battered the Houses and People of the Town, and with their Rams they fought to break *Ear-gate* open.

The Camp and the Town had several Skirmishes, and brisk Encounters, while the Captains, with their Engines, made many brave Attempts to break open, or beat down the Tower that was over *Ear-gate*, and at the said Gate to make their Entrance: But *Manfoul* stood as out so lustily, through the Rage of *Diabolus*, the Valour of the Lord *Will-be-will*, and the Conduct of Old *Incredibly* the Mayor, and *Mr. Forget-good*, the Recorder, that the Charge and Expence of that Summer's War, (on the King's Side) seemed to be almost quite lost, and the Advantage to return to *Manfoul*: But when the Captains saw how it was, they made a fair Retreat, and intrenched themselves in their Winter

The Sentence
and Power of
the Word.

The Town
stoutly stands
out, and the
Captains re-
turn to their
Winter Quar-
ters.

Winter Quarters. Now in this War, you must needs think there was much Loss on both Sides, of which be pleased to take this brief Account following.

The King's Captains, when they marched from the Court to come against *Mansoul* to War, as they came crossing over the Country, they happened to light



The Holy War,

An Account
of this War,
with reference
to the Loss on
both Sides.

The New
Soldiers.

upon three young Fellows that had a Mind to go for Soldiers; proper Men they were, and Men of Courage (and Skill) to Appearance. Their Names were Mr. *Tradition*, Mr. *Human Wisdom*, and Mr. *Mun's Invention*. So they came up to the Captains, and proffered their Service to *Shaddai*. The Captains then told them of their Design, and bid them not to be rash in their Offers; but the young Men told them they had considered the Thing before, and that hearing they were upon their March for such a Design, came hither on purpose to meet them, that they might be listed under their Excellencies. Then Captain *Boanerges*, for that they were Men of Courage, listed them into his Company, and so away they went to the War.

Now, when the War was begun, in one of the briskest Skirmishes, so it was, that a Company of the Lord *Will-be-will's* Men sallied out of the Sally-Ports, or Posterns of the Town, and fell in upon the Rear of Captain *Boanerges's* Men, where these three Fellows happened to be, so he took them Prisoners, and away they carried them into the Town; where they had not lain long in Durance, but it began to be noised about the Streets of the Town, what three notable Prisoners the Lord *Will-be-will's* Men had taken, and brought in Prisoners out of the Camp of *Shaddai*. At length Tidings thereof was carried to *Diabolus* to the Castle, to wit, what my Lord *Will-be-will's* Men had done, and whom they had taken Prisoners.

They are
brought before
Diabolus, and
are content to
fight under his
Banner.

Then *Diabolus* called for *Will-be-will*, to know the Certainty of this Matter. So he asked him, and he told him. Then did the Giant send for the Prisoners, who, when they were come, he demanded of them who they were, whence they came, and what they did in the Camp of *Shaddai*, and they told him. Then he sent them into Ward again.

again. Not many Days after he sent for them to him again, and then asked them, if they would be willing to serve him against their former Captains? They then told him, that they did not so much live by *Religion*, as by the Fates of *Fortune*. And that since his Lordship



The Holy War,

was willing to entertain them, they should be willing to serve him. Now while Things were thus in Hand, there was one Captain *Anything*, a great Doer in the Town of *Mansoul*, and to this Captain *Anything* did *Diabolus* send these Men, with a Note under his Hand to receive them into his Company; the Contents of which Letter were thus:

He therefore sends them to Captain *Anything* with a Letter.

Anything receives them into his Service.

The Roof of old *Incredulity's* House beaten down.

Six Aldermen slain.

The Two great Guns dismounted.

Anything, my Darling, the three Men that are the Bearers of this Letter, have a Desire to serve me in the War; nor know I better to whose Conduct to commit them, than to thine: Receive them therefore in my Name, and as need shall require, make use of them against Shaddai and his Men, Farewel. So they came, and he received them, and he made two of them Serjeants, but he made Mr. *Man's Invention* his Ancient Bearer. But thus much for this, and now to return to the Camp.

They of the Camp did also some Execution upon the Town, for they did beat down the Roof of the new Lord Mayor's House, and so laid him more open than he was before. They had almost (with a Sling) slain my Lord *Will-be-will* outright: But he made a Shift to recover again. But they made a notable Slaughter among the Aldermen, for with one only Shot they cut off Six of them: To wit, Mr. *Swearing*, Mr. *Whoring*, Mr. *Fury*, Mr. *Stand-to-lies*, Mr. *Drunkenness*, and Mr. *Cheating*.

They also dismounted the two Guns that stood upon the Tower over *Eargate*, and laid them flat in the Dirt. I told you before that the King's Noble Captains had drawn off to their Winter Quarters, and had there intrenched themselves and their Carriages, so as with the best Advantage to their King, and the greatest Annoyance to the Enemy, they might give the

sea-

seasonable and warm Alarms to the Town of *Mansoul*, And this Design of them did so hit, that I may say they did almost what they would to the Molestation of the Corporation.

For now could not *Mansoul* sleep securely as before, nor could they now go to their Debaucheries with that Quietness as in Times past. For they had from the Camp of *Shaddai* such frequent, warm, and terrifying Alarms; yea, Alarms upon Alarms, first at one Gate, and then at another, and again, at all the Gates at once, that they were broken as to former Peace. Yea, they had their Alarms so frequently, and that when the Nights were at the longest, the Weather coldest, and so consequently the Season most unseasonable, that that Winter was to the Town of *Mansoul* a Winter by itself. Sometimes the Trumpets would sound, and sometimes the Slings would whirl the Stones into the Town. Sometimes Ten Thousand of the King's Soldiers would be running round the Walls of *Mansoul* at Midnight, shouting, and lifting up their Voice for the Battle. Sometimes again, some of them in the Town would be wounded, and their Cry and lamentable Voice would be heard to the great Molestation of the now languishing Town of *Mansoul*. Yea, so distressed were they with those that laid Siege against them, that I dare say, *Diabolus* their King had in these Days his Rest much broken.

Continual
Alarms given to
Mansoul.

The Effects
of Convictions
thought come
men if abiding.

The Town
much molested.

In those Days, as I was informed, new Thoughts, and Thoughts that began to run counter one to another, began to possess the Minds of the Men of the Town of *Mansoul*. Some would say, *There is no living thus*: Others would then reply, *This will be over shortly*: Then would a Third stand up and answer, *Let us turn to King Shaddai, and so put an End to all these Troubles*: And a Fourth would come in with

Change of
Thoughts in
Mansoul.

with a fair Speech, saying, I doubt he will not receive us.

Conscience speaks.

The old Gentleman too, the Recorder, that was so before *Diabolus* took *Manfoul*, he also began to talk aloud, and his Words were now to the Town of *Manfoul*, as if they were great Claps of Thunder. No Noise now so terrible to *Manfoul*, as was his, with the Noise of the Soldiers, and Shoutings of the Captains.

Also Things began to grow scarce in *Manfoul*; now the Things that her Soul lusted after were departed from her, *Luke xv. 14, 15.* Upon all her pleasant Things, there was a Blast, and Burning instead of Beauty. Wrinkles now, and some Shews of the Shadow of Death, were upon the Inhabitants of *Manfoul*. And now, O how glad would *Manfoul* have been to have enjoyed Quietness and Satisfaction of Mind, though joined with the meanest Condition in the World!

The Captains also, in the deep of the Winter, did send by the Mouth of *Bea-nerges's* Trumpeter, a Summons to *Manfoul*, to yield up herself to the King, the Great King *Shaddai*. They sent it once, and twice, and thrice; not knowing but that at some Time there might be in *Manfoul* some Willingness to surrender up themselves unto them, might they but have the Colour of an Invitation to do it under. Yea, so far as I could gather, the Town had been surrender'd up to them before now, had it not been for the Opposition of Old *Incredulity*, and the Fickleness of the Thoughts of my Lord *Will-be-will*. *Diabolus* also began to rave, wherefore *Manfoul* as to yielding was not as yet all of one Mind, therefore they still lay distressed under these perplexing Fears.

I told you but now, that they of the King's Army had this Winter sent three Times to *Manfoul*, to submit herself.

The

The first Time the Trumpeter went, he went with Words of Peace, telling of them, that the Captains, the noble Captains of *Shaddai*, did pity and bewail the Misery of the now perishing Town of *Mansoul*; and were troubled to see them so much to stand in the Way of their own Deliverance. He said moreover, that the Captains bid him tell them, that if now poor *Mansoul* would humble herself, and turn, her former rebellions, and most notorious Treasons, should by their merciful King be forgiven them, yea, and forgotten too. And having bid them beware that they stood not in their own Way, that they opposed not themselves, nor made themselves their own Losers; he returned again into the Camp.

The Contents
of the first
Summons.

Secondly, the second Time the Trumpeter went, he did treat them a little more roughly. For after Sound of Trumpet, he told them, That their continuing in their Rebellion did but chase, and heat the Spirit of the Captains, and that they were resolved to make a Conquest of *Mansoul*, or lay their Bones before the Town Walls.

The Contents
of the second
Summons.

Thirdly, he went again the third Time, and dealt with them yet more roughly; telling of them, That now, since they had been so horribly prophane, he did not know, not certainly know, whether the Captains were inclining to Mercy or Judgment; only, said he, they commanded me to give you a Summons to open the Gates unto them: So he returned, and went into the Camp.

The Contents
of the third
Summons.

These three Summons, and especially the two last, did so distress the Town, that they presently call a Consultation, the Result of which was this, that my Lord *Will-be-will* should go up to *Ear-gate*, and there with Sound of Trumpet, call to the Captains of the Camp for a Parly. Well, the Lord *Will-be-will* sounded upon the Wall, so the Captains came up in their

The Town
sounds for a
Parly.

their Harness, with their Ten Thousand at their Feet. The Townsmen then told the Captains, that they had heard and considered their Summons, and would come to an Agreement with them and with their

King Shaddai, upon such certain Terms, Articles, and Propositions, as with and by the Order of their Prince, they to them, were appointed to propound. To wit, they would agree upon these Grounds to be one People with them.

Proposition
First.

1. *If that those of their own Company, as the now Lord-Mayor, and their Mr. Forget-good, with their brave Lord Will-be-will, might under Shaddai, be still the Governors of the Town, Castle, and Gates of Mansoul.*

Proposition
the Second.

2. *Provided that no Man that now serv'd under the Great Giant Diabolus, be by Shaddai cast out of House, Harbour, or the Freedom that he hath hitherto enjoyed in the famous Town of Mansoul.*

Proposition
the Third.

3. *That it shall be granted them, that they of the Town of Mansoul enjoy certain of their Rights and Privileges; To wit, such as have formerly been granted them; and that they have long lived in the Enjoyment of, under the Reign of their King Diabolus, that now is, and long has been, their only Lord, and great Defender.*

Proposition
the Fourth.

4. *That no new Law, Officer, or Executioner of Law or Office, shall have any Power over them, without their own Choice and Consent.*

These be our Propositions, or Conditions of Peace: And upon these Terms, said they, we will submit to your King.

But when the Captains had heard this weak and feeble Offer of the Town of Mansoul, and their high and bold Demands; they made to them again by their noble Captain, the Captain Boanerges, this Speech following.

-O ye

O ye Inhabitants of the Town of Mansoul, when I heard your Trumpet sound for a Parly with us, I can truly say, I was glad; but when you said you were willing to submit yourselves to our Lord and King, then I was yet more glad: But when by your silly Provisoers, and foolish Carvils, you laid the Stumbling-block of your Iniquity before your Faces, then was my Gladness turned into Sorrows, and my hopeful Beginnings of your Return, into languishing, fainting Fears.

Boanerges
his Answer.

I count, that Old Ill-pause, the ancient Enemy of Mansoul, did draw up these Proposals that now you present us with, as Terms of an Agreement; but they deserve not to be admitted to, sound in the Ear of any Man that pretends to have Service for Shaddai, 2 Tim. ii. 19. We do therefore jointly, and that with the highest Disdain, refuse, and reject such Things as the greatest of Iniquities.

But, O Mansoul! if you will give yourselves into our Hands, or rather into the Hands of our King, and will trust him to make such Terms with, and for you, as shall seem good in his Eyes, (and I dare say they shall be such as you shall find to be most profitable to you) then we will receive you, and be at Peace with you: But if you like not to trust yourselves in the Arms of Shaddai our King, then Things are but where they were before, and we know also what we have to do.

Then cried out Old Incredulity, the Lord Mayor, and said: And who, being out of the Hands of their Enemies, as ye see ye are now, will be so foolish as to put the Staff out of their own Hands, into the Hands of they know not who? I for my Part, will never yield to so unlimited a Proposition. Do you know the Manner and Temper of their King? 'Tis said by some, that he will be angry with his Subjects, if but the Breadth of an Hair they chance to step out of the Way: And by others, That he requireth of them, much more than they can per-

Old Incredulity's Reply.

Unbelief never is profitable in Talk, but it ways speaketh mischief.

form,

form. Wherefore it seems, O *Manfoul*, to be thy Wisdom to take good Heed what thou dost in this Matter. For if you once yield, you give up yourselves to another, and to you are no more your own: Wherefore to give up yourselves to an unlimited Power, is the greatest Folly in the World. For now indeed you may repent, but can never justly complain. But do you indeed know, when you are his, which of you he will kill, and which of you he will save alive? Or whether he will not cut off every one of us, and send out of his Country another new People, and cause them to inhabit this Town?

This Speech of the Lord-Mayor, undid all, and threw flat to the Ground their Hopes of an Accord: Wherefore the Captains returned to their Trenches, to their Tents, and to their Men, as they were; and the Mayor to the Castle, and to his King.

Now *Diabolus* had waited for his Return, for he had heard that they had been at their Points. So when he was come into the Chamber of State, *Diabolus* saluted him with Welcome, my Lord: How went Matters betwixt you To-day? So the Lord *Incredulity* (with a low Conge) told him the whole of the Matter, saying, And thus said the Captain or *Shaddai*, and thus and thus said I; the which as 'twas told to *Diabolus*, he was very glad to hear, and said, My Lord-Mayor, my faithful *Incredulity*, I have proved thy Fidelity above ten Times already, but never found thee false. I do promise thee, if we rub over this Brunt, to prefer thee to a Place of Honour, a Place far better than to be Lord-Mayor of *Manfoul*. I will make thee my Universal Deputy, and thou shalt, next to me, have all Nations under thy Hand: yea, and thou shalt lay Bands upon them, that they may not resist thee, nor shall any of our Vassals walk more at Liberty, but those that shall be content to walk in thy Fetters.

Now

Now came the Lord-Mayor out from *Diabolus*, as if he had obtained a Favour indeed; wherefore to his Habitation he goes in great State; and thinks to feed himself well enough with Hopes, until the Time came that his Greatness should be enlarged.

But now, though the Lord-Mayor and *Diabolus* did thus well agree, yet this Repulse to the brave Captains put *Manfoul* into a Mutiny. For while *Old Incredulity* went into the Castle to congratulate his Lord with what had passed, the Old Lord Mayor that was so before *Diabolus* came to the Town, to wit, my Lord *Understanding*; and the Old Recorder, Mr. *Conscience*, getting Intelligence of what had passed at *Eur-gate* (for you must know that they might not be suffered to be at that Debate, lest they should then have mutinied for the Captains) but I say, they got Intelligence what had passed there, and were much concerned therewith; wherefore they getting some of the Town together, began to possess them with the Reasonableness of the noble Captains Demands, and with the bad Consequences that would follow upon the Speech of *Old Incredulity*, the Lord-Mayer: To wit, how little Reverence he shewed therein, either to the Captains or their King; also how he implicitly charged them with Unfaithfulness and Treachery: For what less, quoth he, could be made of his Words, when he said he would not yield to their Proposition; and added moreover a Supposition, that he would destroy us, when before he had sent us Word that he would shew us Mercy: The Multitude being now possessed with the Conviction of the Evil *Old Incredulity* had done, began to run together by Companies in all Places, and in every Corner of the Streets of *Manfoul*, and first they began to mutter, then to talk openly, and after that they ran to and fro; and cried as they run, O the brave Captains of *Shaddai*! Would we were under the Government of the Captains,

The Under-
standing and
Conscience begin
to receive Con-
viction, and they
set the Soul in a
Hubble,

A Mutiny in
Manfoul.

Captains, and of Shaddai their King. When the Lord Mayor had Intelligence that Mansoul was in an Uproar, down he comes to appease the People, and thought to have quashed their Heat with the Bigness and the Shew of his Countenance. But when they saw him, they came running upon him, and had doubtless done him a Mischief, had he not betaken himself to his House. However, they strongly assaulted the House where he was, to have pulled it down about his Ears; but the Place was too strong, so they failed of that. So he taking some Courage, addressed himself out of a Window to the People in this Manner:

Gentlemen, What is the Reason that there is here such an Uproar To-day?
Und. Then answered my Lord Understanding. *It is even because that thou and thy Master have carried it not rightly; and as you should, to the Captains of Shaddai; for in three Things you are faulty; First, In that you would not let Mr. Conscience and myself be in the hearing of your Discourse. Secondly, In that you propounded such Terms of Peace to the Captains, that by no Means could be granted, unless they had intended that their Shaddai should have been only a Titular Prince, and that Mansoul should still have had Power by Law, to have lived in all Lewdness and Vanity before him, and so by Consequence Diabolus should still here be King in Power, and the other only King in Name. Thirdly, For that thou didst thyself after the Captains had shewed us upon what Conditions they would have resigned to Mercy, even unto all again with thy unsavory and unreasonable, and ungodly Speech.*

Incredulity. When Old Incredulity had heard this Speech, he cried out, *Treason! Treason! To your Arms! To your Arms! O ye, the trusty Friends of Diabolus in Mansoul.*

Und.

Und. Sir, you may put upon my Words what meaning you please, but I am sure that the Captains of such an high Lord as theirs is, deserved a better Treatment at your Hands.

Incred. Then said Old *Incredulity*, This is but little better. But, Sir, quoth he, They chide
on both sides. what I spake, I spake for my Prince, for his Government, and the quieting of the People, whom by your unlawful Actions, you have this Day set to mutiny against us.

Consj. Then replied the old Recorder, whose Name was Mr. *Conscience*, and said, Sir, you ought not thus to retort upon what my Lord *Understanding* hath said: 'Tis evident enough that he hath spoken the Truth, and that you are an Enemy to *Mansoul*; be convinced then of the Evil of your saucy and malapert Language, and of the Grief that you have put the Captains to; yea, and of the Damages that you have done to *Mansoul* thereby. Had you accepted of the Conditions, the Sound of the Trumpet, and the Alarm of War had now ceased about the Town of *Mansoul*; but that dreadful Sound abides, and your want of Wisdom in your Speech has been the Cause of it.

Incred. Then said Old *Incredulity*, Sir, if I live I will do your Errand to *Diabolus*, and there you shall have an Answer to your Words. Mean while we will seek the Good of the Town, and not ask Council of you.

Understanding. Sir, your Prince and you are Foreigners to *Mansoul*, and not the Natives thereof. And who can tell but that when you have brought us into greater Straits (when you also shall see that yourselves can be safe by no other means than by Flight) you may leave us, and shift for yourselves, or set us on Fire, and go away in the Smoak, or by the Light of our Burning, and so leave us in our Ruins.

Incred. Sir, you forget that you are under a Governor, and that you ought to demean yourself like a Subject; and know ye, when my Lord the King shall

hear of this Day's Work, he will give you but little Thanks for your Labour.

Now while these Gentlemen were thus in their Chiding Words, down comes from the Walls and Gates of the Town, the Lord *Willbewill*, *Men of Arms* come down, *Mr. Prejudice*, *Old Ill-pause*, and several of the New made Aldermen and

Burgesses, and they asked the Reason of the Hubbub and Tumult. And with that every Man began to tell his own Tale, so that nothing could be heard distinctly: Then was Silence commanded, and the old Fox *Incredulity* began to speak; My Lord, quoth he, here are a Couple of peevish Gentlemen, that have, as a Fruit of their bad Dispositions, and as I fear, through the Advice of one Mr. *Discontent*, tumultuously gathered this Company against this Day; and also attempted to run the Town into Acts of Rebellion, against our Prince.

A great Confusion.

Then stood up all the *Diabolanians* that were present, and affirmed these Things to be true.

Now when they that took part with my Lord *Understanding*, and with Mr. *Conscience*, perceiv'd that they were like to come by the worst, for that Force and Power was on the other Side; they came in for their Help and Relief: So a great Company was on both Sides. Then they on *Incredulity's* Side, would have had the two Old Gentlemen presently away to Prison; but they on the other Side said they should not. Then they began to cry up parties again: The *Diabolanians* cry up Old *Incredulity*, *Forget-good*, the new Aldermen, and their great Oor *Diabolus*; and the other Party, they as fast cried up *Shaddai*, the Captains, his Laws, their Mercifulness, and applauded their Conditions and Ways. Thus

They fall from words to Blows.

the Bickermint went a while, at last they passed from Words to Blows, and now there were Knocks on both Sides. The good Old Gentleman Mr. *Conscience* was knock down twice dy one of the *Diabolanians*, whose Name

was Mr. *Benumming*. And my Lord *Understanding* had like to have been slain with an Harquebus, but that he that had shot, wanted to take his Aim aright. Nor did the other Side wholly escape, for there was one Mr. *Rash-head*, a *Diaboloman*, that had his Brains beaten out by one Mr. *Mind*, the Lord *Willbewill's* Servant; and it made me laugh to see how Old Mr. *Prejudice* was kickt and tumbled about in the Dirt. For though a while since ^{A hot Skirmish.} he was made a Captain of the *Diaboloni-ans*, to the Hurt and Damage of the Town; yet now they had got him under their Feet; and I'll assure you he had by some of the Lord *Understanding's* Party, his Crown crackt to Boot. Mr. *Anything* also, he became a brisk Man in the Broil, but both Sides were against him, becaule he was true to none. Yet he had for his Malgertness, one of his Legs broken, and he that did it, with'd it had been his Neck. Much Harm more was done on both Sides; but this must not be forgotten, it was ^{Harm done on both Sides.} now a Wonder to see my Lord *Willbewill* so indifferent as he was, he did not seem to take one Side more than another, only it was perceived that he smil'd to see how Old *Prejudice* was tumbled up and down in the Dirt. Also when Captain *Anything* came halting up before him, he seem'd to take but little Notice of him.

Now when the Uproar was over, *Diabolus* sends for my Lord *Understanding* and Mr. *Conscience*, and claps them both up in Prison, as the Ring-leaders and Managers of this most heavy riotous Rout in *Mansoul*. So now the Town began to be quiet again, and the Prisoners were used hardly; yea, he thought to have made them away, but that the present Juncture did not serve for that purpose: For that War was in all their Gates. But let us return again to our Story: The Captains, when they were gone back from the Gate, and were come into the Camp again, call'd a Council of

The Holy War.

The Captains
call a Council,
and consult
what to do.

War, to consult what was further for them to do. Now some said, Let us go presently and fall upon the Town, but the greatest Part thought, rather better 'twould be to give them another Summons to yield, and the Reason why they thought this to be the best was, because, that so far as could be perceived, the Town of *Mansoul* now was more inclinable than heretofore. And if, said they, while some of them are in a Way of Inclination, we should by Ruggedness give them Distaste, we may set them further from closing with our Summons, than we would be willing they should.

The result is,
they send another Trumpeter
to Summon
the Town to
yield.

Wherefore to this Advice they agreed, and called a Trumpeter, put Words into his Mouth, set him his Time, and bid him God speed. Well, many Hours were not expired before the Trumpeter addressed himself to his Journey. Wherefore, coming up to the Wall of the Town, he steereth his Course to *Bar-gate*; and there sounded, as he was commanded; they then that were within, came out to see what was the Matter, and the Trumpeter made them this Speech following:

The Sum-
mons itself.

O hard-hearted, and deplorable Town of Mansoul! how long wilt thou love thy sinful Simplicity, and ye Fools delight in their Scorning? As yet despise you the Offers of Peace and Deliverance? As yet will ye refuse the Golden Offers of Shaddai, and trust to the Lies and Falshood of Diabolus? Think you when Shaddai shall have conquered you, that the Remembrance of these your Carriages towards him, will yield you Peace and Comfort: Or that by ruffling Language you can make him afraid as a Grasshopper? Doth he intreat you, for Fear of you? Do you think that you are stronger than he? Look to the Heavens and behold, and consider the Stars, how high are they? Can you stop the Sun from running his Course, and hinder the Moon from giving her Light? Can you count the Number of the Stars, or stop the Bottles of Heaven? Can you

you call for the Waters of the Sea, and cause them to cover the Face of the Ground? Can you behold every one that is proud, and abase him; and bend their Faces in secret? Yea these are some of these Works of our King, in whose Name, this Day, we come up unto you: That you may be brought under his Authority. In his Name therefore I summon you again, to yield up yourselves to his Captains.

At this Summons the Mansoul's seemed to be at a Stand, and knew not what Answer to make: Wherefore Diabolus forthwith appeared, and took upon him to do it himself, and thus he begins; but, turns his Speech to them of Mansoul.

The Town at a stand.

Gentlemen, quoth he, and my faithful Subjects, if it is true what this Summoner hath said, concerning the Greatness of their King, by his Terror you will always be kept in Bondage, and so be made to lieak. Yea, how can you now, tho' he is at a Distance, endure to think of such a mighty One? And if not to think of him, while at a Distance, how can you endure to be in his Presence? I your Prince, am familiar with you, and you may play with me as you would with a Grasshopper. Consider, therefore, what is for your Profit, and remember the Immunities that I have granted you.

Diabolus makes a Speech to the Town, and endeavours to terrify it with the Greatness of God.

Farther, If all be true that this Man hath said, how comes it to pass that the Subjects of Shaddai are so enslaved in all Places where they come? None in the Universe so unhappy as they, none so trampled upon as they.

Consider, my Mansoul: Would thou wert as loth to leave me, as I am loth to leave thee. But consider I say, the Ball is yet at my Foot: Liberty you have, if you know how to use it: Yea, a King you have too, if you can tell how to love and obey him.

Upon this Speech the Town of Mansoul did again harden their Hearts, yet more against the Captains of Shaddai. The Thoughts of his Holiness, sunk them

He drives Mansoul into Despair.

in Despair: Wherefore after a short Consult they (of the *Diabolonians* Party they were) sent back this Word by the Trumpeter, That for their Parts, they were resolved to stick to their King, but never to yield to *Shaddai*: So it was

Mansoul grows worse and worse.

but in vain to give them any further Summons, for they had rather die upon the Place than to yield. And now Things seemed to be gone quite back, and *Mansoul* to be out of Reach or Call; yet the Captains who knew what their Lord could do, would not be beat out of Heart: They therefore send them another Summons, more sharp and severe than the last, but the sooner they were sent to reconcile to *Shaddai*, the further off they were, *Hos. xi. 2.* *As they called them, so they went from them*, yea, though they called them to the most High.

The Captains leave off to summons, and betake themselves to Prayer.

So they ceased that Way to deal with them any more, and inclined to think of another Way. The Captains therefore did gather themselves together, to have free Conference among themselves, to know what was yet to be done to gain the Town, and to deliver it from the Tyranny of *Diabolus*: And one said after this manner, another after that. Then stood up the right noble, Captain *Conviction*, and said, my Brethren, my Opinion is this:

First, That we continually play our Slings into the Town, and keep them in a continual Alarm, molesting them Day and Night: by thus doing we shall stop the Growth of their rampant Spirits. For a Lion may be tamed by continual Molestation.

Secondly, This done, I advise, that in the next Place, we with one Consent, draw up a Petition to our Lord *Shaddai*, by which, after we have shewed our King the Condition of *Mansoul*, and of Affairs here, and have begged his Pardon for our no better Success, we will earnestly implore his Majesty's Help, and that he will please to send us more Force and Power, and some gallant and well spoken Commander to head them, that so his Majesty may not lose the Benefit of these his good Beginnings, but may

complete his Conquest upon the Town of Mansoul.

To this Speech of the noble Captain Conviction, they as one Man, consented, and agreed that a Petition should forthwith be drawn up, and sent by a fit Man, away to Shaddai with Speed. The Contents of the Petition were thus:

Most Gracious, and Glorious King, the Lord of the best World, and the Builder of the Town of Mansoul, We have, Dread Sovereign, at thy Commandment, put our Lives in Jeopardy, and at thy Bidding made a War upon the famous Town of Mansoul. When we went up against it, we did according to our Commission first offer Conditions of Peace unto it, Matt. xxii. 5. Prov. i. Zech. vii. 10. 11, 12, 13, But they, great King, set lights by our Council, and would none of our Reproof: They were for shutting of their Gates, and so keeping us out of the Town. They also mounted their Guns, they sallied out upon us, and have done us what Damage they could, but we pursued them, with Alarm upon Alarm, requiting them with such Retribution as was meet, and have done some Execution upon the Town.

Diabolus, Incredulity and Willbewill are the great Doors against us, now we are in our Winter Quarters, but so as that we do yet with an high Hand molest, and distress the Town.

Once, as we think, had we had but one substantial Friend in the Town, such as would have but seconded the Sound of our Summons, as they ought, the People might have yielded themselves: But there were none but Enemies there, nor any to speak in Behalf of our Lord to the Town: Wherefore, though we have done as we could, yet Mansoul abides in a State of Rebellion against thee.

Now, King of Kings, let it please thee to pardon the Unsuccessfulness of thy Servants, who have been no more advantageous in so desirable a Work, as the conquering of Mansoul is: And send, Lord, as we now desire, more Forces to Mansoul, that it may be subdued; and a Man to head them, that the Town may both love and fear.

We do not thus speak because we are willing to relinquish the War (for we are for laying of our Bones against

The Holy War.

against the Place) but that the Town of *Mansoul* may be won for thy Majesty. We also pray thy Majesty for Expedition in this Matter, that after Conquest, we may be at Liberty, to be sent about other thy Gracious Designs. *Amen.*

Who carried this Petition.

The Petition thus drawn up, was sent away with haste to the King by the Hand of that good Man, Mr. *Love-to-Mansoul*.

To whom it was delivered.

When this Petition was come to the Palace of the King, who should it be delivered to, but the King's Son. So he took it and read it, and because the Contents of it pleased him well, he mended it, and also in some Things, added to the Petition himself. So after he had made such Amendments and Additions as he thought convenient, with his own Hands, he carried it unto the King: To whom when he had with Obedience delivered it, he put on Authority, and spake to it himself.

The King receives it with Gladness.

Now the King, at the Sight of the Petition, was glad, but how much more think you, when it was seconded by his Son. It pleased him also to hear that his Servants that encamped against *Mansoul*, were so hearty in the Work, and so steadfast in their Resolves, and that they had already got some Ground upon the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

The King calls his Son, and tells him that he shall go to conquer the Town of *Mansoul*, and he is pleased at it.

Wherefore the King called to him *Emanuel* his Son, who said, Here am I my Father. Then said the King, thou knowest, as I do myself, the Condition of the Town of *Mansoul*, and what thou hast done to redeem it. Come now therefore my Son, and prepare thyself for the War, for thou shalt go to my Camp at *Mansoul*. Thou shalt also there prosper, and prevail, and conquer the Town of *Mansoul*.

He solaceth himself in the Thoughts of his Work.

Then said the King's Son: The Law is within my Heart: I delight to do thy Will, *Heb. x.* This is the Day that I have longed for, and the Work that I have

have waited for all this while. Grant me therefore what Force thou shalt in thy Wisdom think meet: and I will go, and will deliver from *Diabolus*, and from his Power, thy perishing Town of *Mansoul*. My Heart has been often pained within me, for the miserable Town of *Mansoul*. But now 'tis rejoiced, but now 'tis glad; and with that he leaped over the Mountains for Joy, saying.

I have not in my Heart thought any Thing too dear for *Mansoul*; the Day of Vengeance is in mine Heart, for thee, my *Mansoul*, and glad am I, that thou, my Father hast made me the Captain of their Salvation, *Heb. ii. 10.* And I will now begin to plague all that have been a Plague to my Town of *Mansoul*, and I will deliver it from their Hands.

When the King's Son had said thus to his Father, it presently flew like Lightning round about at Court: Yea, it there became the only Talk, what *Emanuel* was to go to do for the famous Town of *Mansoul*. But you cannot think how the Courtiers too, were taken with this Design of the Prince. Yea, so affected were they with this Work, and with the Justice of the War, that the highest Lord, and greatest Peer of the Kingdom, did covet to have Commissions under *Emanuel*, to go to help to recover again to *Shaddai* that miserable Town of *Mansoul*.

The highest Peers in the Kingdom covet to go on this Design.

Then was it concluded that some should go and carry Tydings to the Camp, that *Emanuel* was to come to recover *Mansoul*, and that he would bring along with him so mighty, so impregnable a Force, that he could not be resisted. But oh! how ready were the high Ones at Court, to run like Lacquies to carry these Tidings to the Camp that was at *Mansoul*! Now when the Captains perceiv'd that the King would send *Emanuel* his Son, and that it also delighted the Son to be sent on this Errand by the great *Shaddai* his Father: They also, to shew how they were pleased at the Thoughts of his coming, gave a Shout that made the

The Camp shout for Joy when they hear the Tydings.

Earth rent at the Sound thereof: Yea, the Mountains did answer the Eccho, and *Diabolus* himself did totter and shake.

For you must know, that though the Town of *Man-soul* itself, was not much, if at all, concerned with the Project, for, alas for them they were woefully besetted, for they chiefly regarded their Pleasure and Lusts: Yet

Diabolus afraid at the News of his coming.

Diabolus their Governor was, for he had his Spies continually abroad, who brought him Intelligence of all Things, and they told him what was doing at Court against him, and that *Emanuel* would shortly, certainly come with a Power to invade him. Nor was there any Man in Court, nor Peer of the Kingdom, that *Diabolus* so feared, as he fear'd this Prince. For if you remember, I shew'd you before that *Diabolus* had felt the Weight of his Hand already. So that since it was he that was to come, this made him sore afraid. Well, you see how I have told you that the King's Son was engaged to come from the Court to save *Man-soul*, and that his Father had made him the Captain of the

The Prince addresses himself for his Journey.

Forces: The Time therefore of his setting forth, being now expired, he addressed himself for the March, and taketh with him for his Power, five Noble Captains and their Forces.

1. The First was that famous Captain, the Noble Captain *Credence*, his were the Red Colours; and Mr. *Promise* bare them, *John* i. 29. *Eph.* vi. 16. And for an Escutcheon he had the *Holy Lamb*, and *Golden Shield*. And he had Ten Thousand Men at his Feet.

2. The Second was that famous Captain, the Captain *Good-Hope*, his were the Blue Colours, *Heb.* vi. 19. His Standard-Bearer was Mr. *Expectation*; and for an Escutcheon he had *Three Golden Anchors*. And he had Ten Thousand Men at his Feet.

3. The Third Captain was that Valiant Captain, the Captain *Charity*, *1 Cor.* xiii. His Standard Bearer was Mr. *Pitiful*, his were the Green Colours; and for his Escutcheon, he had *Three Naked Orphans Imbraced in*
the

the Basem. And he had Ten Thousand at his Feet.

4. The Fourth was that Gallant Commander the Captain *Innocent*, *Mat. x. 16*. His Standard-Bearer was Mr. *Harmless*; his were the White Colours, and for his Scutcheon he had *Three Golden Doves*.

5. The Fifth was the truly Loyal and well beloved Captain, the Captain *Patience*: His Standard-Bearer was Mr. *Suffer-long*; his were the Black Colours; and for a Scutcheon he had *Three Arrows through a Golden Heart*.

These were *Emanuel's* Captains, these their Standard-Bearers, their Colours, and Scutcheons, and these the Men under their Command, *Heb. vi. 12*. So as was said, the brave Prince took his March, to go to the Town of *Mansoul*. Captain *Credence* led the Van, and Captain *Patience* brought up the rear. So the other three with their Men made up the main body. The Prince himself riding in his Chariot at the Head of them.

Faith and Patience do the Work.

But when they set out for their March, Oh! how the Trumpets sounded; their Armour glittered, and how the Colours waved in the Wind. The Prince's Armour was all Gold, and it shone like the Sun in the Firmament. The Captains Armour was of Proof, and was in appearance like the glittering Stars. There was also some from the Court that rode Reformades, for the love that they had to the King *Shaddai*, and for the happy Deliverance of the Town of *Mansoul*.

Their March

Emanuel also when he had thus set forwards to go to recover the Town of *Mansoul*, took with him at the Commandment of his Father, Forty-four Battling Rams, and Twelve Slings to whirl Stones withal. Every one of these was made of pure Gold, and these they carried with them in the Heart and Body of their Army, all along as they went to *Mansoul*.

The Holy Bible containing 66 Books.

So they marched till they came within less than a League of the Town; and there they lay till the first four Captains came thither, to acquaint him with Mat-

The Forces
joined with Re-
joicing.

ters. Then they took their Journey to go to the Town of *Manfoul*, and unto *Manfoul* they came, but when the old Soldiers that were in the Camp saw that they had new Forces to join with, they again gave such a Shout before the Walls of *Manfoul*, that it put *Diabolus* into another Fright. So they set down before the Town, not now as the other four Captains did, to wit, against the Gates of *Manfoul* only, but they environed it round on every Side, and beset it behind and before, so

Manfoul be-
leaguer'd round.
Mounts cast up
against it.

that now let *Manfoul* look which Way it will, it saw Force and power lie in Siege against it. Besides, there were Mounts cast up against it, the Mount *Gracious* was on the one Side, and Mount *Justice* on the other. Farther, there were several small Banks, and advance Grounds, as *Plain-truth-Hill*, and *No-fm-Banks*, where many of the Slings were placed against the Town. Upon Mount *Gracious* were planted four, and upon Mount *Justice* were placed as many: And the rest were conveniently placed in several Parts round about the Town. Five of the best Battering Rams, that is, of the biggest of them, were placed upon Mount *Hearken*, a Mount cast up hard by *Ear-gate*, with Intent to break that open.

Now when the Town of *Manfoul* saw the Multitude, and the Soldiers that were come up against the Place, and the Rams and Slings, and the Mounts on which they were planted; together with the glittering of the

The Heart of
Manfoul begins
to fail.

Armour, and the waving of their Colours, they were forced to shift, and shift, and again to shift their Thoughts; but they hardly changed for Thoughts more stout, but rather for Thoughts more faint. For though before they thought themselves sufficiently guarded, yet now they began to think that no Man knew what would be their Hap or Lot.

The White
Flag hang out.

When the good Prince *Emanuel* had thus beleagured *Manfoul*, in the first Place he hangs out the White Flag, which he

he caused to be set up among the Golden Slings that were planted upon Mount *Gracious*. And this he did for two Reasons: 1. To give Notice to *Mansoul*, that he could, and would yet be gracious, if they turned to him. 2. And that he might leave them the more without Excuse, should he destroy them, they continuing in their Rebellion.

So the White Flag, with the *three Golden Doves* in it, was hanged out for two Days together, to give them Time and Space to consider. But they, as was hinted before, as if they were unconcerned, made no Reply to the favourable Signal of the Prince.

Then he commanded, and they set the Red Flag upon that Mount called Mount *Justice*. 'Twas the Red Flag of Captain *Judgment*, whose Escutcheon was the *Burning Fiery Furnace*. Also this stood waving before them in the Wind, for several Days together. But look how they carried it under the White Flag, when that was hanged out, so did they also when the Red one was: And yet he took no Advantage of them.

The Red Flag
hung out.

Then he commanded again that his Servants should hang out the Black Flag of Defiance against them, whose Escutcheon was the *Three Burning Thunder Bolts*. But as unconcerned was *Mansoul* at this, as at those that went before. But when the Prince saw that neither Mercy nor Judgment, nor Execution of Judgment, would, or could come near the Heart of *Mansoul*, he was touch'd with much Compassion, and said, Surely this strange Carriage of the Town of *Mansoul*, doth rather arise from Ignorance of the Manner and Feats of War, than from a secret Dislike of us, and Abhorrence of their own Lives. Or if they know the manner of the War of their own; yet not the Rites and Ceremonies of the Wars in which we are concerned, when I make Wars upon mine Enemy *Diabolus*.

The Black Flag
hung out.

Christ makes
not War as the
World does.

Therefore he sent to the Town of *Mansoul*, to let them know what he meant by those Signs and Ceremonies

monies of the Flag, and also to know of them which

He sends to
know if they
would have
Mercy or Judg-
ment.

of the Things they will chuse, whether
Grace and Mercy, or *Judgment*, and the
Execution of Judgment. All this while
they kept three Gates shut with Locks,
Bolts, and Bars, as fast as they could.
Their Guards were also doubled, and
their Watch made as strong as they could. *Diabolus* did
also pluck up what Heart he could, to encourage the
Town to make Resistance.

The Townsmen also made Answer to the Prince's
Messenger, in Substance, according to that which fol-
lows:

The Towns-
folks Answer:

*Great Sir, As to what, by your Messen-
ger you have signified to us, whether we
will accept of your Mercy, or fall by your
Justice, We are bound by the Law and Custom of this
Place, and can give you no positive Answer. For it is
against the Law, Government, and the Prerogative Royal
of our King, to make either Peace or War without him.
But this we will do, we will petition that our Prince will
come down to the Wall, and there give you such a Treatment
as he shall think fit and profitable for us.*

Emanuel griev-
ed at the Folly
of *Mansoul*.

When the good Prince *Emanuel* heard
this Answer, and saw the Slavery and
Bondage of the People, and much con-
tented they were to abide in the Chains
of the Tyrant *Diabolus*, it grieved him at the Heart.
And indeed when at any Time he perceived that any
were contented under the Slavery of the Giant, he would
be affected with it.

But to return again to our Purpose. After the Town
had carried this News to *Diabolus*, and had told him
moreover, that the Prince that lay in the Leaguer, with-

Diabolus
afraid.

out the Wall, waited upon them for an
Answer; he refused, and huffed as well as
he could, but in Heart he was afraid.

Then said he, I will go down to the Gates myself,
and give him such an Answer as I think fit, so he went
down to *Mousp-gate*, and there addressed himself to
speak

speak to Emanuel (but in such Languages, as the Town understood not) the Contents whereof were as follow:

O thou great Emmanuel, Lord of the World, I know thee, that thou art the Son of the great Shaddai! Wherefore art thou come to torment me, and to cast me out of my Possession? This Town of Mansoul, as thou very well knowest, is mine by Right of Conquest; I won it in the open Field. And shall the Prey be taken from the Mighty, or the Lawful Captive be delivered? 2. This Town of Mansoul is mine also by their Subjection. They have opened the Gates of their Town unto me; they have sworn Fidelity to me, and have openly chosen me to be their King. His Speech to the Prince. They have also given their Castle into my Hands; yea, they have also put the whole Strength of Mansoul under me.

Moreover, This Town of Mansoul hath disavowed thee: Yea, they have cast thy Law, thy Name, thy Image, and all that is thine, behind their Back: And have accepted and set up in their Room, my Law, my Name, my Image, and all that ever is mine. Ask also thy Captains, and they will tell thee, that Mansoul hath, in Answer to all their Summons, sworn Love and Fidelity to me; but always with Disdain, Despise, Contempt, and Scorn to thee and thine. Now, thou who art the Just One, and the Holy (and shouldst do no Iniquity) depart then I pray thee, therefore from me, and leave me to my just Inheritance peaceably.

This Oration was made in the Language of Devils himself. For altho' he can to every Man speak in their Language (else he could not tempt them as he does) yet he has a Language proper to himself, and it is the Language of the Infernal Cave, or Black Pit.

Wherefore the Town of Mansoul (poor Hearts) understood him not, nor did they see how he crouched, and cringed, while he stood before Emanuel their Prince.

Yes, they all this while took him to be one of that Power and Force that by no means could be resisted. Wherefore while he was thus intreating that he might have yet his Residence there, and that Emanuel would not

not take it from him by Force ; the Inhabitants boasted even of his Valour, saying, *Who is able to make War with him ?*

Well, when this pretended King had made an End of what he would say, *Emanuel* the golden Prince stood up and spoke : The Contents of whose Words follow.

Thou deceiving One, said he, I have in my Father's Name, in my own Name, and on the Behalf, and for the Good of this wretched Town of *Mansoul*, somewhat to say unto thee. Thou pretendest a Right, a lawful Right to the deplorable Town of *Mansoul*, when it is most apparent to all my Father's Court, that the Entrance which thou hast obtained in at the Gates of *Mansoul*, was through thy Lies and Falshood ; thou belyedst my Father, thou belyedst his Law, and so deceivedst the People of *Mansoul*. Thou pretendest that the People have accepted thee for their King, their Captain, and right Liege-Lord, but that also was by the Exercise of Deceit and Guile. Now if Lying, Wiliness, sinful Craft, and all manner of horrible Hypocrisy, will go, in my Father's Court (in which Court thou must be tried) for Equity and Right, then will I confess unto thee, that thou hast made a lawful Conquest. But alas ! What Thief, what Tyrant, what Devil is there that may not conquer after this Sort ? But I can make it appear, O *Diabolus*, that thou in all thy Pretences to a Conquest of *Mansoul*, hast nothing of Truth to say. Thinkest thou this to be right, that thou didst put the Lie upon my Father, and madest him (to *Mansoul*) the greatest Deluder in the World ? And what say'st thou to thy perverting knowingly, the right Purport and Intent of the Law ? Was it good also that thou madest a Prey of the Innocency and Simplicity of the now miserable Town of *Mansoul* ? Yea, thou didst overcome *Mansoul* by promising to them Happiness in their Transgressions against my Father's Law, when thou knewest and couldst not but know, hadst thou consulted nothing but thy own Experience, that that was the Way to undo them. Thou hast also thyself (O thou Master of Enmity) of Spite defaced my Father's Image in *Mansoul*, and set up thy own in his Place,

Place, to the great Contempt of my Father, the heightening of thy Sin, and to the intolerable Damage of the perishing Town of *Mansoul*.

Thou hast moreover, (as if all these were but little Things with thee) not only deluded and undone this Place; but by thy Lies, and fraudulent Carriage hast set them against their own Deliverance. How hast thou stirred them up against my Father's Captains, and made them to fight against those that were sent of him to deliver them from their Bondage? All these Things, and very many more thou hast done against thy Light, and in Contempt of my Father, and his Law: Yea, and with Design to bring under his Displeasure for ever, the miserable Town of *Mansoul*. I am therefore come to revenge the Wrong that thou hast done to my Father, and to deal with thee for the Blasphemies wherewith thou hast made poor *Mansoul* blaspheme his Name. Yea, upon thy Head, thou Prince of the infernal Cave, will I requite it.

As for myself, O *Diabolus*, I am come against thee by lawful Power, and to take by Strength of Hands, this Town of *Mansoul* out of thy burning Fingers. For this Town of *Mansoul* is mine. O *Diabolus*, and that by undoubted Right, as all shall see that will diligently search the most ancient and most authentick Records, and I will plead my Title to it to the Confusion of thy Face.

First, For the Town of *Mansoul*, my Father built, and did fashion it with this Hand. The Palace also that is in the midst of that Town, he built for his own Delight. This Town of *Mansoul* therefore is my Father's, and that by the best of Titles: And he that gainsays the Truth of this, must lie against his Soul.

Secondly, O thou Master of the Lie, this Town of *Mansoul* is mine.

1. For that I am my Father's Heir, his First Born, and the only Delight of his Heart, *Heb. i. 2. John xv. 16.* I am therefore come up against thee in mine own Right, even to recover mine own Inheritance out of thine Hands.

2. But further, as I have a Right and Title to *Mansoul*, by being my Father's Heir, so I have also by my Father's

Father's Donation, *Jahn xvii.* His it was, and he gave it me; nor have I at any Time offended my Father that he should take it from me, and give it to thee, *Isa. l. 1.* Nor have I been forced by playing the Bankrupt to sell, or set to Sale to thee, my beloved Town of *Manfoul*. *Manfoul* is my Desire, my Delight, and the Joy of my Heart. But,

3. *Manfoul* is mine by Right of Purchase. I have bought it (*O Diabolus*) I have bought it to my self. Now, since it was my Father's and mine, as I was his Heir, and since also I have made it mine by Virtue of a great Purchase, it followeth, that by all lawful Right the Town of *Manfoul* is mine, and that thou art an Usurper, Tyrant, and Traytor in thy holding Possession thereof. Now the Cause of my purchasing it was this: *Manfoul* had trespassed against my Father. Now, my Father had said, that in the Day that they broke his Law, they should die. Now it is more possible for Heaven and Earth to pass away, than for my Father to break his Word, *Mat. v. 18.* Wherefore when *Manfoul* had sinned indeed by hearkening to thy Lie, I put in and become a Surety to my Father; Body for Body, and Soul for Soul, that I would make Amends for *Manfoul's* Transgressions: And my Father did accept thereof. So when the Time appointed was come, I gave Body for Body, Soul for Soul, Life for Life, Blood for Blood, and so redeemed my beloved *Manfoul*. O sweet Prince Emanuel.

4. Nor did I do this by the Halves, my Father's Law and Justice that were both concerned in the Threatning upon Transgression, are both now satisfied, and very well content that *Manfoul* should be delivered.

5. Nor am I come out this Day against thee, but by Commandment of my Father; 'twas he that said unto me, Go down and deliver *Manfoul*.

Wherefore be it known unto thee (*O thou Fountain of Deceit*) and be it also known to the foolish Town of *Manfoul*, that I am not come against thee this Day without my Father's Command.

And now (said the Golden-headed Prince) I have a Word

Word to the Town of *Mansoul* (but so soon as mention was made that he had a Word to speak to the besotted Town of *Mansoul*, the Gates were double guarded, and all Men commanded not to give him Audience) so he proceeded, and said, O unhappy Town of *Mansoul*, I cannot but be touched with Pity and Compassion for thee. Thou hast accepted of *Diabolus* for thy King, and art become a Nurse and Minister of *Diabolians* against thy Sovereign Lord. Thy Gates thou hast open'd to him, but hast shut them fast against me; thou hast given him a Hearing, but hast stop thine Ears to my Cry; he brought to thee thy Destruction, and thou didst receive both him and it: I am come to thee bringing Salvation, but thou regardest me not. Besides, thou hast with sacrilegious Hands taken thyself, with all that was mine in thee, and hast given all to my Foe, and to be the greatest Enemy my Father has. You have bowed and subjected yourselves to him, you have vowed and sworn yourselves to be his. Poor *Mansoul*! What shall I do unto thee? Shall I save thee? Shall I destroy thee? What shall I do unto thee? Shall I fall upon thee, and grind thee to Powder, or make thee a Monument of the richest Grace? What shall I do unto thee? Harken therefore thou Town of *Mansoul*, hearken to my Word, and thou shalt live. I am merciful, *Mansoul*, and thou shalt find me so; shut me not out of thy Gates, *Cant. v. 2.*

O *Mansoul*, neither is my Commission or Inclination at all to do thee hurt; why flyest thou so fast from thy Friend, and stickest so close to thine Enemy? Indeed I would have thee, because it becomes thee, to be sorry for thy Sin; but do not despair of Life, this great Force is not to hurt thee, but to deliver thee from thy Bondage, and to reduce thee to thy Obedience.

My Commission indeed is to make War upon *Diabolus* thy King, and upon all *Diabolonians* with him; for he is the strong Man armed that keeps the House, and I will have him out; his Spoils I must divide, his Armour I must take from him, his Hold I must cast him out of, and must make it an Habitation for myself. And this, O *Mansoul*, shall *Diabolus* know, when he shall

shall be made follow me in Chains, and when *Mansoul* shall rejoice to see it too.

I could, would I now put forth my might, cause that forthwith he should leave you and depart; but I have it in my Heart so to deal with him, as that the Justice of the War that I shall make upon him, may be seen and acknowledg'd by all. He hath taken *Mansoul* by Fraud, and keeps it by Violence and Deceit, and I will make him bare and naked in the Eyes of all Observers.

All my Words are true, I am mighty to save, and will deliver my *Mansoul* out of his Hand. This Speech was intended chiefly for *Mansoul*, but *Mansoul* would not have the Hearing of it. They shut up *Ear-gate*, they barricado'd it up, they kept it lock'd and bolted, they set a Guard thereat, and commanded that no *Mansoul-man* should go out to him, nor that any from the Camp should be admitted into the Town: All this they did, so horribly had *Diabolus* enchanted them to do, and seek to do for him, against their rightful Lord and Prince; wherefore no Man, nor voice, nor Sound of Man that belonged to the Glorious Host, was to come into the Town.

Emanuel prepares to make War upon *Mansoul*.

So when *Emanuel* saw that *Mansoul* was thus involved in Sin, he called his Army together (since now all his Words were despised) and gave out a Commandment throughout all his Hosts to be ready against the Time appointed. Now forasmuch as there was no Way lawfully to take the Town of *Mansoul*, but to get in by the Gates, and at *Ear-gate* as the chief, therefore he commanded his Captains and Commanders to bring their Rams, their Slings, and their Men, and place them at *Eye-gate* and *Ear-gate*, in order to his taking the Town.

When *Emanuel* had put all Things in Readiness to bid *Diabolus* Battle, he sent again to know of the Town of *Mansoul*, if in peaceable Manner they would yield themselves; or whether they were yet resolved to put him to try the utmost Extremity? They then together with *Diabolus* the King, called a Council of

War

War, and resolved upon certain Propositions that should be offered Emanuel, if he will accept thereof, so they agreed; and then the next was, Who should be sent on this Errand. Now there was in the Town of Mansoul, an old Man, a Diabolonian, and his Name was Mr. Lotb-to-sloop, a stiff Man in his Way, and a great Doer for Diabolus; him therefore they sent, and put into his Mouth what he should say. So he went, and came to the Camp to Emanuel, and when he was come, a Time was appointed to give him Audience. So at the Time he came, and after a Diabolonian Ceremony or two, he thus began and said, *Tit. i. 16. Great, Sir, that it may be known unto all Men how good-natured a Prince my Master is, he hath sent me to tell your Lordship, that he is very willing, rather than go to War, to deliver up into your Hands one Half of the Town of Mansoul. I am therefore to know if your Mightiness will accept of this Proposition.*

Diabolus sends by the Hand of his Servant Mr. Lotb-to-sloop, and by him he propounds Conditions of Peace

Mark this.

Then said Emanuel, The Whole is mine by Gift and Purchase, wherefore I will never lose one Half.

Then said Mr. Lotb-to-sloop, Sir, my Master hath said that he will be content that you shall be the Nominal and Titular Lord of all, if he may possess but a part, Luke xiii. 25.

Mark this.

Then Emanuel answered, The Whole is mine really; not in Name and Word only: Wherefore I will be the sole Lord and Possessor of all, or of none at all, of Mansoul.

Then Mr. Lotb-to-sloop said again, Sir, Behold the Condescension of my Master! He says that he will be content, if he may but have assigned to him some Place in Mansoul, as a Place to live privately in, and you shall be Lord of all the rest, Acts v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Mark this.

Then said the golden Prince, All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and of all that he hath given me I will lose nothing, no not a Hoof, nor a Hair; I will not therefore grant him, no not the least Corner

new

ner in Mansoul to dwell in, I will have all to myself.

Then *Loth-to-sloop* said again, But, Sir, suppose that my Lord should resign the whole Town to you only with this Proviso, that he sometimes when he comes into this Country, may for old Acquaintance sake, be entertained as a way-faring Man for two Days, or ten Days, or a Month, or so; may not this small Matter be granted?

Then said Emanuel, No. He came as a way-faring Man to David, nor did he stay long with him, and yet it had like to have cost David his Soul, 2 Sam. xii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. I will not consent that he ever should have any Harbour more there.

Then said Mr. *Loth-to-sloop*, Sir, you seem to be very hard. Suppose my Master should yield to all that your Lordship hath said, provided that his Friends and Kindred in Mansoul may have Liberty to Trade in the Town, and to enjoy their present Dwellings; may not that be granted, Sir?

Then said Emanuel, No; that is contrary to my Father's Will, Rom. vi. 13. Col. iii. 5. Gal. v. 24. For all, and all manner of Diabolonians that now are, or that at any Time shall be found in Mansoul, shall not only lose their Lands and Liberties, but also their Lives.

Then said Mr. *Loth-to-sloop* again, But, Sir, may not my Master, and great Lord, by Letters, by Passengers, by accidental Opportunities, and the like, maintain, if he shall deliver up all unto thee, some kind of old Friendship with Mansoul? John 8.

Emanuel answered, No, by no means: for as much as any such Fellowship, Friendship, Intimacy, or Acquaintance in what Way, Sort, or Mene soever maintained, will tend to the corrupting of Mansoul, the alienating of their Affections from me, and the endangering their Peace with my Father.

Mr. *Loth-to-sloop* yet added further, saying, But, Great Sir, since my Master hath many Friends, and those that are dear to him in Mansoul, Rom. vi. 12, 13. may he not, if he depart from them,

them, even of his Bounty and good Nature, bestow upon them, as he sees fit, some Tokens of his Love and Kindness that he had for them, to the End that *Mansoul*, when he is gone, may look upon such Tokens of Kindness once received from their old Friend, and remember him who was once their King, and the merry Times that they sometimes enjoyed one with another, while he and they lived in Peace together.

Then said *Emanuel*, No; for if *Mansoul* come to be mine, I shall not admit of, nor consent that there should be the least Scrap, Shred, or Dust of *Diabolus* left behind, as Tokens or Gifts bestowed upon any in *Mansoul*, thereby to call to Remembrance the horrible Communion that was betwixt them and him.

Well, Sir, said Mr. Loth-to-sloop, I have one Thing more to propound, and then I am got to the Mark this. End of my Commission: 2 Kings i. 1, 3, 6.

7. Suppose that when my Master is gone from *Mansoul*, any that yet shall live in the Town, shall have such Business of high Concerns to do, that if they be neglected, the Party shall be undone; and suppose, Sir, that no Body can help in that Case, so well as my Master and Lord; may not now my Master be sent for upon so urgent an Occasion as this? Or if he may not be admitted into the Town, may not he and the Person concerned, meet in some of the Villages near *Mansoul*, and there lay their Heads together, and there consult together?

This was the last of those ensnaring Propositions that Mr. Loth-to-sloop had to propound to *Emanuel* on Behalf of his Master *Diabolus*; but *Emanuel* would not grant it; for he said, there can be no Case, or Thing, or Matter fall out in *Mansoul*, when thy Master shall be gone, that may not be solved by my Father; 1 Sam. xxviii. 15. Besides, 'twill be a great Disparagement to my Father's Wisdom and Skill, to admit any from *Mansoul* to go out to *Diabolus* for Advice, when they are bid before, in every Thing by Prayer and Supplication, to let their Requests be made known to my Father, 2 Kings i. 2, 3. Further this, should it be granted, would be to grant that a Door should be set open for *Diabolus*, and

and the *Diabolonians* in *Mansoul* to hatch and plot and bring to pass treasonable Designs, to the Grief of my Father and Me, and to the utter Destruction of *Mansoul*.

Loth-to-sloop
departs.

When Mr. *Loth-to-sloop* had heard this Answer, he took his Leave of *Emanuel* and departed, saying, that he would do Word to his Master concerning this whole Affair. So he departed and came to *Diabolus* to *Mansoul*, and told him the whole of the Matter, and how *Emanuel* would not admit, no not by any Means, that he when he was once gone out, should for ever have any thing more to do, either in, or with any that are of the Town of *Mansoul*. When *Mansoul* and *Diabolus* had heard this Relation of Things, they with one Consent, concluded to use their best Endeavours to keep *Emanuel* out of *Mansoul*, and sent old *Ill-pause*, of whom you have heard before, to tell the Prince and his Captains so. So the old Gentleman came up to the Top of *Ear-gate*, and called to the Camp for a hearing; who, when they gave Audience, he said, I have in Commandment from my High Lord to bid you to tell it to your Prince *Emanuel*, That

A Speech of
Old *Ill-pause* to
the Camp.

Mansoul, and their King are resolved to stand and fall together, and that it is in vain for your Prince to think of ever having of *Mansoul* in his Hand, unless he can take it by Force. So some went and told *Emanuel*, what old *Ill-pause*, a *Diabolonian* in *Mansoul*, had said. Then said the Prince, I must try the Power of my Word, *Eph* vi. 17. For I will not (for all the Reb-ellions and Repulses that *Mansoul* has made against me)

They must
Fight.

Preparations
for the battle.

raise my Siege and depart, but will assuredly take my *Mansoul*, and deliver it from her Enemy. And with that he gave out a Commandment that Captain *Baagerges*, Captain *Conviction*, Captain *Judgment*, and Captain *Execution* should march forthwith up to *Ear-gate*, with Trumpets sounding, Colours flying, and with shouting for the battle. Also he would that Captain *Credence* should join himself in with them: *Emanuel* moreover gave Order that Captain *Grud-hope*, and

and Captain *Charity* should draw themselves up before *Eye-gate*. He bid also that the rest of his Captains and their Men should place themselves to the best of their Advantage against the Enemy, round about the Town, and all was done as he commanded. Then he bid that the Word should be given forth, and the Word was at this Time, *Emanuel*. Then was an Alarm sounded, and the Battering Rams were plaid, and the Slings did whirl Stones into the Town again, and thus the Battle began. Now *Diabolus* himself did manage the Townsmen in the War, and that at every Gate; wherefore their Resistance was the more forcible, hellish, and offensive to *Emanuel*. Thus was the good Prince engaged and entertained by *Diabolus* and *Mansoul*, for several Days together. And a Sight worth seeing it was, to behold how the Captains of *Shaddai* behaved themselves in this War.

And first for Captain *Boanerges* (not to undervalue the rest) he made three most fierce Assaults, one after another, upon *Ear-gate*, to the shaking of the Posts thereof. Captain *Conviction* he also made up as fast with *Boanerges*, as possible he could, and both discerning that the Gate began to yield, they commanded that the Rams should still be played against it. Now Captain *Conviction* going up very near to the Gate, was with great Force driven back, and received three Wounds in the Mouth. And those that rode Reformades, they went about to encourage the Captains.

Boanerges plays the Man.
Conviction wounded.
Angels.

For the Valour of the two Captains made mention of before, the Prince sent for them to his Pavilion; and commanded that a while they should rest themselves, and that with somewhat they would be refreshed. Care was also taken for Captain *Conviction*, that he should be healed of his Wounds, the Prince also gave them a Chain of Gold, and bid them yet be of good Courage.

Nor did Captain *Good-hope* nor Captain *Charity* come behind in this most desperate Fight, for they did so well behave themselves at *Eye-gate*, that they had almost

Good-hope and
Charity play
the Man at
Eye-gate.

most broken it quite open. These had also a Reward from their Prince, as also had the rest of the Captains, because they did valiantly round about the Town.

In this Engagement several of the Officers of *Diabolus* were slain, and some of the Townsmen wounded. For the Officers there was one Captain *Boasting* slain.

Captain *Boasting*
slain.

This *Boasting* thought that no body could have shaken the Post of *Ear-gate*, nor have shaken the Heart of *Diabolus*. Next

to him there was one Captain *Secure* slain; this *Secure* used to say that the Blind and Lamé in *Manfoul* were able to keep the Gates of the Town against *Emanuel's* Army, 2 Sam. v. 6. This Captain *Secure* did Captain *Conviction* cleave down the Head with a two-handed Sword, when he himself received three Wounds in the Mouth.

Captain *Secure*
slain.

Besides there was one Captain *Bragman*, a very desperate Fellow, and he was Captain over a Band of those that threw Fire-brands, Arrows, and Death; he also received by the Hand of Captain *Good-hope* at *Eye-gate*, a mortal Wound in the Breast.

Captain *Bragman*
slain.

There was moreover one Mr. *Feeling*, but he was no Captain, but a great Stickler to encourage *Manfoul* to Rebellions, he received a Wound in the Eye by the Hand of one of *Boanerges's* Soldiers, and had by the Captain himself been slain, but that he made a sudden Retreat.

Mr. *Feeling*
hurt.

But I never saw *Will-be-will* so daunted in all my Life; he was not able to do as he was wont, and some say he also received a Wound in the Leg, and that some of the Men in the Prince's Army had certainly seen him limp as he afterwards walked on the Wall.

Will-be-will
hurt. Many of
the Soldiers in
Manfoul slain.

I shall not give you a particular Account of the Names of the Soldiers that are maimed and wounded, and slain; for when they saw that the Posts of *Ear-gate* did shake, and *Eye-gate* was well nigh broken quite open; and also that their Captains were slain; this took

away

away the Hearts of many of the *Diabolonians*, they fell also by the Force of the Shot that were sent by the Golden Slings into the midst of the Town of *Mansoul*.

Of the Townsmen there was, one *Love-no-good*, he was a Townsman, but a *Diabolonian*, he also received his mortal Wound in *Mansoul*, but he died not very soon.

Love-no-good wounded.

Mr. *Ill-pause* also, who came along with *Diabolus*, when at first he attempted the taking of *Mansoul*, he also receiv'd a grievous Wound in the Head, some say that his Brain-pan was crackt; this I have taken notice of, that he was never after this able to do that Mischief to *Mansoul*; as he had done in times past. Also Old *Prejudice*, and Mr. *Any-thing* fled.

Ill-pause wounded.

Now when the Battle was over, the Prince commanded, that yet once more the White Flag should be set upon Mount Gracious, in Sight of the Town of *Mansoul*; to shew that yet *Emanuel* had Grace for the wretched Town of *Mansoul*.

The White Flag hung out again.

When *Diabolus* saw the White Flag hanged out again, and knowing that it was not for him but *Mansoul*; he cast in his Mind to play another Prank, to wit, to see if *Emanuel* would raise his Siege and be gone, upon Promise of Reformation. So he came down to the Gate one Evening, a good while after the Sun was gone down, and calls to speak with *Emanuel*, who presently came down to the Gate, and *Diabolus* saith unto him:

Diabolus's new Prank.

Forasmuch as thou makest it appear by the White Flag, that thou art wholly given to Peace and Quiet; I thought meet to acquaint thee, that we are ready to accept thereof upon Terms which thou mayest admit.

His Speech to *Emanuel*.

I know that thou art given to Devotion, and that Holiness pleases thee; yea, that thy great End in making a War upon *Mansoul*, is, that it may be an holy Habitation. Well, draw off thy Forces from the Town, and I will bend *Mansoul* to thy Bow.

The holy War,

Diabolus would be *Emanuel's* Deputy, and would turn Reformer.

First, I will lay down all Acts of Hostility against thee, and will be willing to become thy Deputy, and will, as I have formerly been against thee, now serve thee in the Town of *Manfoul*. And more particularly.

1. I will persuade *Manfoul* to receive thee for their Lord, and I know that they will do it sooner, when they shall understand that I am thy Deputy.

2. I will shew them wherein they have erred, and that Transgression stands in the Way to Life.

3. I will shew them the holy Law unto which they must conform, even that which they have broken.

4. I will press upon them the Necessity of a Reformation according to Law.

5. And moreover that none of these Things may fail, I myself at my own proper Cost and Charge, will set up and maintain a sufficient Ministry, besides Lectures in *Manfoul*.

6. Thou shalt receive as a Token of our Subjection to thee, continually Year by Year, what thou shalt think fit to lay and levy upon us, in token of our Subjection to thee.

The Answer. Then said *Emanuel* to him, O full of Deceit, how moveable are thy Ways? how often hast thou changed and re-changed, if so be thou mightest still keep Possession of my *Manfoul*, tho' as has been plainly declared before, I am the right Heir thereof? Often hast thou made thy Proposals already, nor is this last a whit better than they, 2 Cor. xi. 14. And failing to deceive when thou shew'dst thyself in thy Black, thou hast now transformed thyself into an Angel of Light, and wouldest to deceive, be now as a Minister of Righteousness.

But know thou, O *Diabolus*, that nothing must be regarded that thou canst propound, for nothing is done by thee but to deceive; thou neither hast Conscience to

Diabolus has not Conscience to God, nor Love to *Manfoul*, whence then should these thy Sayings arise, but from sinful Craft and Deceit? He that can list, and will propound what he pleases,

pleases, and that therewith he may destroy them that believe him, is to be abandoned with all that he shall say. But if Righteousness be such a Beauty Spot in thine Eyes now, how is it that Wickedness was so closely stuck to by thee before? But this by the Bye.

Thou talkest now of a Reformation in *Mansoul*, and that thou thyself, if I will please, will be at the Head of that Reformation, all the while knowing, that the greatest Proficiency that Man can make in the Law, and the Righteousness thereof will amount to no more for the taking away of the Curse from *Mansoul*, than just nothing at all; for a Law being broken by *Mansoul*, that had before upon a Supposition of the Breach thereof, a Curse pronounced against him for it of

God, can never by his obeying of the Law, deliver himself therefrom. (To say nothing of what a Reformation is like to be set up in *Mansoul*, when the Devil is become the Corrector of Vice.) Thou knowest that all that thou hast now said in this

He knows that that will do no good which yet he propounds for the Health of *Mansoul*.

Matter is nothing but Guile and Deceit; and as it was the first, so is it the last Card that thou hast to play. Many there be that do discern thee, when thou shewest them thy cloven Foot; but in thy White, thy Light, and in thy Transformation thou art seen but of a few. But thou shalt not do thus with my *Mansoul*, O *Diabolus*, for I do still love my *Mansoul*.

Besides, I am not come to put *Mansoul* upon Works to live thereby, should I do so, I should be like unto thee; but I am come, that by me, and by what I have and shall do for *Mansoul*, they may to my Father be reconciled, though by their Sin they have provoked him to Anger, and though by the Law they cannot obtain Mercy.

Thou talkest of subjecting this Town to good when none desireth it at thy Hands. I am sent by my Father to possess it myself, and to guide it by the Skillfulness of my Hands into such a Conformity to him, as shall be pleasing in his Sight. I will therefore possess it myself: I will dispossess and cast thee out: I will set up mine own

All Things must be new in *Mansoul*.

Standard in the midst of them: I will also govern them by new Laws, new Officers, new Motives, and new Ways: Yea, I will pull down this Town and build it again, and it shall be as though it had not been, and it shall be the Glory of the whole Universe.

Diabolus confounded.

When *Diabolus* heard this, and perceived that he was discovered in all his Deceits, he was confounded; and utterly put to a Nonplus; but having in himself the Fountain of Iniquity, Rage, and Malice against both *Shaddai* and his Son, and the beloved Town of *Manfoul*, what doth he but strengthen himself what he could to give fresh Battle to the noble Prince *Emanuel*. So then, now we must have another Fight before the Town of *Manfoul* is taken. Come up then to the Mountains, you that love to see military Actions, and behold by both Sides how the fatal Blow is given, while one seeks to hold, and the other seeks to make himself Master of the famous Town of *Manfoul*.

Diabolus therefore having withdrawn himself from the Walls to his Force that was in the Heart of the Town of *Manfoul*, *Emanuel* also returned to the Camp, and both of them after their divers Ways, put themselves into a Posture fit to bid Battle one to another. *Diabolus* as filled with Despair of retaining in his Hands the famous Town of *Manfoul*, resolved to do what Mischief he could (if indeed he could do any) to the Army of the Prince, and to the famous Town of *Manfoul*, for alas! it was not the Happiness of the silly Town of *Manfoul* that was design'd by *Diabolus*, but the utter Ruin and Overthrow thereof, as now is enough in View, *Mark xxv. 17*. Wherefore he commands his Officers that they should then when they saw that they could hold the Town no longer, do it what Harm and Mischief they could, sending and rearing of Men, Women, and Children: For said he, we had better quite demolish the Place, and leave it like a ruinous Heap, than to leave it that it may be an Habitation for *Manfoul*.

Diabolus despoils of holding *Manfoul*, and therefore contrives to do it what Mischief he can.

By this time the Army of the Prince was gathered together, and they were all ready to fight. *Diabolus* then sent his Officers to the Army of the Prince, and said unto them, We have a great deal of Money, and a great deal of Goods, and a great deal of Treasure, which we have hidden in the Town of *Manfoul*. If you will, we will give you all this, if you will but leave the Town to us. The Officers answered him, We will not do so. We will fight for the Prince, and we will take the Town, and we will have the Money, and the Goods, and the Treasure. *Diabolus* then sent his Officers to the Army of the Prince, and said unto them, We have a great deal of Money, and a great deal of Goods, and a great deal of Treasure, which we have hidden in the Town of *Manfoul*. If you will, we will give you all this, if you will but leave the Town to us. The Officers answered him, We will not do so. We will fight for the Prince, and we will take the Town, and we will have the Money, and the Goods, and the Treasure.

Emanuel again knowing that the next Battle would issue in his being made Master of the Place, gave out a Royal Commandment to all his Officers, high Captains, and Men of War, to be sure to shew themselves Men of War against *Diabolus* and all *Diabolistians*; but favourable, merciful, and meek to the old Inhabitants of *Mansoul*. Bend therefore, said the noble Prince, the hottest Front of the Battle against *Diabolus* and his Men.

So the Day being come, the Command was given, and the Prince's Men did bravely stand to their Arms; nor did as before, bend their Force against *Ear-gate* and *Eye-gate*. The Word was then, *Mansoul* is won; so they made their Assault upon the Town, *Diabolus* also as fast as he could, with the main of his Power, made Resistance from within, and his high Lords and chief Captains for a Time fought very cruelly against the Prince's Army.

But after three or four notable Charges by the Prince and his noble Captains, *Ear-gate* was broke open, and the Bars and Bolts wherewith it was used to be fast shut up against the Prince, were broken into a Thousand Pieces. Then did the Prince's Trumpeters sound, the Captains shout, the Town shake, and *Diabolus* retreat to his Hold. Well, when the Prince's Forces had broken open the Gate, himself came up and did set his Throne

in it; also he set his Standard thereby, upon a Mount that before his Men was cast up to place the mighty Slings thereon. The Mount was called Mount *Hear-well*, there therefore the Prince abode, to wit, hard by the going in at the Gate. He commanded also that the Golden Slings should yet be play'd upon the Town, especially against the Castle, because for Shelter thither was *Diabolus* retreated. Now from *Ear-gate* the Street was straight, even to the House of Mr. Recorder that was so before *Diabolus* took the Town, and hard by his House stood the Castle, which *Diabolus* for a long Time had made his irksome Den. The Captains

The Battle joined, and they fight on both Sides fiercely.

Ear-gate broke open.

The Prince's Standard set up, and the Slings are play'd still at the Castle.

thereof did quickly clear the Street by the Use of their Slings, so that Way was made up to the Heart of the Town. Then did the Prince command that Captain *Boanerges*, Captain *Conviction*, and Captain *Judgement*, should forthwith march up the Town to the Old * Gentleman's Gate. Then did the Captains in

* *Conscience*, most warlike manner enter into the Town they go up to of *Mansoul*, and marching in with flying the Recorder's Colours, they came up to the Recorder's House,

House, (and that was almost as strong as was the Castle.) Battering Rams they took also with them to plant against the Castle Gates, When they were come to the House of Mr. *Conscience*, they knocked, and demanded Entrance. Now the Old Gentleman not knowing as yet fully their Design, kept his Gates shut

all the Time of this Fight. Wherefore *Boanerges* demanded Entrance at his Gates, and no Man making Answer, he gave it one Stroke with the Head of a Ram,

They demand and this made the Old Gentleman shake, Entrance, and his House to tremble and totter.

Then came Mr. Recorder down to the Gate, and as well as he could with quivering Lips, he asked who was there? *Boanerges* answer'd, We are the Captains and Commanders of the great *Shaddai*, and of the blessed *Emanuel* his Son, and we demanded Possession of your House for the Use of our Noble Prince. And with

that the Battering Ram gave the Gate another Shake: This made the Old Gentleman tremble the more, yet durst he not but open

the Gate: Then the King's Forces march'd in, namely, the three brave Captains mention'd before. Now the Recorder's House was a Place of much Convenience for *Emanuel*, not only because it was near and

fronted the Castle, the Den where now *Diabolus* was; for he was now afraid to come out of his Hold. As for Mr. Recorder, the Captains carried it very reservedly to him; as yet he knew nothing of the great Designs of *Emanuel*; so that he did not know what Judgment to make, nor what would be the End of such Thundring

They do keep themselves ready from the Recorder.

nings. It was also noised in the Town how the Recorder's House was poss-ssed, his Rooms taken up, and his Palace made the Seat of War; and no sooner was it noised abroad, but they took the Alarm as warmly, and gave it out to others of his Friends (and you know as

His House the
Seat of War.



A Snow-ball loses nothing by rolling; so in little Time the whole Town was possessed, that they must expect nothing from the Prince but Destruction; and the Ground of the Business was this, the Recorder trembled, and the Captains carried it strangely to him; so many came to see, but when they with their own Eyes did behold the Captains in the Palace, and their Battering Rams ever played at the Castle Gates to beat them down, they were riveted in their Fears, and it made them as in amaze. And as I said, the Men of the House would increase all this, for whoever came to him, or discoursed with him, nothing would he talk of, tell them, or hear, but that Death and Destruction now attended *Manfoul*.

The Office of
Conscience
when he is
awakened.

For quoth the old Gentleman you are all of you sensible that we have all been Traytors to that once despised, but now famously victorious and glorious Prince *Emanuel*, for he now, as you see, doth not only lie in close Siege about us, but hath forced his Entrance in at our Gates; moreover *Diabolus* flies before him, and he hath as you behold, made of my House a Garrison against the Castle where he is. I for my Part have transgressed greatly (an't he that is clean it is well for him.) But, I say, I have transgressed greatly, in keeping of Silence when I should have spoken, and in perverting of Justice when I should have executed the same. True, I have suffer'd something at the Hands of *Diabolus*, for taking Part with the Laws of King *Shaddai*, but that, alas! what will that do! Will that make Compensation for the Rebellions and Trensors that I have done, and have suffered without gainsaying, to be committed in the Town of *Manfoul*? O, I tremble to think what will be the End of this so dreadful and so iresul a Beginning!

Now while these brave Captains were thus busy in the House of the Old Recorder, Captain *Execution* was as busy in other Parts of the Town, in securing the Back-streets and the Walls. He also hunted the Lord *Will-be-will* sorely, he suffered him not to rest in any Corner. He pursued him so hard, that he drove his Men from him,

and made him glad to thrust his Head into a Hole. Also this mighty Warrior did cut three of Lord *Will-be-will's* Officers down to the Ground; one was Old Mr. *Prejudice*, he that had his Crown crack'd in the Mutiny: This Man was made by my Lord *Will-be-will*, Keeper of *Ear-gate*, and fell by the Hand of Captain *Execution*. There was also one Mr. *Backward-to-all-but-nought*, and he also was one of the Lord *Will-be-will's* Officers, and was the Captain of the two Guns that once were mounted on the Top of *Ear-gate*, he also was cut down to the Ground by the Hands of Captain *Execution*. Besides these two, there was another, a Third, and his Name was Captain *Treacherous*, a vile Man this was, but one that *Will-be-will* did put a great deal of Confidence in, but him also did this Captain *Execution* cut down to the Ground with the rest. He also made a very great Slaughter among my Lord *Will-be-will's* Soldiers, killing many that were stout and sturdy, and wounding many that for *Diabolus* were nimble and active. But all these were *Diabolitians*, there was not a Man, a Native of *Manfoul* hurt.

Other Feats of War were also likewise performed by other of the Captains, as at *Eye-gate*, where Captain *Good-hope* and Captain *Charity* had a Charge, was great Execution done; for Captain *Good-hope* with his own Hands, slew one Captain *Blindfold*, the Keeper of that Gate; this *Blindfold* was Captain of a Thousand Men, and they were they that fought with *Mauls*; he also pursued his Men, slew many, and wounded more, and made the the rest hide their Heads in Corners.

There were also at that Gate, Mr. *Ill-pause*, of whom you have heard before; he was an Old Man, and had a Beard that reached down to his Girdle; the same was he that was Orator to *Diabolus*, he did much Mischief in the Town of *Manfoul*, and fell by the Hand of Captain *Good-hope*.

What shall I say? The *Diabolitians* in these Days

The Holy War,

lay dead in every Corner, though too many yet were alive in *Manfoul*.

The old
Townsmen
meet and con-
sult.

Now the old Recorder, and my Lord
Understanding, with some others of the
Chief of the Town, to wit, such as knew
they must stand and fall with the fa-
mous Town of *Manfoul*, came together
upon a Day, and after Consultation had, did jointly
agree to draw up a Petition, and to send it to *Emanuel*,
now while he sat in the Gate of *Manfoul*. So they drew
up their Petition to *Emanuel* the Contents where-

The Town
does Petition,
and are an-
swered with Si-
lence.

of were this, That they the Old In-
habitants of the deplorable Town of *Man-
foul*, confessed their Sin, and were sorry
that they had offended his Princely Ma-
jesty, and prayed that he would spare
their Lives.

Unto this Petition he gave no Answer at all, and that
did trouble them yet so much the more. Now all this

The Castle
Gate broke
open.

while the Captains that were in the Re-
corder's House were playing with the
Battering Rams at the Gates of the Castle
to beat them down. So after some Time,

Labour and Travel, the Gate of the Castle that was cal-
led *Impregnable*, was beaten open, and broken into se-
veral Splinters; and so a Way was made to go into the
Hold in which *Diabolus* had hid himself. Then were
Tidings sent down to *Ear gate*, for *Emanuel* still abode
there, to let him know that a Way was made in at the
Gates of the Castle of *Manfoul*. But O! how the Trum-
pets at the Tidings sounded throughout the Prince's Camp.
for that now the War was so near an End, and *Manfoul*
itself of being set free!

Emanuel
marches into
Manfoul.

Then the Prince arose from the Place
where he was, and took with him such of
his Men of War as were fittest for that
Expedition, and marched up the Street of
Manfoul to the Old Recorder's House.

Now the Prince himself was clad all in Armour of
Gold, and so he marched up the Town, with his Stand-
ard

ard born before him; but he kept his Countenance much reserved all the Way as he went, so that the People could not tell how to gather to themselves Love or Hatred by his Looks. Now as he marched up the Street, the Townsfolk came out at every Door to see, and could not but be taken with his Person, and the Glory thereof, but wondered at the Reservedness of his Countenance; for as yet he spake more to them by his Actions and Works, than he did by Words or Smiles. But also poor *Manfoul* (as in such Cases all are apt to do) they interpreted the Carriage of *Emanuel* to them, as did *Joseph's* Brethren his to them, even all the quite contrary Way: For thought they, if *Emanuel* loved us, he would shew it to us by Word or Carriage, but none of these he doth, therefore *Emanuel* hates us. Now if *Emanuel* hates us, *Manfoul* shall be slain, then *Manfoul* shall become a Dunghill. They knew that they had transgressed his Law, and that against him they had been in with *Diabolus* his Enemy. They also knew that the Prince *Emanuel* knew all this; for they were convinced that he was an Angel of God, to know all things that are done in the Earth. And this made them think that their Condition was miserable, and that the good Prince would make them desolate.

How they
interpreted
Emanuel's Car-
riage.

And thought they, what Time so fit to do this in, as now, when he has the Bridle of *Manfoul* in his Hand? And this I took special Notice of, that the Inhabitants (notwithstanding all this) could not; no, they could not, when they saw him march through the Town, but cringe, bow, bend, and were ready to lick the Dust off his Feet: They also wished a thousand Times over, that he would become their Prince and Captain, and would become their Protector. They would also one to another talk of the Comeliness of his Person, and how much for Glory and Valour he outstript the great Ones of the World. But poor Hearts, as to themselves, their Thoughts would change, and go upon all manner of Extremes. Yea, through the working of them backward and forward, *Manfoul* became as a Ball tossed,

and

and as a rolling Thing before a Whirlwind!

Now when he was come to the Castle Gates, he commanded *Diabolus* to appear, and to surrender himself into his Hands. But Oh, how loth was the Beast to ap-

He comes up
to the Castle,
and commands
Diabolus to sur-
render himself.

pear! how he stuck at it! how he shrunk! how he cringed! yet how he came to the Prince. Then *Emanuel* commanded, and they took *Diabolus* and bound him fast in Chains, the better to reserve him to the Judgment that he had appointed for him.

But *Diabolus* stood up to intreat for himself, that *Emanuel* would not send him into the Deep, but suffer him to depart out of *Mansoul* in Peace.

When *Emanuel* had taken him and bound him in Chains, he led him into the Market-place, and there before *Mansoul* stript him of his Armour which he boasted so much of before.

He is taken
and bound in
Chains.

This now was one of the Acts of Triumph of *Emanuel*, over his Enemy, and

all the while that the Giant was stripping, the Trumpets of the Golden Prince did sound again; the Captains also shouted, and the Soldiers did sing for Joy.

Then was *Mansoul* called upon to behold the Beginning of *Emanuel's* Triumph over him, in whom they so much had trusted, and of whom they so much had boasted in the Days when he flattered them.

Thus having made *Diabolus* naked in the Eyes of *Mansoul*, and before the Commanders of the Prince, in the next Place he commands that *Diabolus* should be bound with Chains to his Chariot-Wheels, *Eph. iv.*

He is bound
to his Chariot
Wheels.

Then leaving some of his Forces, to wit, Captain *Boanerges*, and Captain *Con-*

The Prince
rides in Tri-
umph over him
in the Sight of
Mansoul.

quiction a Guard for the Castle Gates, that Resistance might be made on his behalf, (if any that heretofore followed *Diabolus* should make an Attempt to collect it) he did ride in Triumph over him quite through the Town of *Mansoul*, and so out.

out at, and before the Gate called *Eye-gate*, to the Plain where his Camp did lie.

But you cannot think, unless you had been there (as I was) what a shout there was in *Emanuel's Camp*, when they saw the Tyrant bound by the Hand of their noble Prince, and tied to his Chariot Wheels.



The Holy War;

They Sing. And they said, he had led Captivity
and Powers. *Diabolus* is subjected to the Power of the
Sword, and made the Object of all Derision.

The Reform- Those also that rode Reformades, and
mades Joy. that came down to see the Battle, shouted
with that Greatness of Voice, and sung
with such melodious Notes, that they caused them that
dwelt in the highest Orbs to open their Windows, putt
out their Heads, and look down to see the Cause of that
Glory, *Luk. xv. 7, 10.*

The Towns- The Towns-men also, so many of them as saw this
Sight, were as it were astonished, while
The Men of Mansoul taken they looked betwixt the Earth, and the
with Emanuel. Heavens. Thus, they could not tell
what would be the Issue of Things as to
them, all Things being done in such excellent Methods;
and I cannot tell how, but Things in the Management
of them seemed to cast a Smile towards the Town; so
that their Eyes, their Heads, their Hearts, and their
Minds, and all that they had, were taken and held while
they observed Emanuel's Order.

So when the brave Prince had finished this Part of his
Triumph over *Diabolus* his Foe, he turned him up in the
midst of his Contempt and Shame, having given him a
Charge no more to be a Possessor of *Mansoul*. Then
went he from *Emanuel*, and out of the midst of his Camp,
to inherit the parched Places in a Salt Land, seeking Rest
but finding none, *Mat. xii. 34.*

Now Captain *Beaumont* and Captain *Conviction*,
were both of them Men of very great Majesty, their
Faces were like the Faces of Lions, and their Words
like the Roaring of the Seas; and they still quartered
in Mr. *Conscience's* House, of whom mention was made

before. When therefore the High and
Mighty Prince had thus far finished his
Triumph over *Diabolus*, the Towns-men
had more Leisure to view and to behold
the Actions of their Noble Captains.
But the Captains carried it with that
Terror

The Carriage
of Beaumont,
and of Captain
Conviction do
with the Spirit
of Mansoul.

Terror and Dread in all that they did (and you may be sure that they had private Instructions so to do) that they kept the Town under continual Heart-aching, and caused (in their Apprehension) the well-being of *Mansoul* for the future, to stand in doubt before them, so that (for some considerable Time) they neither knew what Rest or Ease, or Peace, or Hope meant.

Nor did the Prince himself, as yet, abide in the Town of *Mansoul*, but in his Royal Pavilion in the Camp, and in the midst of his Father's Forces. So at a Time convenient, he sent special Orders to Captain *Boanerges*, to summons *Mansoul*, the whole of the Townsmen into the Castle Ward, and then and there before their Faces, to take my Lord *Understanding*,

Mr. *Conscience*, and that notable one the Lord *Will-be-will*, and put them all three in Ward, and that they should set a strong Guard upon them there, until his Pleasure concerning them was further known.

The Prince commands and the Captains put the three chiefs of *Mansoul* in Ward.

The which Orders when the Captains had put them in Execution, made no small Additions to the Fears of the Town of *Mansoul*: For now to their thinking, were their former Fears of their Ruin of *Mansoul* confirmed. Now what Death they should die, and how long they should be in dying, was that which most perplexed their Heads and Hearts: Yes, they were afraid that *Emanuel* would command them all into the Deep, the Place that the Prince *Diabolus* was afraid of; for they knew they had deserved it. Also to die by the Sword in the Face of the Town, and in the open Way of Disgrace, from the Hand of so good and so holy a Prince, that (too) troubled them sore, the Town was also greatly troubled for the

Men committed to Ward, for that they were their Stay and their Guide, and for that they believed that if those Men were cut off their Execution would be but the Beginning of the Ruin of the Town of *Mansoul*. Wherefore what do they but together, with the Men in Prison, draw up a Petition to the Prince, and sent it to *Emanuel*

Mansoul greatly distressed.

by

The Holy War.

They send a
Petition to
Emanuel by the
Hand of Mr.
Would-live.

by the Hand of Mr. *Would-live*. So he
went and came to the Prince's Quarters,
and presented the Petition: The Sum of
which was this.

Great and wonderful Potentate, Victor
over *Diabolus*, and Conqueror of the Town of *Mansoul*.
We the miserable Inhabitants of that most woeful Cor-
poration, humbly beg that we may find Favour in thy
Sight, and remember not against us former Transgressions,
nor yet the Sins of the chief of our Town, but spare us
according to the Greatness of thy Mercy, and let us not
die, but live in thy Sight: so shall we be willing to be
thy Servants, and if thou shalt think fit, to gather our
Meat under thy Table. *Amen.*

They are an-
swer'd with
Silence.

So the Petitioner went as was said with
his Petition to the Prince, and the Prince
took it at his Hand, but sent him away
with Silence. This still afflicted the Town
of *Mansoul*, but yet considering that now they must either
petition or die, for now they could not do any thing else,
therefore they consulted again, and sent another Petition,
which was much after the Form and Method of the former.

And when the Petition was drawn up, by whom
should they send it was the next Question: for they
would not send it by him by whom they sent the first,
(for they thought that the Prince had taken some Offence
at the manner of his Deposition before him) so they at-

tempted to make Captain *Conscience* their
Messenger with it, but he said, That he
neither durst, nor would petition *Ema-*
nuel for Traytors: nor be to the Prince an Advocate for
Rebels. Yet withal, said he, our Prince is good, and
you may adventure to send it by the
Hand of one of your Town: provided he
went with a Rope about his Head, and
pleaded nothing but Mercy.

They cannot
tell by whom
to send it.

Well, they made through Fear their Delays as long as
they could, and longer than Delays were good, but fear-
ing at last the Dangerousness of them, they thought, but

with many a Fainting in their Minds, to send their Petition by Mr. *Desires-arwake*; so they sent for Mr. *Desires-arwake*; now he dwelt in a very mean Cottage in *Mansoul*, and he came at his Neighbour's Request. So they told him what they had done, and what they would do concerning petitioning, and that they did desire of him that he would go therewith to the Prince. Then said Mr. *Desires-arwake*, Why should not I do the best I can to save so famous a Town as *Mansoul* from deserved Destruction? They therefore delivered the Petition to him, and told him how he must address himself to the Prince, and wish him ten thousand Good Speeds. So he comes to the Prince's Payilion, as the first, and asked to speak with his Majesty: So Word was carried to *Emanuel*, and the Prince came out to the Man. When Mr. *Desires-arwake* saw the Prince, he fell flat with his Face to the Ground, and cried out, O that *Mansoul* might live before thee! and with that he presented the Petition. The which when the Prince had read it, he turned away for a while and wept, but refraining himself, he turn'd again to the Man (who all this while lay crying at his Feet as at first) and said to him, Go thy Way to thy Place, and I will consider of thy Requests.

Mr. *Desires-arwake* goes with the Petition.

His Entertainment.

Now you may think that they of *Mansoul* that had sent him, what with Guilt, and what with Fear, lest their Petition should be rejected, could not but look with many a longing Look, and that too with strange Workings of Heart, to see what would become of their Petition: At last they saw their Messenger coming back, so when he was come, they asked him how he fared? What *Emanuel* said? And what was become of the Petition? But he told them that he would be silent till he came to the Prison to my Lord-Mayor, my Lord *Will-be-Wid*, and Mr. Recorder. So he went forwards towards the Prison-house, where the Men of *Mansoul* lay bound. But O! what a Multitude flock'd after to hear what the Messenger said. So when he was come, and had shewn

His Return, and Answer to them that sent him.

shewn himself at the Gate of the Prison, my Lord Mayor himself look'd as white as a Clout, the Recorder also did quake; but they asked and said, Come, good Sir, what did the great Prince say to you? Then said Mr. *Desires-awake*, When I came to my Lord's Pavilion, I called, and he came forth; so I fell prostrate at his Feet, and delivered to him my Petition (for the Greatness of his Person, and the Glory of his Countenance would not suffer me to stand upon my Legs.) Now as he received the Petition, I cried, O that *Manfoul* might live before thee! So when for a while he had looked thereon, he turned him about and said to his Servant, Go thy Way to thy Place again, and I will consider of thy Requests. The Messenger added moreover, and said, The Prince to whom you sent me, is such a one for Beauty and Glory, that who so sees him must love and fear him: I for my part can do no less, but I know not what will be the End

Manfoul confounded at the Answer.

of these Things. At this Answer they were all at a stand, both they in Prison, and they that followed the Messenger thither to hear the News, nor knew they what, or what manner of Interpretation to put upon what the Prince had said. Now when the Prison was cleared of the Throng, the Prisoners among themselves began to

The Prisoners Judgment upon the Prince's Answer.

comment upon *Emanuel's* Words. My Lord-Mayor said, that the Answer did not look with a rugged Face; but *Will-be-will* said it betokened Evil; and the Recorder, that it was a Messenger of Death. Now they that were left, and that stood behind, and so could not so well hear what the Prisoners said, some of them catch'd hold of one Piece of a Sentence, and some on a Bit of another; some took hold of what the Messenger said, and some of the Prisoners Judgment thereon, so none had a right Understanding of Things; but you cannot imagine what Work these People made, and what Confusion there was in *Manfoul* now.

For presently they that had heard what was said, flew about the Town, one crying one Thing, and another the

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the quite contrary, and both were sure enough they told true, for they did hear it say with their Ears what was said, and therefore would not be deceived. One would say, *We must all be killed*; another would say, *We must all be saved*; and a Third would say, *That the Prince would not be concerned with Mansoul*; and a Fourth, *That the Prisoners must be suddenly put to Death*. And as I said, every one stood to it, that he told his Tale the rightest; and that all others but he were out. Wherefore Mansoul had now Molestation upon Molestation, nor could any Man know on what to rest the Sole of his Foot; for one would go by now, and as he went, if he heard his Neighbour tell his Tale, to be sure he would tell the quite contrary, and both would stand in it that he told the Truth. Nay, some of them had got this Story by the End, *That the Prince did intend to put Mansoul to the Sword*. And now it begun to be dark, wherefore poor Mansoul was in sad Perplexity all that Night, until the next Morning.

*Mansoul in
Perplexity.*

But so far as I could gather by the best Information I could get, all this Hubbub came through the Words that the Recorder said, when he told them, that in his Judgment the Prince's Answer was a Messenger of Death. 'Twas this that fired the Town, and that began the Fright in Mansoul; for Mansoul in former Times did use to count that Mr. Recorder was a Seer, that his Sentence was equal to the best of Oracles; and thus was Mansoul a Terror to itself.

*What will not
Guilt do?*

And now did they begin to feel what was the Effects of stubborn Religion, and unlawful Resistance against their Prince. I say now they began to feel the Effects thereof by Guilt and Fear that now had swallowed them up; and who more involved in the one, but they that were most in the other, to wit the chief of the Town of Mansoul.

To be brief, when the Fame of the Fright was out of the Town, and the Prisoners had a little recovered themselves, they

*They resolve
to Petition a
gain.*

take

The Holy War,

take to themselves some Heart, and think to petition the Prince for Life again. So they draw up a third Petition, The Contents whereof was this :

Their Petition. Prince *Emanuel* the Great, Lord of all Worlds, and Master of Mercy, we thy poor, wretched, miserable, dying Town of *Manfoul*, do confess unto thy great and glorious Majesty, that we have sinned against thy Father and Thee, and are no more worthy to be called thy *Manfoul*, but rather to be cast into the Pit. If thou wilt slay us, we have deserved it. If thou wilt condemn us to the Deep, we cannot but say thou art righteous. We cannot complain whatever thou doest, or however thou carriest it towards us. But Oh ! let Mercy reign, and let it be extended to us ! O let Mercy take hold upon us, and free us from our Transgressions, and we will sing of thy Mercy, and of thy Judgments. *Amen.*

Prayer attended with Difficulty.

This Petition when drawn up, was designed to be sent to the Prince as the first, but who should carry it, that was the Question. Some said, let him do it that went with the first, but others thought good not to do that, and that because he sped no better. Now there was an

Old *Good-deed* propounded as a fit Person to carry the Petition. The Old Recorder opposes it, and he is rejected.

Old Man in the Town, and his Name was Mr. *Good-deed*. A Man that bare only the Name, but had nothing of the Nature of the Thing ; now some were for sending him, but the Recorder was by no means for that : For, said he, we now stand in need of, and are pleading for Mercy, wherefore to send our Petition by a Man of his Name, will seem to cross the Petition itself, should we make Mr. *Good-deed* our Messenger, when our Petition cries for Mercy.

Besides, quoth the Old Gentleman, should the Prince now, as he receives the Petition, ask him, and say, What is thy Name ? and no body knows but he will ; and he should say, Old *Good-deed* ; what think you would *Emanuel* say but this ; Ay, is Old *Good-deed* yet alive in *Manfoul* ! then let Old *Good-deed* save you from your Distresses. And if he says so, I am sure we are lost, nor

can a Thousand of Old *Good-deeds* save *Manfoul*.

After the Recorder had given in his Reasons, why Old *Good-deed* should not go with this Petition to *Emanuel*; the rest of the Prisoners and Chiefs of *Manfoul* opposed it also, and so Old *Good-deed* was laid aside, and they agreed to send Mr. *Desires-awake* again; so they sent for him, and desir'd that he would a second Time go with their Petition to the Prince, and he readily told them he would. But they bid him, that in any wise he should take heed that in no Word or Carriage he gave Offence to the Prince; for by doing so, for ought we can tell, you may bring *Manfoul* into utter Destruction, said they.

Now Mr. *Desires-awake*, when he saw that he must go on this Errand, besought that they would grant that Mr. *Wet-Eyes* might go with him. Now this *Wet-Eyes* was a near Neighbour of Mr. *Desires*, a poor Man, a Man of broken Spirit, yet one that could speak well to a Petition. So they granted that he should go with him. Wherefore they address themselves to their Business; Mr. *Desires* put a Rope upon his Head, and Mr. *Wet-Eyes* went with his Hands wringing together. Thus they went to the Prince's Pavilion.

Mr. *Desires-awake* goes again, and takes one *Wet-Eyes* with him.

Now when they went to petition this third Time, they were not without Thoughts that by often coming they might be a Burden to the Prince. Wherefore when they were come to the Door of his Pavilion, they first made their Apology for themselves, and for their coming to trouble *Emanuel* so often; and they said, that they came not hither to Day, for that they delighted to hear themselves talk, but for that Necessity caused them to come to his Majesty; they could they said, have no Rest Day nor Night, because of their Transgressions against *Shaddai* and against *Emanuel* his Son. They also thought that some Misbehaviour of Mr. *Desires-awake*, the last Time, might give Distrust to his Highness; and so cause that he returned from so merciful a Prince empty, and without Countenance. So when they had made this

Their Apology for their coming again.

Apology,

Apology; Mr. *Desires awake* cast himself prostrate upon the Ground as at the first, at the Feet of the mighty Prince, saying, O! that *Mansoul* might live before thee! so he delivered his Petition. The Prince when

The Prince
talketh with
them.

having read the Petition, turned aside a while as before, and coming again to the Place where the Petitioner lay on the Ground, he demanded what his Name was, and of what Esteem in the Account of *Mansoul*? For that he above all the Multitude in *Mansoul*, should be sent to him on such an Errand. Then said the Man to the Prince, O let not my Lord be angry; and why enquirest thou after the Name of such a dead Dog as I am? Pass by, I pray thee, and take no Notice of whom I am, because there is as thou very well knowest, so great a Disproportion between me and thee. Why the Towns-

Mr. *Desires*
free Speech to
his Prince.

men chose to send me on this Errand to my Lord, is best known to themselves, but it could not be, for that they thought I had Favour with my Lord. For my part I am out of Charity with myself, who then should be in Love with me? Yet live I would, and so would I that my Townsmen should; and because both they and myself are guilty of great Transgressions, therefore they have sent me, and I am come in their Names to beg of my Lord for Mercy. Let it please thee therefore to incline to Mercy, but ask not what thy Servants are.

Then said the Prince, And what is he that is become thy Companion in this so weighty a Matter? So Mr. *Desires* told *Emanuel*, that he was a poor Neighbour of his, and one of his most intimate Associates, and his Name, said he, may it please your most Excellent Majesty, is *Wet-Eyes* of the Town of *Mansoul*. I know that there are many of that Name that are nought, but I hope 'twill be no Offence to my Lord, that I have brought my poor Neighbour with me.

Then Mr. *Wet-Eyes* fell on his Face to the Ground, and made this Apology for his coming with his Neighbour to his Lord.

O, my Lord, quoth he, what I am, I know not myself, nor whether my Name be feign'd or true, especially when I begin to think what some have said, namely that this Name was given me, because Mr.

Mr. Wet-Eye's
Apology for
his coming
with his Neigh-
bour.

Repentance was my Father. Good Men have bad Children, and the Sincere do often times beget Hypocrites. My Mother also called me by this Name from my Cradle, whether because of the Moistness of my Brain, or because of the Softness of my Heart, I cannot tell; I see Dirt in mine own Tears, and Filthiness in the Bottom of my Prayers. But I pray thee (and all this while the Gentleman wept) that thou wouldst not remember against us our Transgressions, nor take Offence at the Unqualifiedness of thy Servant, but mercifully pass by the Sin of *Manfoul*, and refrain from the glorifying of thy Grace no longer.

So at his bidding they arose, and both stood trembling before him, and he spake to him to this Purpose:

The Town of *Manfoul* hath grievously rebelled against my Father, in that they have rejected him from being their King,

The Prince's
Answer.

and did chuse for themselves for their Captain, a Liar, a Murderer, and a Runagate Slave. For this *Diabolus*, your pretended Prince, tho' once so highly accounted of by you, made Rebellion against my Father and me, even in our Palace, and highest Court there, thinking for to become a Prince and King. But being time-

The Original
of *Diabolus*.

ly discover'd and apprehended, and for his Wickedness bound in Chains, and separated to the Pit with those that were his Companions, he offered himself to you, and you have received him.

Now this is, and for a long Time hath been an high Affront to my Father; wherefore my Father sent to you a powerful Army to reduce you to your Obedience. But you know how those Men, their Captains, and their Councils were esteem'd of you, and what they received at your Hand. You rebelled against them, you shut your Gates upon them, you bid them Battle, you fought them and fought for *Diabolus* against them. So they went to

my Father for more Power, and I with my Men am come to subdue you. But as you treated the Servants, so you treated their Lord. You stood up in hostile manner against me, you shut up your Gates against me, you turned the deaf Ear to me, and resisted-as long as you could; but now I have made a Conquest of you. Did you cry to me for Mercy so long as you had Hopes that you might prevail against me? But now I have taken the Town, you cry, but why did you not cry before, when the White Flag of my Mercy, the Red Flag of Justice, and the Black Flag that threatened Execution, were set up to cite you to it? Now I have conquer'd your *Diabolus*, you come to me for Favour; but why did you not help me against the Mighty? Yet I will consider your Petition, and will answer it-so as will be for my Glory.

Go, bid Captain *Boanerges*, and Captain *Conviction*, bring the Prisoners out to me into the Camp To-morrow, and lay you to Captain *Judgment*, and Captain *Execution*, stay in the Castle, and take good heed to yourselves that you keep all quiet in *Mansoul*, until you shall hear further from me: And with that he turned himself from them, and went into his Royal Pavilion again.

So the Petitioners having received this Answer from the Prince, returned as at the first, to go to their Companions again. But they had not gone far but Thoughts began to work in their Minds, that no Mercy as yet was intended by the Prince to *Mansoul*: So they went to the Place where the Prisoners lay bound; but these Workings of Mind, about what would become of *Mansoul*, had such strong Power over them, that by that they were come unto them that sent them, they were scarce able to deliver their Message.

But they came at length to the Gates of the Town, (now the Townsmen with Eagerness were waiting for their Return) where many met them, to know what Answer was made to the Petition. Then they cried out to those that were sent, What News from the Prince? And what hath *Emanuel* said? But they said that they must (as afore) go up to the Prison, and there deliver their Message. So away they went to the Prison, with a

* Multitude at their Heels, now when they were come to the Gates of the Prison, they told the first Part of *Emanuel's* Speech to the Prisoners, to wit, how he reflected upon their Disloyalty to his Father and himself, and how they had chose, and closed with *Diabolus*, and fought for him, hearkened to him, and been ruled by him, but had despised him and his Men. This made the Prisoners look pale, but the Messengers proceeded, and said, He the Prince, said moreover, that yet he would consider your Petition, and give such Answer thereto as will stand with his Glory. And as these Words were spoken Mr. *Wet-Eyes* gave a great Sigh. At this

*Of Inquisitive Thoughts.

The Messengers in telling their Tale, fright the Prisoners.

they were all of them struck into their Dumps, and could not tell what to say: Fear also possed them in marvellous manner, and Death seemed to sit upon some of their Eyebrows. Now there was in the Company, a notable sharp witted Fellow, a mean Man of Estate, and his Name was Old *Inquisitive*; this Man asked the Petitioners if they had told out every whit of what *Emanuel* had said. And they answered, Verily no. Then said *Inquisitive*, I thought so indeed. Pray what was it more that he said unto you? Then they paus'd a while, but at last they brought out all, saying, The Prince did bid us bid Captain *Boanerges* and Captain *Conviction*, bring the Prisoners down to him To-morrow, and that Captain *Judgment* and Captain *Execution* should take Charge of the Castle and Town, till they should hear further from him. They said also, That when the Prince had commanded them so to do, he immediately turned his Back upon them, and went into his Royal Pavilion.

Old Inquisitive.

But, Oh! how this Return, and especially this last Clause of it, That the Prisoners must go out to the Prince into the Camp, brake all their Loins in Pieces! Wherefore with one Voice they set up a Cry that reached up to the Heavens. This done, each of the Three prepared himself to die, (and the * Recorder said unto them, This was the Thing that I feared,) * Conscience.

For they concluded that To-morrow by that the Sun went down, they should be tumbled out of the World. The whole Town also counted of no other, but that in their Time and Order they must all drink of the same Cup. Wherefore the Town of *Manfoul* spent that Night in Mourning and Sackcloth and Ashes. The Prisoners also when the Time was come to go down before the Prince, dressed themselves in Mourning Attire, with Ropes upon their Heads. The whole Town of *Manfoul* also strewed themselves upon the Wall, and clad in Mourning Weeds, if perhaps the Prince with the Sight thereof might be moved with Compassion. But

Vain Thoughts. On how the Busy-bodies that were in the Town of *Manfoul*, did now concern themselves! They did run here and there through the Streets of the Town by Companies, crying out as they ran in tumultuous wise, one after one manner, and another the quite contrary, to the almost utter Distraction of *Manfoul*.

Well, the Time is come that the Prisoners must go down to the Camp, and appear before the Prince. And thus was the Manner of their going down: Captain *Boanerges* went with a Guard before them, and Captain *Conviction* came behind, and the Prisoners went down bound in Chains in the midst; so I say (the Prisoners went in the midst) and the Guard went with flying Colours behind and before, but the Prisoners went with drooping Spirits. Or more particularly thus:

How they went The Prisoners went down all in Mourning, they put Ropes upon themselves, they went on smiting themselves on the Breasts, but durst not lift up their Eyes to Heaven. Thus they went out at the Gate of *Manfoul*, till they came into the midst of the Prince's Army, the Sight and Glory of which did greatly heighten their Affliction. Nor could they now longer forbear, but cry out aloud, O unhappy Men! O wretched *Manfoul*! Their Chains still mixing their dolorous Notes with the Cries of the Prisoners, made the Noise more lamentable.

So when they were come to the Door of the Prince's Pavilion, they cast themselves prostrate upon the Place; then one went in and told the Lord, that the Prisoners were come down. The Prince then ascended a Throne

They fell
down prostrate
before him.

of State, and sent for the Prisoners in; who when they came, did tremble before him; also they covered their Faces with Shame. Now as they drew near to the Place where he sat, they threw themselves down before him; Then said the Prince to the Captain *Boanerges*, Bid the Prisoners stand upon their Feet: Then they stood trembling before him, and he said, Are you the Men that heretofore were the Servants of *Sbaddai*? and they said, Yes, Lord, yes. Then said the Prince again, are you the

Men that did suffer yourselves to be corrupted and defiled by that abominable one *Diabolus*? and they said, We did more

They are upon
their Tryal.

then suffer it, Lord, for we chose it of our Mind. The Prince asked further, saying, Could you have been content that your Slavery should have continued under his Tyranny as long as you had lived? Then said the Prisoners, Yes, Lord, yes, for his Ways were pleasing to our Flesh, and we were grown Aliens to a better State. And did you, said he, when I came against this Town of *Manfoul*, heartily wish that I might not have the Victory over you?

Yes, Lord, yes, said they. Then said the Prince, and what Punishment is it think you, that you deserve at my Hands, for these and other your high and mighty Sins? and they said, both Death and the Deep, Lord; for we have deserved no less. He asked again, If they had ought to say for themselves, why the Sentence that they confessed that they had deserved, should not be passed upon them? and they said, We can say nothing, Lord; thou art just, for we have sinned. Then said

They condemn
themselves.
Sins.

the Prince, And for what are these Ropes on your Heads? The Prisoners answer'd, the Ropes are to bend us withal to the Place of Execution, if Mercy be not pleasing in thy Sight. *Prov. 1. 22.* So he further ask'd, If all the Men in the Town of *Manfoul* were in this Confession, as they I

And they answered, *all the Natives, Lord*; but for the

† Powers of the Soul. † *Diabolonians* that came into our Town, when the Tyrant got Possession of us, we can say nothing for them.

Corruptions and Lusts.

† A Victory proclaimed.

Then the Prince commanded that an Herald should be called, and that he should in the midst, and throughout the Camp of *Emanuel* proclaim, † and that with Sound of Trumpet, that the Prince, the Son of *Shaddai*, had in his Father's Name, and for his Father's Glory, gotten a perfect Conquest and Victory over *Manfoul*, and that the Prisoners should follow him and say, *Amen*. So this was done as he had commanded.

Joy for the Victory.

And presently the Musick that was in the upper Region sounded melodiously. The Captains that were in the Camp shouted, and the Soldiers did sing Songs of Triumph to the Prince, the Colours waved in the Wind, and great Joy was every where, only it was wanting as yet in the Hearts of the Men of *Manfoul*.

They are pardoned, and are commanded to proclaim it To-morrow in *Manfoul*.

Then the Prince called for the Prisoners to come and to stand again before him, and they came and stood trembling. And he said unto them, The Sins, Trespases and Iniquities, that you with the whole Town of *Manfoul*, have from time to time committed against my Father and Me, I have Power and Commandment from my Father to forgive to the Town of *Manfoul*; and do forgive you accordingly. And having so said, he gave them written in Parchment, and sealed with seven Seals, a large and general Pardon, commanding both my Lord-Mayor, my Lord *Will-be-will*, and Mr. Recorder, to proclaim, and cause it to be proclaimed To-morrow by that the Sun is up, throughout the whole Town of *Manfoul*.

Their Rags are taken from them.

Moreover the Prince stripped the Prisoners of their Mourning Weeds, and gave them Beauty for Ashes, and the Oil of Joy for Mourning, and the Garment of Praise for the Spirit of Heaviness, *Isaiah lxi. 3.*

Then

Then he gave to each of the Three, Jewels of Gold, and precious Stones, and took away their Ropes, and put Chains of Gold about their Necks, and Ear-rings in their Ears. Now the Prisoners when they did hear the gracious Words of Prince *Emanuel*, and had beheld all that was done unto them, fainted almost quite away; for the Grace, the Benefit, the Pardon, was sudden, glorious, and so big, that they were not able without staggering, to stand up under it. Yea, my Lord *Will-be-will* swooned outright, but the Prince stepped to him, put his everlasting Arms under him, embrac'd him, kissed him, and bid him be of good Chear, for all should be performed according to his Word. He also did kiss and embrace, and smile upon the other two that were *Will-be-will's* Companions, saying, Take these as further Tokens of my Love, Favour and Compassions to you: And I charge you, that you Mr. Recorder tell the Town of *Mansoul* what you have heard and seen.

A strange
Alteration.

Then were their Fetters broken to pieces before their Faces, and cast into the Air, and their Steps were enlarged under them. Then they fell down at the Feet of the Prince, and kissed his Feet, and wetted them with Tears; they also cried out with a mighty strong Voice, saying, *Blessed be the Glory of the Lord from this Place*. So they were bid rise up, and go to the Town and tell to *Mansoul* what the Prince had done. He commanded also that one with Pipe and Tabor should go and play before them all the Way into the Town of *Mansoul*. Then was fulfilled what they never looked for, and they were made to possess that which they never dreamt of. The Prince also called for the noble Captain *Credence*, and commanded that he and some of his Officers should march before the Noblemen of *Mansoul*, with flying Colours into the Town. He gave also unto Captain *Credence* a Charge, that about the Time that the Recorder did

Their Guilt.

They are sent
home with Pipe
and Tabor.

Captain *Credence* guards
them home.

When Faith
and Pardon
meets together,
Judgment and
Execution de-
parts from the
Heart.

read the general Pardon in the Town of *Mansoul*, that at that very Time he should with flying Colours march in at *Eye-gate*, with his Ten Thousand at his Feet, and that he should so go until he came by the high Street of the Town, up to the Castle Gates, and that himself should take Possession thereof, against his Lord came thither. He commanded moreover, that he should bid Captain *Judgment* and Captain *Execution* to leave the strong Hold to him, and to withdraw from *Mansoul*, and to return into the Camp with Speed unto the Prince.

And now was the Town of *Mansoul* also delivered from the Terror of the first four Captains and their Men.

Well, I told you before how the Prisoners were entertained by the Noble Prince *Emanuel*, and how they behaved themselves before him, and how he sent them away to their Home with Pipe and Tabor going before them. And now you must think that those of the Town, that had all this while waited to hear of their Death, could not but be exercis'd with Sadness of Mind, and with Thoughts that pricked like Thorns. Nor could their Thoughts be kept to any one Point; the Wind blew with them all this while at great Uncertainties, yea, their Hearts were like a Balance that had been disquieted with a shaking Hand. But at last, as they with many a long Look look'd over the Wall of *Mansoul*, they thought that they saw some return to the Town; and thought again, who should they be too, who should they be? At last they discern'd that they were the Prisoners; but can you imagine how their Hearts were surpriz'd with Wonder, especially when they perceiv'd also in what Equipage, and with what Honour they were sent Home! They went down to the Camp in Black, but they came back to the Town in White; they went down to the Camp in Ropes, they came back in Chains of Gold; they went down to the Camp with Feet in Fetters, but came back with their Steps enlarged under them; they went to the Camp looking for Death, but came back from thence with Assurance of Life; they went down to the Camp

A strange Alteration.

Camp with heavy Hearts, but came back again with Pipe and Tabor playing before them. So soon as they were come to *Eye-gate*, the poor and tottering Town of *Mansoul* adventured to give a Shout; and they gave such a Shout as made the Captains in the Prince's Army leap at the Sound thereof. Alas! for them, poor Hearts, who could blame them, since their dead Friends were come to life again; for 'twas to them as Life from the Dead, to see the Ancients of the Town of *Mansoul* to shine in such Splendor. They looked for nothing but the Axe and the Block; but behold! Joy and Gladness, Comfort and Consolation, and such melodious Notes attending of them, that was sufficient to make a sick Man well, *Isa.*

xxxiii. 24. So when they came up they saluted each other, welcome: Welcome, and blessed be he that spared you. They added also, We see it is well with you, but how must it go with the Town of *Mansoul*? And will it go well with the Town of *Mansoul* said they? Then answered them the Recorder, and my Lord-Mayor, Oh! Tydings! glad Tydings! good Tydings of Good! and of great Joy to poor *Mansoul*! Then they gave another Shout that made the Earth to ring again. After this they enquired yet more particularly how Things went in the Camp, and what Message they had from *Emanuel* to the Town. So they told them all Passages that had happened to them at the Camp, and every Thing that the Prince did to them. This made *Mansoul* wonder at the Wisdom and Grace of the Prince *Emanuel*; then they told them what they had received at his Hands for the whole Town of *Mansoul*, and the Recorder delivered it in these Words, *Pardon, Pardon for Mansoul; and this shall Mansoul know To-morrow.* Then he commanded, and they went and summoned *Mansoul* to meet together in the Market-place To-morrow, there to hear their general Pardon read.

O the Joy of
Pardon for Sin.

But who can think what a Turn, what a Change, what an Alteration this Hint of Things did make in the Countenance of the Town of *Mansoul*! No Man of *Mansoul* could sleep that Night for Joy; in every House there

was Joy and Musick, singing and making merry; telling and hearing of *Emanuel's* Happiness, was then all that *Manfoul* had to do; And this was the Burden of all their Song. Oh! more of this at the rising of the Sun! more of this To-morrow! Who thought Yesterday, one would say, that this Day would have been such a Day to us? And who thought, that saw our Prisoners go down in

Town-talk of
the King's
Mercy.

Irons, that they should have returned in Chains of Gold! Yea, they that judged themselves, as they went to be judged of their Judge, were by his Mouth acquitted, not for that they were innocent, but of the Prince's Mercy, and sent home with Pipe and Tabor. But is this the common Custom of Princes? Do they use to shew such kind of Favours to Traytors? No! this is only peculiar to *Shaddai*, and unto *Emanuel* his Son.

Now Morning drew on apace, wherefore the Lord-Mayor, the Lord *Will-be-will*, and Mr. Recorder came down to the Market-place at the Time that the Prince had appointed, where the Townsfolk were waiting for them; and when they came, they came in that Attire and in that Glory that the Prince had put them into the Day before, and the Street was lightned with their Glory: So the Mayor, Recorder, and my Lord *Will-be-will* drew down to *Mouth-gate*, which was at the lower End of the Market-place, because that of old Time was the Place where they used to read public Matters. Thither therefore they came in their Robes, and their Taber went before them. Now the Eagerness of the People to know the full Matter was great.

The Manner
of reading the
Pardon.

Then the Recorder stood up upon his Feet, and first beckoning with his Hand for Silence, he read out with a loud Voice the Pardon. But when he came to these Words, *The Lord, the Lord God is merciful and gracious, pardoning Iniquity, Transgressions and Sins; and to them, all Manner of Sin and Blaphemy shall be forgiven, &c. Exod. xxxiv. Mark. iii.* they could not forbear but leap for Joy. For this you must know, that there was conjoined herewith every Man's Name in *Manfoul*, also the

the Seals of the Pardon made a brave Shew.

When the Recorder had made an End of reading the Pardon, the Townsmen run upon the Walls of the Town, and they leaped thereon for Joy, and bowed themselves seven Times with their Faces towards *Emanuel's* Pavilion, and shouted out aloud for Joy, and said, Let *Emanuel* live for ever.

How they tread
upon the Flesh.

Then Order was given to the young Men in *Manfoul* that they should ring the Bells for Joy (so the Bells did ring, and the People sing, and the Music go in every House) in *Manfoul*,

Lively and
warm thought.

When the Prince had sent Home the three Prisoners of *Manfoul* with Joy, and Pipe and Tabor, he commanded his Captains, with all the Field Officers and Soldiers throughout his Army to be ready on that Morning that the Recorder should read the Pardon in *Manfoul*, to do his further Pleasure. So the Morning, as I have shewed, being come, just as the Recorder had made an End of reading the Pardon, *Emanuel* commanded that all the Trumpets in the Camp should sound, that the Colours should be displayed, half of them upon Mount *Gracious*, and half of them upon Mount *Justice*. He commanded also that all the Captains should shew themselves in all their Harness, and that the Soldiers should shout for Joy. Nor was Captain *Credence*, though in the Castle, silent in such a Day, but he from the Top of the Hold shewed himself with the Sound of Trumpet to *Manfoul*, and to the Prince's Camp.

The Carriage of
the Camp.

Faith will not
be silent when
Manfoul is
saved.

Thus have I shewed you the Manner and Way that *Emanuel* took to recover the Town of *Manfoul* from under the Hand and Power of the Tyrant *Diabolus*.

Now when the Prince had compleated these outward Ceremonies of his Joy, he again commanded that his Captains and Soldiers should shew unto *Manfoul* some Feats of War. So they presently addressed themselves to this Work. But O! with what Agility, Nimbleness, Dexterity and Bravery did these military

The Prince
displays his
Graces before
Manfoul.

Men discover their Skill in Feats of War to the now gazing Town of *Mansoul*!

They marched, they counter marched, they opened to the Right and Left, they divided and sub-divided, they closed, they wheeled, made good their Front and Rear, with their Right and Left Wings, and twenty Things

more, with that Aptness, and then were all as they were again, that they took, yea ravished the Hearts that were in *Mansoul* to behold it. But add to this, the hand-

ling of their Arms, the managing of their Weapons of War, were marvellous taking to *Mansoul* and me.

When this Action was over, the whole Town of *Mansoul* came out as one Man to the Prince in the Camp, to praise him, and thank him for his abundant Favour, and to beg that it would please his Grace to come unto *Mansoul* with his Men, and there to take up

their Quarters for ever. And this they did in most humble manner, bowing themselves seven Times to the Ground before him. Then said he, *All Peace be to you*: So the Town came nigh and

touch'd with the Hand the Top of his Golden Scepter, and they said, Oh! that the Prince *Emanuel*, with his Captains and Men of War, would dwell in *Mansoul* for ever; and that his Battering Rams and Slings might be lodged in her for the Use and Service of the Prince, and for the Help and Strength of *Mansoul*. For, said they, we have Room for thee, we have Room for thy Men, we have also Room for thy Weapons of War, and a Place to make a Magazine for thy Carriages. Do it *Emanuel*, and thou shalt be King and Captain in

Say and hold so it, *Mansoul*. - *Mansoul* for ever. Yea, govern thou also according to all the Desire of thy Soul, and make thou Governors and Princes under thee of thy Captains and Men of War, and we will become thy Servants, and thy Laws shall be our Direction.

They added moreover, and prayed his Majesty to consider thereof, for said they, if now after all this Grace bestowed upon us thy miserable Town of *Mansoul*, thou shouldst

shouldest withdraw, thou and thy Captains from us, the Town of *Mansoul* will die. Yea, said they, our blessed *Emanuel*, if thou shouldest depart from us now, now thou hast done so much Good for us, and shewed so much Mercy unto us; what will follow but that our Joy will be as if it had not been, and our Enemies will a second Time come upon us with more Rage than at the first? Wherefore we beseech thee; O thou the Desire of our Eyes, and the Strength and Life of our poor Town, accept of this Motion that now we have made unto our Lord, and come and dwell in the midst of us; and let us be thy People. Besides, Lord, we do not know but that to this Day many *Diabolians* may be yet lurking in the Town of *Mansoul*, and they will betray us when thou shalt leave us, into the Hands of *Diabolus* again; and who knows what Designs, Plots, and Contrivances have passed betwixt them about these Things already: Loth we are to fall again into his horrible Hands. Wherefore let it please thee to accept of our Palace for thy Place of Residence, and of the Houses of the best Men in our Town, for the Reception of thy Soldiers, and their Furniture.

Their Fears

Then said the Prince, If I come to your Town, will you suffer me further to prosecute that which is in my Heart against mine Enemies and yours? Yea, will you help me in such Undertakings?

The Prince's
Question to
Mansoul.

They answered, We know not what we shall do, we did not think once that we should have been such Traytors to *Shaddai* as we have proved to be: What then shall we say to our Lord? Let him put no Trust in his Saints, let the Prince dwell in our Castle, and make of our Town a Garrison; let him set his noble Captains, and his warlike Soldiers over us. Yea, let him conquer us with his Love, and overcome us, and help us, as he was, and did that Morning that our Pardon was read unto us, we shall comply with this our Lord, and with his Ways, and fall in with his Word against the Mighty.

Their Answer.

One

One Word more, and thy Servants have done, and in this will trouble our Lord no more. We know not the Depth of the Wisdom of thee our Prince. Who could have thought that had been ruled by his Reason, that so much Sweet as we do now enjoy, should have come out of those bitter Trials wherewith we were tried at the first? But Lord, let Light go before, and let Love come after: Yea, take us by the Hand, and lead us by thy Counsels, and let this always abide upon us, that all Things shall be for the best for thy Servants, and come to our *Mansoul*, do as it pleaseth thee. Or, Lord, come to our *Mansoul*, and do what thou wilt, so thou keepest us from sinning, and makest us serviceable to thy Majesty.

He consenteth to dwell in *Mansoul*, and promiseth to come in To-morrow.

Then said the Prince to the Town of *Mansoul* again, Go return to your Houses in Peace. I will willingly in this comply with your Desires. I will remove my royal Pavilion, I will draw up my Forces before *Eye-gate* To-morrow, and so will march forwards into the Town of *Mansoul*, I will possess myself of your Castle of *Mansoul*, and will set my Soldiers over you; yea, I will yet do Things in *Mansoul* that cannot be parallel'd in any Nation, Country, or Kingdom under Heaven.

Then did the Men of *Mansoul* give a Shout, and return into their Houses in Peace; they also told to their Kindred and Friends the Good that *Emanuel* had promis'd to *Mansoul*. And To-morrow, said they, he will march into our Town, and take up his Dwelling, he and his Men in *Mansoul*.

Then went out the Inhabitants of the Town of *Mansoul* with Haste to the green Trees, and to the Meadows to gather Boughs and Flowers, therewith to firew the Streets against their Prince the Son of *Shaddai* should come; they also made Garlands, and other fine Works, to betoken how joyful they were, and should be to receive their *Emanuel* into *Mansoul*; yea, they strewd the Street quite from *Eye-gate* to the Castle-gate, the Place where the Prince should be. They also

Mansoul's
Preparation for
his Reception.

pre-

prepared for his coming what Musick the Town of *Mansoul* could afford, that they might play before him to the Place of his Habitation.

So at the Time appointed, he makes his Approach to *Mansoul*, and the Gates were set open for him; there also the Ancients and Elders of *Mansoul* met him to salute him with a thousand Welcomes. Then he arose and entred *Mansoul*, he and all his Servants. The Elders of *Mansoul* did also go dancing before him, till he came to the Castle Gates. And this was the manner of his going up thither. He was clad in his golden Armour, he rode in his royal Chariot, the Trumpets sounded

He enters the Town of *Mansoul*, and how.

about him, the Colours were display'd, his Ten-Thousands went up at his Feet, and the Elders of *Mansoul* danced before him. And now were the Walls of the famous Town of *Mansoul* filled with the Trampilings of the Inhabitants thereof, who went up thither to view the Approach of the blessed Prince and his royal Army. Also the Casements, Windows, Balconies, and Tops of the Houses were all now filled with Persons of all Sorts, to behold how their Town was to be filled with Good.

Now when he was come so far into the Town as to the Recorder's House, he commanded that one should go to Captain *Credence*, to know whether the Castle of *Mansoul* was prepared to entertain his Royal Presence (for the Preparation of that was left to that Captain) and Word was brought that it was, *Acts* xv. 9. Then was Captain *Credence* commanded also to come forth with his Power to meet the Prince, the which was as he had commanded done, and he conducted him into the Castle, *Eph.* iii. 17. This done, the Prince that Night did lodge in the Castle with his mighty Captains and Men of War, to the Joy of the Town of *Mansoul*.

Now the next Care of the Townsfolks was how the Captains and Soldiers of the Prince's Army should be quartered among them, and the Care was not how they should shut their Hands of them, but how they should fill their Houses with them; for every Man in

The Holy War,

The Towns-
men covet who
shall have most
of the Soldiers
that belong to
the Prince.

How they
were quartered
in the Town of
Mansoul.

Mansoul now had that Esteem of *Emanuel* and his Men, that nothing grieved them more, than because they were not enlarg'd enough every one of them to receive the whole Army of the Prince; yea, they counted it their Glory to be waiting upon them, and would in those Days run at their Bidding like Lacqueys. At last they came to this Result:

1. That Captain *Innocency* should quarter at Mr. *Reason's*.
2. That Captain *Patience* should quarter at Mr. *Mind's*. This Mr. *Mind* was formerly the Lord *Will-be-will's* Clerk in the Time of the Rebellion.
3. It was ordered that Captain *Charity* should quarter at Mr. *Affection's* House.
4. That Captain *Good-hope* should quarter at my Lord Mayor's. Now for the House of the Recorder, himself desired, because his House was next to the Castle, and because from him it was ordered by the Prince, that if need be, the Alarm should be given to *Mansoul*: It was I say, desired by him that Captain *Boanerges*, and Captain *Conviction* should take up their Quarters with him, even they and all their Men.
5. As for Captain *Judgment* and Captain *Execution*, my Lord *Will-be-will* took them and their Men to him, because he was to rule under the Prince for the Good of the Town of *Mansoul* now, as he had done before under the Tyrant *Diabolus* for the Hurt and Damage thereof, *Rom. vi. 19. Eph. iii. 17.*

6. And throughout the rest of the Town were quartered *Emanuel's* Forces; but Captain *Credence* with his Men abode still in the Castle. So the Prince, his Captains, and his Soldiers were lodged in the Town of *Mansoul*.

Now the Ancients and Elders of the Town of *Mansoul* thought that they never should have enough of the Prince *Emanuel*; his Person, his Actions, his Words and Behaviour, were so pleasing, so taking, so desirable

Mansoul enamoured with
their Prince
Emanuel.

to

to them. Wherefore they prayed him, that though the Castle of *Mansoul* was his Place of Residence (and they desired that he might dwell there for ever) yet that he would often visit the Streets, Houses, and People of *Mansoul*. For said they, Dread Sovereign, thy Presence, thy Looks, thy Smiles, thy Words, are the Life, and Strength, and Sinews of the Town of *Mansoul*.

Besides this, they craved that they might have without Difficulty or Interruption, continual Access unto him; so for that very Purpose he commanded that the Gates should stand open, that they might there see the manner of his Doings, the Fortifications of the Place, and the Royal Mansion-House of the Prince.

They have Access unto him.

When he spake, they all stopped their Mouths, and gave Audience; and when he walked, it was their Delight to imitate him in his Goings.

They learn of him.

Now upon a Time *Emanuel* made a Feast for the Town of *Mansoul*, and upon the Feasting Day, the Townsfolk were come to the Castle to partake of his Banquet. And he feasted them with all manner of Outlandish Food. Food that grew not in the Fields of *Mansoul*, nor in all the whole Kingdom of *Universe*. It was Food that came from his Father's Court, and so there was Dish after Dish set before them, and they were commanded freely to eat. But still when a fresh Dish was set before them, they would whisperingly say to each other, *What is it?* For they wist not what to call it, *Exod. xvi. 15*. They drunk also of the Water that was made Wine; and were very merry with him. There was Musick also all the while at the Table, and Man did eat Angels Food, and had Honey given him out of the Rock; so *Mansoul* did eat the Food that was peculiar to the Court, yea, they had now thereof to the full, *Psal. lxxviii. 24, 25*.

Promise after Promise.

Brave Entertainment.

I must not forget to tell you, that as at this Table there were Musicians; so they were not those of the Country, nor yet of the Town of *Mansoul*; but they were

were the Masters of the Songs that were sung at the Court of *Shaddai*.

Now after the Feast was over, *Emanuel* was for entertaining the Town of *Mansoul* with some curious Riddles of Secrets drawn up by his Father's Secretary, by the Skill and Wisdom of *Shaddai*; the like to these there is not in any Kingdom.

These Riddles were made upon King *Shaddai* himself, and upon *Emanuel* his Son, and upon his Wars and Doings with *Mansoul*.

Emanuel also expounded unto them some of those Riddles himself, but Oh how they were lightned! They saw what they never saw, they could not have thought that such Rarities could have been couched in so few and such ordinary Words. I told you before whom these Riddles did concern; and as they were opened, the People did evidently see 'twas so. Yea, they did gather that the Things themselves were a kind of a Portraiture, and that of *Emanuel* himself; for when they read in the Scheme where the Riddles were writ, and looked in the Face of the Prince, things look'd so like one to the other, that *Mansoul* could not forbear but say, This is the *Lamb*, this is the *Sacrifice*, this is the *Rock*, this is the *Red Cow*, this is the *Door*, and this is the *Way*; with a great many other Things more.

And thus he dismissed the Town of *Mansoul*. But can you imagine how the People of the Corporation

The End of that Banquet. were taken with his Entertainment? Oh! they were transported with Joy, they were drowned with Wonderment, while they saw and understood, and considered what their *Emanuel* entertained them withal, and what Mysteries he opened to them; and when they were at Home in their Houses, and in their most retired Places, they could not but sing of him, and of his Actions. Yea, so taken were the Townsmen now with their Prince, that they would sing of him in their Sleep.

Mansoul must be new modelled. Now it was in the Heart of the Prince *Emanuel* to new model the Town of *Mansoul*, and to put it into such a Condition

as might be most pleasing to him, and that might best stand with the Profit and Security of the now flourishing Town of *Mansoul*. He provided also against Insurrections at Home, and Invasions Abroad; such Love had he for the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

Wherefore he first of all commanded that the great Slings that were brought from his Father's Court when he came to the War of *Mansoul*, should be mounted, some upon the Battlements of the Castle, some upon the Towers, for there were Towers in the Town of *Mansoul*, Towers new built by *Emanuel* since he came thither. There was also an Instrument in-

The Instruments of War mounted.

vented by *Emanuel*, that was to throw Stones from the Castle of *Mansoul*, out at Mouth-gate; an Instrument that could not be resisted, nor that could miss of Execution; wherefore for the wonderful Exploits that it did when used, it went without a Name, and it was committed to the Care of, and to be managed by the brave Captain, the Captain *Credence*, in case of War. This done, *Emanuel* called the Lord *Will-*

A nameless terrible Instrument in *Mansoul*.

be-will to him, and gave him in Commandment to take Care of the Gates, the Wall, and Towers in *Mansoul*: Also the Prince gave him the Militia into his Hand, and a special Charge to withstand all Insurrections and Tumults that might be made in *Mansoul* against the Peace of our Lord the King, and the Peace and Tranquility of the Town of *Mansoul*. He also gave him in Commission, that if he found any of the *Diabolonians* lurking in any Corner of the famous Town of *Mansoul*, he should forthwith apprehend them, and slay them, or commit them to safe Custody, that they may be proceeded against according to Law.

Will-be-will promoted.

Then he called unto him the Lord *Understanding*, who was the old Lord-Mayor, he that was put out of Place when *Diabolus* took the Town, and put him into his former Office again, and it became his Place for his Life-time. He bid him

My Lord-Mayor put into Place.

him also that he should build him a Palace near *Eye gate*, and that he should build it in Fashion like a Tower for a Defence. He bid him also that he should read in the Revelations of Mysteries all the Days of his Life, that he might know how to perform his Office aright.

He also made Mr. *Knowledge* the Recorder, not of Contempt to old Mr. *Conscience* who had been Recorder before; but for that it was in his Princely Mind to confer upon Mr. *Conscience* another Employ; of which he told the old Gentleman he should know more hereafter.

Then he commanded that the Image of *Diabolus* should be taken down from the Place where it was set up; and that they should utterly destroy it, beating it into Powder, and casting it into the Wind, without the Town-wall, and that the Image of *Shaddai* his Father should be set up again, with his own, upon the castle Gates; and that it should be more fairly drawn than ever; forasmuch as both his Father and himself were come to *Mansoul* in more Grace and Mercy than heretofore, *Rev. xxii. 4.* He would also that his Name should be fairly engraven upon the Front of the Town, and that it should be done on the best of Gold, for the Honour of the Town of *Mansoul*.

After this was done, *Emanuel* gave out a Commandment that those three greatest *Diabolonians* should be apprehended, namely, the two late Lord Mayors, to wit, Mr. *Incredulity*, Mr. *Lastings*, and Mr. *Forget-good*, the Recorder. Besides these, there were some of them that *Diabolus* made Burgeses and Aldermen in *Mansoul*, that were committed to Ward by the Hand of the now Valiant, and now right Noble, the brave Lord *Will-be-will*.

And these were their Names, Alderman *Atheism*, Alderman *Hard-Heart*, and Alderman *False-Peace*. The Burgeses were Mr. *No-Truth*, Mr. *Pittles*, Mr. *Haughty*, with the like. These were committed to close Custody; and the Goaler's Name was Mr. *Trusman*; this

The Image of the Prince and his Father set up again in *Mansoul*.

Some *Diabolonians* committed to Prison under the Hand of Mr. *Trusman* the Keeper.

True him was a that Con built and Nan little Lar Tim ried V Ord men Jud the Car M the Mr. Pris brot ston pres rest Jur n-fl wer Mr. trut Mr. T Mr. and S said Cle he Tru-

Trueman, was one of those that *Emanuel* brought with him from his Father's Court, when at first he made a War upon *Diabolus* in the Town of *Mansoul*.

After this, the Prince gave a Charge that the three strong Holds that at the Command of *Diabolus*, the *Diabolonians* built in *Mansoul*, should be demolish'd and utterly pulled down; of which Holds, and their Names, with their Captains and Governors, you read a little before. But this was long in doing, because of the Largeness of the Places, and because the Stones, the Timber, the Iron, and all the Rubbish was to be carried without the Town.

Diabolus's
strong Holds
pulled down.

When this was done, the Prince gave Order that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of *Mansoul* should call a Court of Judicature for the Trial and Execution of the *Diabolonians* in the Corporation, now under the Care of Mr. *Trueman* the Goaler.

A Court to be
called to try the
Diabolonians.

Now when the Time was come, and the Court set, Commandment was sent to Mr. *Trueman* the Goaler, to bring the Prisoner's down to the Bar. Then were the Prisoners brought down, pinion'd and chain'd together, as the Custom of the Town of *Mansoul* was. So when they were presented before the Lord-Mayor, the Recorder, and the rest of the honourable Bench; First, the Jury was impanell'd, and then the Witnesses sworn. The Names of the Jury were these, Mr. *Belief*, Mr. *True-heart*, Mr. *Upright*, Mr. *Hate-bad*, Mr. *Love-God*, Mr. *See-truth*, Mr. *Heavenly-mind*, Mr. *Moderate*, Mr. *Thankful*, Mr. *Good-work*, Mr. *Zeal for-God*, and Mr. *Humble*.

The Prisoners
brought to the
Bar.

The Jury im-
pannell'd and
Witnesses
sworn.

The Names of the Witnesses were Mr. *Know-all*, Mr. *Tell-true*, Mr. *Hate-lies*, with my Lord *Will-be-will*, and his Man, if need were.

So the Prisoners were set to the Bar, then said Mr. *Do-right* (for he was the Town-Clerk) Set *Atheism* to the Bar, Goaler. So he was set to the Bar. Then said the Clerk, *Atheism*,

Do-right,
the Clerk.

hold

Atbeism set
to the Bar, his
Indictment.

hold up thy Hand. Thou art here Indicted by the Name of *Atbeism* (an Intruder upon the Town of *Mansoul*) for that thou hast perniciously and doubtrfully taught and maintained, that there is no God, and so no heed to be taken to Religion. This thou hast done against the Being, Honour, and Glory of the King, and against the Peace and Safety of the Town of *Mansoul*. What say'st thou, art thou guilty of this Indictment, or not?

Atbeism. Not guilty.

Cryer. Call Mr. *Know-all*, Mr. *Tell-true*, and Mr. *Hate-lies* into the Court.

So they were called, and they appeared.

Clerk. Then said the Clerk, You the Witnesses for the King, look upon the Prisoner at the Bar, do you know him?

Know. Then said Mr. *Know-all*, Yes, my Lord, we know him, his Name is *Atbeism*, he has been a very pestilent Fellow for many Years in the miserable Town of *Mansoul*.

Clerk. You are sure you know him.

Know. Know him! Yes my Lord, I have heretofore too often been in his Company, to be at this Time ignorant of him. He is a *Diabolonian*, the Son of a *Diabolonian*, I knew his Grandfather and his Father.

Clerk. Well said: He standeth here indicted by the Name of *Atbeism*, &c. and is charged that he hath maintained and taught that there is no God, and so no heed to be taken to any Religion. What say you the King's Witnesses to this? Is he guilty or not?

Know. My Lord, I and he were once in *Villains-Lane* together, and he at that Time did briskly talk of divers Opinions, and then and there I heard him say, That for his Part he did believe that there was no God. But, said he, I can profess one, and be as religious too if the Company I am in, and the Circumstances of other things, said he, shall put me upon it.

Clerk. You are sure you have heard him say thus?

Know. Upon mine Oath I heard him say thus.

Then said the Clerk, Mr. *Tell-true*, What say you to

the King's Judges, touching the Prisoner at the Bar?

Tell. My Lord, I formerly was a great Companion of his (for the which I now repent me) and I have often heard him say, and that with very great Stomachfulness, that he believ'd there was neither God, Angel, or Spirit.

Cler. Where did you hear him say so?

Tell. In *Black-mouth-lane*, and in *Blasphemers-row*, and in many other Places besides.

Cler. Have you much Knowledge of him?

Tell. I know him to be a *Diabolonian*, the Son of a *Diabolonian*, and an horrible Man to deny a Deity; his Father's Name was *Never-be-good*, and he had more Children than this *Atheism*. I have no more to say.

Cler. Mr. *Hate-lies*, Look upon the Prisoner at the Bar, Do you know him?

Hate. My Lord, This *Atheism* is one of the vilest Wretches that ever I came near, or had to do with in my Life. I have heard him say that there is no God; I have heard him say that there is no World to come, no Sin, nor Punishment hereafter: And moreover, I have heard him say, that 'twas as good to go to a Whore-house, as to go to hear a Sermon.

Cler. Where did you hear him say these Things?

Hate. In *Drunkards-row*, just at *Rasbals-lane's* End, at a House in which Mr. *Impiety* liv'd.

Cler. Set him by Goaler, and set Mr. *Lustings* to the Bar.

Mr. *Lustings*, Thou art here indicted by the Name of *Lustings* (an Intruder upon the Town of *Manfoul*) for that thou hast Devilishly and Traiterously taught by Practice and filthy Words, that it is lawful and profitable to Man to give way to his carnal Desires, and that thou for thy part, hast not, nor never wilt, deny thyself of any sinful Delight as long as thy Name is *Lustings*. How say'st thou, art thou guilty of this Indictment or not?

Lustings set to the Bar.

His Indictment.

His Plea.

Lustings. Then said Mr. *Lustings*, My Lord, I am a Man of high Birth, and have been used to Pleasures and Pastimes, and Greatness. I have not been wont

wont to be snub'd for my Doings, but have been left to follow my Will as if it were Law. And it seems strange to me that I should this Day be called into question for that, not only I, but almost all Men do either secretly or openly countenance, love, and approve of it.

Cler. Sir, we concern not ourselves with your Greatness (though the higher the better you should have been) but we are concerned, and so are you, about an Indictment preferred against you: How say you, are you guilty of it, or not?

Lust. Not guilty.

Cler. Cryer, call upon the Witnesses to stand forth and give their Evidences.

Cryer. Gentlemen, you the Witnesses for the King, come and give in your Evidence for our Lord the King, against the Prisoner at the Bar.

Cler. Come, Mr. *Know-all*, look upon the Prisoner at the Bar. Do you know him?

Know. Yes, my Lord, I know him.

Cler. What's his Name?

Know. His Name is *Lustings*, he was the Son of one *Beastly*, and his Mother bare him in *Flesh-street*, she was one *Evil-Concupiscence's* Daughter. I knew all the Generation of them.

Cler. Well said. You have heard his Indictment; What say you to it? Is he guilty of the Things charged against him, or not?

Know. My Lord, he has, as he saith, been a great Man indeed, and greater in Wickedness than by Pedigree, more than a Thousand-fold.

Cler. But what do you know of his particular Actions, and especially with Reference to his Indictment?

Know. I know him to be a Swearer, a Liar, a Sabbath-breaker; I know him to be a Fornicator, and an unclean Person; I know him to be guilty of Abundance of Evils. He has been to my Knowledge a very filthy Man.

Cler. But where did he use to commit his Wickednesses, in some private Corners, or more open and shamelessly?

Know. All the Town over, my Lord.

Cler.

Cler. Come Mr. *Tell-true*, what have you to say for our Lord the King, against the Prisoner at the Bar?

Tell. My Lord, all that the first Witness has said, I know to be true, and a great deal more besides.

Cler. Mr. *Lustings*, do you hear what these Gentlemen say?

Lust. I was ever of Opinion, that the happiest life that a Man could live on Earth, was to keep himself back from nothing that he desired in the World; nor have I been false at any time to this Opinion of mine, but have lived in the love of my notions all my Days. Nor was I ever so Churlish, having found such sweetness in them myself, as to keep the Commendations of them from others.

Court. Then said the Court, *There hath proceeded enough from his own Mouth to lay him open to Condemnation, wherefore set him by, Goaler, and set Mr. Incredulity to the Bar.*

Incredulity set to the Bar.

Cler. Mr. *Incredulity*, thou art here indicted by the Name of *Incredulity* (an Intruder upon the Town of Mansoul) for thou hast feloniously and wickedly, and that when thou wert an Officer in the Town of Mansoul, made head against the Captains of the great Shaddai, when they came, and demanded possession of Mansoul; yea thou didst bid defiance to the Name, Forces, and Cause of the King, and didst also, as did Diabolus thy Captain, stir up and encourage the Town of Mansoul to make head against, and resist the said force of the King. What sayest thou to this Indictment, art thou guilty or not?

His Indictment.

Then said *Incredulity*, I know not Shad-

His Plea.

Shadai: I loved my old Prince, I thought it my Duty to be true to my trust, and to do what I could to possess the Minds of the Men of Mansoul, to do their utmost to resist Strangers and Foreigners, and with might to fight against them. Nor have I, nor shall I change mine Opinion for Fear of Trouble, though you at present are possessed of Place and Power.

Court. Then said the Court, the Man as you see

is Incorrigible, he is for maintaining his Villanies by stoutness of Words, and his Rebellion with Impudent Confidence. And therefore set him by, Goaler, and set Mr. *Forget-good* to the Bar.

Forget-good set to the Bar.

Cler. Mr. *Forget-good*, thou art here Indicted by the Name of *Forget-good*, an Intruder upon the Town of Mansoul, for that thou, when the whole Affairs of the Town of Mansoul were in thy Hand, didst utterly forget to serve them in what was good, and didst fall in with the Tyrant Diabolus against Shaddai the King, against his Captains, and all his Hosts to the dishonour of Shaddai, the breach of his Law, and the endangering of the destruction of the famous Town of Mansoul. What sayest thou to this Indictment, art thou guilty or not guilty?

His Plea.

Then said *Forget-good*, Gentlemen, and at this time my Judges, as to the Indictment by which I stand by several Crimes accused before you pray attribute my forgetfulness to my age, and not to my wilfulness: to the craziness of my brain, and not to the carelessness of my mind, and then I hope I may by your Charity be excused from great Punishment though I be guilty.

Then said the Court, *Forget-good*, *Forget-good*, Thy forgetfulness of good was not simply of frailty, but of purpose; and for that thou didst loath to keep virtuous things in thy mind. What was bad thou couldst retain but what was good thou couldst not abide to think of, thou age therefore, and thy pretended craziness, thou makest use of to blind the Court withal, and as a Cloak to cover thy Knavery. But let us hear what the Witnesses have to say for the King against the Prisoner at the Bar, is he guilty of this Indictment, or not?

Hate. My Lord I have heard this *Forget-good* say That he could never abide to think of Goodness, not for a quarter of an Hour.

Cler. Where did thou hear him say so?

Hate. In *All-base-lane*, at a House next Door to the Sign of the Conscience scared with an hot Iron.

Cler.

Cler. Mr. Know-all, *what can you say for our Lord the King, against the Prisoner at the Bar?*

Know. My Lord, I know this Man well, he is a Diabolonian, the Son of a Diabolonian, his Father's Name was Love-nought, and for him, I have often heard him say, That he counted the very Thoughts of Goodness the most burdensome thing in the World.

Cler. *Where have you heard him say these Words?*

Know. In *Flesh-lane*, right opposite to the Church.

Then said the Clerk; Come, Mr. Tell-true, give in your Evidence concerning the Prisoner at the Bar. about that for which he stands here, as you see, Indicted before this honourable Court.

Tell. My Lord, I have heard him often say, He had rather think of the vilest thing, than of what is contained in the Holy Scriptures.

Cler. *Where did you hear him say such grievous words?*

Tell. Where? in a great many places; particularly in *Nauseous-street*, in the House of one Shameless, and in *Filth-lane*, at the Sign of the Reprobate, next Door to the Descent into the Pit.

Court. Gentlemen, you have heard the Indictment, his Plea, and the testimony of the Witnesses.

Goaler, set Mr. Hard-heart to the Bar.

He is set to the Bar.

Cler. Mr. Hardheart, thou art here indicted by the Name of Hard heart (an intruder upon the Town of Mansoul) for that thou didst most desperately and wickedly possess the Town of Mansoul with impenitency and obduracy, and didst keep them from remorse and sorrow for their evils, all the time of their apostasy from, and rebellion against the blessed King Shaddai. What sayest thou to this Indictment, art thou guilty, or not guilty?

Hard. My Lord, I never knew what remorse or sorrow meant in all my Life: I am impenetrable, I care for no Man; nor can I be pierced with Men's grief; their groans will not enter into my Heart; whomever I mischief, whomever I wrong, to me it is Musick, when to others Mourning.

Court. You see the Man is a right Diabolonian, and has

has convicted himself. Set him by, Goaler, and set Mr. False-peace to the Bar.

False-peace set to the Bar.

Mr. False peace, Thou art here indicted by the Name of False-peace (an intruder upon the Town of Mansoul) for that thou did most wickedly and satannically bring, bold, and keep the Town of Mansoul, both in her apostasy, and in her hellish rebellion, in a false, groundless, and dangerous peace, and damnable security, to the dishonour of the King, the transgression of his Law, and the great Damage of the Town of Mansoul. What sayest thou, are thou guilty of this Indictment, or not?

Then said Mr. False peace, Gentlemen, and you now appointed to be my Judges, I acknowledge that my Name is Mr. Peace, but that my Name is *False-peace*,

I utterly deny. If your Honours should please to send for any that do intimately know me, or for the Midwife that laid my Mother of me, or for the Gossips that were at my Christening; they will any, or all of them prove that my Name is *not False-peace*, but *Peace*. Wherefore I cannot plead to this Indictment, for as much as my name is not inserted therein, and as is my *true* name, so also are my conditions. I was always a Man that loved to live at quiet, and what I loved myself, that I thought others might love also. Wherefore when I saw any of my neighbours to labour under a disquieted mind, I endeavoured to help them what I could; and instances of this good temper of mine, many I could give: As,

1. When at the beginning our Town of Mansoul did decline the ways of *Shaddai*, they some of them afterwards began to have disquieting reflections upon themselves for what they had done; but I, as one troubled to see them disquieted, presently sought out means to get them quiet again.

2. When the ways of the old World, and of *Sodom*, were in fashion; if any thing happened to molest those that were for the customs of the present times, I laboured to make them quiet again, and to cause them to act without molestation.

3. To

3. To come nearer home, when the Wars fell out between *Shaddai* and *Diabolus*, if at any time I saw any of the Town of *Mansoul* afraid of destruction, I often used by some way, device, invention or other, to labour to bring them to peace again. Wherefore since I have been always the Man of so virtuous a temper, as some say a Peace-maker is, and if a Peace-maker be so deserving a Man as some have been bold to attest he is; then let me, Gentlemen, be accounted by you, who have a great Name for Justice and Equity in *Mansoul*, for a Man that deserveth not this inhumane way of treatment, but Liberty, and also a Licence to seek damage of those that have been my Accusers.

Then said the Clerk, Cryer, *make Proclamation.*

Cryer. O yes, for as much as the Prisoner at the Bar hath denied his Name to be that which is mentioned in the Indictment, the Court requireth that if there be any in this place that can give information to the Court of the original and right name of the Prisoner, they would come forth and give in their Evidence; for the Prisoner stands upon his own innocence.

Then came two into the Court, and desired that they might have leave to speak what they knew concerning the Prisoner at the Bar; the Name of the one was *Search-truth*, and the Name of the other *Vouch-truth*: So the Court demanded of these Men, if they knew the Prisoner, and what they could say concerning him, for he stands, said they, upon his own Vindication.

Then said Mr. *Search-truth*, My Lord, Court, Hold, give him his Oath, then they swore him. So he proceeded.

Search. My Lord, I know, and have known this man from a child, and can attest that his name is *False-peace*. I knew his Father, his name was Mr. *Flatterer*, and his Mother, before she was married, was called by the name of Mrs. *Sooty-up*; and these two, when they came together, lived not long without this Son, and when he was born, they called his name *False-peace*. I was his play-fellow, only I was somewhat older than he; and when his Mother did use to call him home from his play, she used to say, *False-peace, False-peace, come home quick,*

or I'll fetch you. Yea, I knew him when he sucked ; and though I was then but little, yet I can remember that when his Mother did use to sit at the door with him, or did play with him in her arms, she would call him twenty times together, my little *False-peace*, my pretty *False-peace*, and O my sweet Rogue *False-peace* ; and again, O my little bird *False-peace* ; and how do I love my Child ! The Gossips also know it is thus, tho' he has had the Face to deny it in open Court.

Then Mr. *Vouch-truth* was called upon to speak what he knew of him. So they sware him.

Then said Mr. *Vouch-truth*, My Lord, all that the former Witness hath said, is true ; his Name is *False-peace*, the Son of Mr. *Fatterer*, and Mrs. *Sooth-up* his Mother. And I have in former times seen him angry with those that called him any thing else but *False-peace*, for he would say that all such did mock and nickname him, but this was in the time when Mr. *False-peace* was a great Man, and when the *Diabolomians* were the brave Men in *Mansoul*.

Court, Gentlemen, you have heard what these two Men have sworn against the Prisoner at the Bar : And now Mr. *False-peace* to you, you have denied your name to be *False-peace*, yet you see that these honest Men have sworn that this is your name. As to your Plea, in that you are quite besides the matter of your Indictment, you are not by it charged for evil doing, because you are a Man of Peace, or a Peace-maker among your Neighbours ; but for that you did wickedly and satanically bring, keep, and hold the Town of *Mansoul*, both under its apostasy from, and in its Rebellion against its King, in a false, lying, and damnable Peace, contrary to the Law of *Shaddai*, and to the hazard of the destruction of the then miserable Town of *Mansoul* : All that you have pleaded for yourself is, that you have ceased your Name, &c. But here you see we have Witnesses to prove that you are the Man.

For the Peace that you so much boast of making among your Neighbours, know that Peace that is not a Companion of Truth and Holiness, but that which is

without

without this Foundation, is grounded upon a Lye, and is both deceitful and damnable; as also the great Shaddai hath said: thy Plea therefore has not delivered thee from what by thy Indictment thou art charged with, but rather it doth fasten all upon thee.

But thou shalt have very fair play, let us call the Witnesses that are to testify, as to matters of fact, and see what they have to say for our Lord the King against the Prisoner at the Bar?

Cler. Mr. Know-all, what say you for our Lord the King, against the Prisoner at the Bar?

Know. My Lord, this Man hath for a long time made it, to my Knowledge, his business to keep the Town of Mansoul in a sinful quietness, in the midst of all her Leudness, Filthiness and Turmoils, and hath said, and that in my hearing, Come, come, let us fly from all trouble, on what ground soever it comes, and let us be for a quiet and peaceable Life, though it wanteth a good Foundation.

Cler. Come Mr. Hate-lies, what have you to say?

Hate. My Lord, I have heard him say, that Peace, though in a way of Unrighteousness, is better than Trouble with Truth.

Cler. Where did you hear him say this?

Hate. I heard him say it in Folly-yard, at the House of one Mr. Simple, next door to the Sign of the Self-deceiver. Yea, he hath said this to my Knowledge Twenty times in that place.

Cler. We may spare farther Witness, this Evidence is plain and full. Set him by Goaler, and

Let Mr. No-truth to the Bar. Mr. No-truth, thou art here Indicted by the Name of

No-truth, (an Intruder upon the Town of Mansoul) for that thou hast always, to the dishonour of Shaddai, and the endangering of the utter ruin of the famous Town of Mansoul, set thyself to deface, and utterly to spoil all the remainders of the Law and Image of Shaddai, that have been found in Mansoul, after her deep apostacy from her King, Diabolus, that envious Tyrant. What sayest thou, art thou guilty of this Indictment, or not?

No-truth. Not guilty, my Lord.

Then the Witnesses were called, and *Mr. Know-all* did first give in his Evidence against him.

Know. My Lord, this Man was at the pulling down of the Image of *Shaddai*; yea, this is he that did it with his own Hands. I myself stood by and saw him do it, and he did it at the Commandment of *Diabolus*. Yea, this *Mr. No-truth* did more than this, he did also set up the horned Image of the beast *Diabolus*, in the same place. This also is he that at the bidding of *Diabolus* did rend and tear, and cause to be consumed all that he could of the remainders of the Law of the King, even whatever he could lay his hands on in *Mansoul*.

Cler. Who saw him do this besides yourself?

Hate. I did, my Lord, and so did many others beside: for this was not done by stealth, or in a corner, but in the open view of all, yea, he chose himself to do it publickly, for he delighted in the doing of it.

Cler. *Mr. No-truth*, how could you have the face to plead not guilty, when you were so manifestly the doer of all this Wickedness?

No-tr. Sir, I thought I must say something; and, as my Name is, so I speak: I have been advantaged thereby before now, and did not know but by speaking *No-truth*, I might have reaped the same benefit now.

Cler. Set him by Goaler, and set *Mr. Pityless* to the Bar. *Mr. Pityless*, thou art here indicted by the Name of *Pityless*, (an intruder upon the Town of *Mansoul*) for that thou didst most treacherously and wickedly shut up all Bowels of Compassion, and would not suffer poor *Mansoul* to condole her own misery, when she had apostatized from her rightful King, but didst evade, and at all times turn her mind away from those Thoughts that had in them a tendency to lead her to repentance. What sayest thou to this Indictment? Guilty or not guilty?

Not guilty of *Pitylessness*, all I did was to *Cheer-up*, according to my Name, for my Name is not *Pityless* but *Cheer-up*; and I could not abide to see *Mansoul* incline to *Melancholy*.

Clerk. How! do you deny your Name, and say it is not Pity-

Pityless, but Chear-up? Call for the Witness; What say you the Witnesses to this Plea?

Know. My Lord, his Name is Pityless; so he hath wrote himself in all Papers of Concern, wherein he has had to do. But these Diabolonians love to counterfeit their Names: Mr. Covetousness covers himself with the Name of good Husbandry, or the like; Mr. Pride can, when need is, call himself Mr. Neat, Mr. Handsome, or the like, and so of all the rest of them.

Cler. Mr. Tell-true, what say you?

Tell. His Name is Pityless my Lord; I have known him from a Child, and he hath done all that Wickedness whereof he stands charged in the Indictment; but there is a Company of them that are not acquainted with the danger of Damning, therefore they call all those Melancholy that have serious Thoughts how that State should be shunned by them.

Cler. Set Mr. Haughty to the Bar, Goaler. Mr. Haughty, Thou art here Indicted by the Name of Haughtiness, (an Intruder upon the Town of Mansoul) for that thou didst most Trayterously and Devilishly teach the Town of Mansoul, to carry it loftily and stoutly against the Summons that were given them by the Captains of the King Shaddai. Thou didst also teach the Town of Mansoul to speak contemptuously and willingly of their great King Shaddai; and didst moreover encourage, both by Words and Examples, Mansoul to take up Arms both against the King, and his Son Emanuel. How sayest thou, art thou guilty of this Indictment, or not?

Haugh. Gentlemen, I have always been a Man of Courage and Valour, and have not used, when under the greatest Clouds, to sneak or hang down the Head like a Bulrush; nor did it at all at any time please me to see Men veil their Bonnets to those that have opposed them. Yea, though their Adversaries seemed to have ten times the advantage of them. I did not use to consider who was my Foe, nor what the cause was in which I was engaged. 'Twas enough to me if I carried it bravely, Fought like a Man, and came off a Victor.

Court. Mr. Haughty, you are not here Indicted for

that you have been a Valiant Man, not for your courage and stoutness in times of Distress, but for that you have made use of this your pretended Valour to draw the Town of Mansoul into Acts of Rebellion both against the great King and Emanuel his Son. This is the Crime, and the thing wherewith thou art charged in and by the Indictment. But he made no answer to that.

Now when the Court had thus far proceeded against the Prisoners at the Bar, then they put them over to the Verdict of their Jury, to whom they did apply themselves after this manner.

Court. Gentlemen of the Jury, you have been here, and have seen these Men; you have heard their Indictments, their Pleas, and what the Witnesses have testified against them: Now what remains, is, that you do forthwith withdraw yourselves to some place, where without confusion you may consider of what Verdict in a way of truth and righteousness you ought to bring in for the King against them, and so bring it in accordingly.

Then the Jury, to wit, Mr. Belief, Mr. True-heart, Mr. Upright, Mr. Hate-bad, Mr. Love-good, Mr. See-truth, Mr. Heavenly-mind, Mr. Moderate, Mr. Thankful, Mr. Humble, Mr. Good-work, and Mr. Zeal-for-God withdrew themselves, in order to their Work. Now when they were shut up by themselves, they fell to discourse among themselves in order to the drawing up of their Verdict.

And thus Mr. Belief (for he was the Foreman) began: Gentlemen, quoth he, for the Men, the Prisoners at the Bar, for my part I believe that they all deserve Death. Very right, said Mr. True-heart, I am wholly of your Opinion: O what a Mercy is it, said Mr. Hate-bad, that such Villains as these are apprehended! Ay, Ay, said Mr. Love-good, this is one of the joyfullest Days that ever I saw in my Life. Then said Mr. See-truth, I know that if we judge them to Death, our Verdict shall stand before Shaddai himself. Nor do I at all question it, said Mr. Heavenly-mind; he said moreover, when all such beasts as these are cast out of Mansoul, what a goodly Town will it be then? Then said

said Mr. Moderate, *It is not my manner to pass my Judgment with rashness, but for these their Crimes are so notorious, and the Witness so palpable, that that Man must be wilfully blind, who sayest the Prisoners ought not to Die.* Blessed be God, said Mr. Thankful, *that the Traytors are in safe Custody.* And I join with you in this, upon my bare Knees, said Mr. Humble. I am glad also, said Mr. Good-work. Then said the warm Man and true-hearted Mr. Zeal-for-God, *Cut them off, they have been the plague, and sought the Destruction of Mansoul.*

Thus therefore being all agreed in their Verdict, they came instantly into the Court.

Clerk. Gentlemen of the Jury, answer all to your Names; Mr. Belief, One: Mr. True-heart, Two: Mr. Upright, Three: Mr. Hate-bad, Four: Mr. Love-good, Five: Mr. See-truth, Six: Mr. Heavenly-mind, Seven: Mr. Moderate, Eight: Mr. Thankful, Nine: Mr. Humble, Ten: Mr. Good-work, Eleven: And Mr. Zeal-for-God, Twelve: Good Men, and true, stand together in your Verdict; are you all agreed?

Jury. Yes, my Lord.

Clerk. *Who shall speak for you?*

Jury. Our Foreman.

Clerk. You the Gentlemen of the Jury being Impannelled for our Lord the King, to serve here in a matter of Life and Death, have heard the Trials of each of these Men the Prisoners at the Bar: What say you, are they guilty of that, and those Crimes for which they stand here Indicted, or are they not guilty?

Foreman. Guilty, my Lord.

Clerk. Look to your Prisoners, Goaler.

This was done in the Morning, and in the Afternoon they received Sentence of Death according to the Law.

The Goaler therefore having received such a charge, put them all in the inward Prison, to preserve them there till the day of Execution, which was to be the next Morning.

But now to see how it happened, one of the Prisoners, *Incredulity* by Name, in the interim betwixt the Sentence

Incredulity Sentence and time of Execution, broke
breaks Prison. Prison, and made his escape, and gets
 him away quite out of the Town of
Mansoul, and lay lurking in such places and holes as
 he might, until he should again have opportunity to
 do the Town of *Mansoul* a Mischief, for their thus
 handling of him as they did.

Now when Mr. *Trueman* the *Goaler*, perceived that
 he had lost his Prisoner, he was in a heavy taking, be-
 cause *he* that Prisoner we speak of, was the very worst
 of all the Gang: Wherefore first he goes and acquaints
 my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and my Lord *Willbe-*
will with the matter, and to get of them an Order to
 make Search for him throughout the Town of *Mansoul*.
 So an Order he got, and Search was made, but no such
 Man could now be found in all the Town of *Mansoul*.

All that could be gathered was, that he had lurked
 a while about the out-side of the Town, and that here
 and there one or other had a glimpse of him, as he did
 make his escape out of *Mansoul*; one or two also did
 affirm that they saw him without the Town, going a-
 pace quite over the Plain. Now when he was quite
 gone, it was affirmed by one Mr. *Dissee*,
 that he ranged all over dry places, till he
 met with *Diabolus* his Friend; and where
 should they meet one another but upon *Hell-gate-bill*.

But Oh! what a lamentable Story did the Old Gen-
 tleman tell to *Diabolus*, concerning what sad alteration
Emanuel had made in *Mansoul*?

As first, how *Mansoul* had, after some
 delays, received a general Pardon at the
 Hands of *Emanuel*, and that they had in-
 vited him into the Town, and that they
 had given him the Castle for his Possession.

He said moreover, that they had called his Soldiers in-
 to the Town, coveted who should Quarter the most of
 them; they also entertained him with the Timbrel,
 Song, and Dance. But that, said *Incredulity*, that is the
 forest vexation to me, that he hath pulled down, O
 Father, thy Image, and set up his own, pulled down thy

thy Officers, and set up his own. Yea, and *Willbewell*, that Rebel, who, one would have thought, should never have turned from us, he is now in as great Favour with *Emanuel* as ever he was with *thee*. But, besides all this, this *Willbewell* has received a special Commission from his Master to search for, to apprehend, and to put to Death all, and all manner of *Diabolonians*, that he shall find in *Mansoul*: Yea, and this *Willbewell* has taken and committed to Prison already Eight of my Lord's most truly Friends in *Mansoul*. Nay further, my Lord, with grief I speak it, they have been all arraigned, condemned, and, I doubt before this, executed in *Mansoul*. I told my Lord of Eight, and myself was the Ninth, who should assuredly have drunk of the same Cup, but that through craft I have made mine Escape from them.

When *Diabolus* had heard this lamentable Story, he yelled, and snuffed up the Wind like a Dragon, and made the Sky to lock dark with his Roaring: He also swore that he would try to be revenged of *Mansoul* for this. So they concluded to enter into great Consultation how they might get the Town of *Mansoul* again.

Diabolus yells
at this News.

Now before this time the Day was come in which the Prisoners in *Mansoul* were to be executed: *Rom.* viii. xiii. and vi. 12, 13, 14. So they were brought to the Cross, and that by *Mansoul*, in most solemn manner: for the Prince said that this should be done by the hand of the Town of *Mansoul*, that I may see, said he, the forwardness of my now redeemed *Mansoul* to keep my Word, and to do my Commandments; and that I may bless *Mansoul* in doing this Deed, *Gal.* v. 24. Proof of sincerity pleases me well, let *Mansoul* therefore first lay their Hands upon these *Diabolonians* to destroy them.

So the Town of *Mansoul* slew them according to the Word of their Prince: But when the Prisoners were brought to the Cross to die, you can hardly believe what troublesome Work *Mansoul* had of it to put the *Diabolonians* to Death (for the Men knowing that they must die, and all of them having implacable enmity in their

their Heart to *Mansoul*) what did they but took courage as the Cross, and there resisted the Men of the Town of *Mansoul*. Wherefore the Men of *Mansoul* were forced to cry out for help to the Captains and Men of War. Now the great *Shaddai* had a *Secretary* in the Town, and he was a great Lover of the Men of *Mansoul*, and he was at the Place of Execution also; so he hearing the Men of *Mansoul* cry out against the strugglings and the unruliness of the Prisoners, rose up from his place, and came and put his Hands upon the Hands of the Men of *Mansoul*. So they Crucified the *Diabolonians* that had been a plague, a grief, and an offence to the Town of *Mansoul*, Rom. viii. 13.

Now when this good work was done, the Prince came down to see, to visit, and to speak comfortable to the Men of *Mansoul*, and to strengthen their Hands in such work. And he said to them, that by this

Act of theirs he had proved them, and found them to be Lovers of his Person, Observers of his Laws, and such as had also respect to his Honour. He said moreover, (to shew them that they by this should not be losers, nor the Town weakened by the loss of them) that

he would make them another Captain and that of one of themselves. And that this Captain should be the ruler of a Thousand for the good and benefit of the now Flourishing Town of *Mansoul*.

So he called one to him, whose Name was *Waiting*, and bid him go quickly up to the Castle-gate, and enquire there for one Mr. *Experience*, that waiteth upon that noble Captain, the Captain *Credence*, and bid him come hither to me. So the Messenger that waited upon the good Prince *Emanuel*, went and said as he was commanded. Now the young Gentleman was waiting to see the Captain Train and Muster his Men in the Castle-yard. Then said Mr. *Waiting* to him, Sir, the Prince would that you should come down to his Highness forthwith. So he brought him down to *Emanuel*, and

The Prince comes down to congratulate them.

He promises to make them a new Captain.

Experience must be the new Captain.

and he came and made obeisance before him. Now the Men of the Town knew Mr. *Experience* well, for he was born and bred in *Mansoul*; they also knew him to be a Man of Conduct, of Valour, and a Person prudent in matters; he was also a Comely Person, well spoken, and very successful in his Undertakings.

The qualifications of their new Captain.

Wherefore, the Hearts, of the Townsmen were transported with Joy when they saw that the Prince himself was so taken with Mr. *Experience*, that he would needs make him a Captain.

So with one consent they bowed the Knee before *Emanuel*, and with a shout said, *Let Emanuel live for ever*. Then said the Prince to the young Gentleman, whose Name was Mr. *Experience*, I have thought good to confer upon thee a place of Trust and Honour in this my Town of *Mansoul* (then the young Man bowed his Head and Worshiped.) It is, said *Emanuel*, that thou shouldst be a Captain, a Captain over a Thousand Men in my beloved Town of *Mansoul*. Then said the Captain, *Let the King live*. So the Prince gave out Orders forthwith to the King's Secretary, that he should draw up for Mr. *Experience* a Commission to make him a Captain over a Thousand Men, and let it be brought to me, said he, that I may set to my Seal. So it was done as commanded. The Commission was drawn up, brought to *Emanuel*, and he set his Seal thereto. Then by the Hand of Mr. *Waiting*, he sent it away to the Captain.

His Commission sent him.

Now so soon as the Captain had received his Commission, he sounded his Trumpet for Volunteers, and Young Men came to him apace; yea, the greatest and chiefest Men in the Town sent their Sons to be Listed under his Command. Thus Captain *Experience* came under Command to *Emanuel*, of the good of the Town of *Mansoul*. He had for his Lieutenant one Mr. *Skilful*, and for his Cornet one Mr. *Memory*. His under Officers I need not name, 1 Sam. xvii. 36, 37. His Colours were the *White Colours*.

His under Officers.

Colours, for the Town of Mansoul; and the Scutcheon was the *dead Lion*, and the *dead Bear*. So the Prince returned to his Royal Palace again:

Now when he was returned thither the Elders of the Town of Mansoul, to wit, my Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the Lord Willbewill, went to congratulate him, and in special way to thank him for his love, care, and the tender compassion which he shewed to his ever obliged Town of Mansoul. So after a while, and some sweet Communion between them, the Townsmen having solemnly ended their Ceremony, returned to their place again.

Emanuel also appointed them a Day wherein he would renew their Charter, yea wherein he would renew and enlarge it, mending several faults therein, that Mansoul's yoke might be yet more easy, *Heb. viii. 13. Mat. xi.* And this he did without any desire of theirs, even of his own frankness, and noble mind. So when he had sent for and seen their old one, he laid it by, and said, *Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.* He said moreover, the Town of Mansoul shall have another, and a better. An Epitome whereof take as follows.

I Emanuel Prince of Peace, and a great lover of the Town of Mansoul, do in the Name of my Father, and of my own Clemency, give, grant, and bequeath to my beloved Town of Mansoul.

First, Free and full forgiveness of all wrongs, injuries, and offences, done by them against my Father, me, their Neighbours, or themselves, *Heb. viii. Joh. xvii. 8. 14.*

Secondly, I do give them the holy Law, and my Testament, with all therein contained, for their everlasting comfort and consolation, *2 Pet. i. 4. 2 Cor. vii. 1. 1 John i. 16.*

Thirdly, I do also give them a portion of the self-same Grace and Goodness, that dwells in my Father's Heart and mine.

Fourthly, I do give, grant, and bestow upon them freely the World, and what is therein, for their good,

1 Cor.

1 Cor. iii. 21, 22. *And they shall have that power over it, as shall stand with the Honour of my Father, my Glory, and their Comfort, yea, I grant them the benefits of Life and Death, and of things present and things to come. This Privilege, no other City, Town, or Corporation shall have, but my Mansoul only.*

Fifthly, I do give and grant them leave, and free access to me in my Palace at all Seasons, there to make known their wants to me, and I give them moreover a promise that I will hear and redress all their grievances, Heb. x. 19, 20. Matth. vii. 7.

Sixthly, I do give, grant to, and invest the Town of Mansoul, with full Power and Authority to seek out, take, enslave, and destroy all, and all manner of Diabolonions, that at any time, from whence soever shall be found straggling in, or about the Town of Mansoul.

Seventhly, I do further grant to my beloved Town of Mansoul, that they shall have Authority not to suffer any Foreigner or Stranger, or their Seed, to be free in, and of the blessed Town of Mansoul, nor to share in the excellent Privileges thereof. But that all the Grants, Privileges and Immunities that I bestow upon the famous Town of Mansoul, shall be for those the old natives, and true Inhabitants thereof, to them, I say, and to their right Seed after them, Eph. iv. 22. Col. iii. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

But all Diabolonians of what Sort, Birth, Country, or Kingdom soever, shall be debarred a share therein.

So when the Town of Mansoul had received their gracious Charter, (which in itself is infinitely more large) they carried it to Audience, that is to the Market-place, and there Mr. Recorder read in the presence of all the People, 2 Cor. iii. 5. Jer. xxxi. 33. Heb. viii. 10. This being done, it was had back to the Castle-gates; and there fairly engraven upon the Doors thereof, and laid in Letters of Gold, to the end that the Town of Mansoul, with all the People thereof, might have it always in their view, or might go where they might see what a blessed freedom their Prince had bestowed upon them, that their Joy might be increased in

Their Charter
set upon their
Castle-gates.

in themselves, and their love renewed to their great and good *Emanuel*.

But what joy! what comfort! what consolation, think you, did now possess the Hearts of the Men of *Manfoul*; the Bells rung, the Minstrels played, the People danced, the Captains shouted, the Colours waved in the Wind, and the Silver Trumpets sounded, and all the *Diabolonians* now were glad to, hide their Heads.

When this was over, the Prince sent for the Elders of *Manfoul*, and communed with them about a Ministry he intended to establish among them; such a Ministry that might open unto them, and instruct them in the things that did concern their present and future State.

For, said he, You of yourselves, without you have Teachers and Guides, will not be able to *know*, and if not to know, to be sure not to do the Will of my Father, *Jer. x. 23. 1 Cor. ii. 14.*

At this news, when the Elders of *Manfoul* brought it to the People, the whole Town came running together (for it pleased them well as whatever the Prince now did, pleased the People) and all with one consent implored his Majesty, that he would forthwith establish such a Ministry among them, as might teach them both Law and Judgment; Statute and Commandment; that they might be documented in all good and wholesome things. So he told them he would grant their Requests; and would establish two among them, one that was of his Father's Court, and one that was a Native of *Manfoul*.

He that is from the Court, said he, is a Person of no less quality and dignity than my Father and I, *2 Pet. i. 21. 1 Cor. ii. 10. Job. i. 1. Job. v. 7.* And he is the Lord Chief Secretary of my Father's House, for he is, and always has been the Chief Dictator of all my Father's Laws, a Person well skilled in all Mysteries, and knowledge of Mysteries as is my Father, or as myself is. Indeed he is one with us in Nature, and as to loving of, and being faithful to, and in the eternal concerns of the Town of *Manfoul*. And

And this is he, said the Prince, that must be your chief Teacher: For 'tis he, and he only that can teach you clearly in all high and supernatural things. He and he only it is, that knows the ways and methods of my Father's Court, nor can any like him shew how the heart of my Father is at all times, in all things, upon all occasions towards *Mansoul*, (for as no Man knows the things of a Man, but that Spirit of a Man which is in him, *Jab. xiv. 26. Ch. xvi. 13. 1 Job. ii. 27.* So the things of my Father knows no Man but this his high and mighty *Secretary*. Nor can any (as he) tell *Mansoul* how and what they shall do, to keep themselves in the love of my Father.) He also it is that can bring lost things to your remembrance, and that can tell you things to come. This Teacher therefore must of necessity have the preheminance (both in our affections and Judgment) before your other Teacher; his personal dignity, the excellency of his teaching, also the great dexterity that he hath to help you to make and draw up Petitions to my Father for your help, and to his pleasing, must lay Obligations upon you to love him, fear him, and to take heed that you grieve him not, *1 Thes. i. 5. 6.*

This Person can put Life and Vigour into all he says; yea, and can also put it into your Heart, *Acts xxi. 10. 11.* This Person can make Seers of you, and can make you tell what shall be hereafter, *Jud. v. 20. Eph. vi. 18. Rom. viii. 16. Rev. ii. 7, 11, 17, 29. Eph. iv. 30. Isa. lxiii. 10.* By this Person you must frame all your Petitions to my Father and me; and without his Advice, and Counsel first obtained, let nothing enter into the Town or Castle of *Mansoul*, for that may disgust and grieve this noble Person.

Take heed, I say, that you do not grieve this Minister, for if you do, he may fight against you; and should he once be moved by you, to set himself against you, against you in Battle Array, that will distress you more than if twelve Legions should from my Father's Court be sent to make War upon you.

But

But (as I said) if you shall hearken unto him and shall love him; if you shall devote yourselves to his teaching, and shall seek to have converse, and to maintain Communion with him, you shall find him Ten times better than is the whole World to any: 1 Cor. xiii. 14. Rom. v. 5. Yea, he will shed abroad the love of my Father in your Hearts, and *Mansoul* will be the wisest, and most blessed of all People.

Then did the Prince call unto him the Old Gentleman, who afore had been the *Recorder* of *Mansoul*, Mr. *Conscience* by Name, and told him, that forasmuch as he was well skilled in the Law and Government of the Town of *Mansoul*, and was also well spoken, and could pertinently deliver to them his Master's Will in all terrene and domestick Matters, therefore he would also make him a Minister for, in, and to the goodly Town of *Mansoul*, in all the Laws, Statutes, and Judgments of the famous Town of *Mansoul*. And thou must (said the Prince) confine thyself to the teaching of Moral Virtues, to the Civil and Natural Duties, but thou must not attempt to presume to be a Revealer of those high and supernatural Mysteries that are kept close in the bosom of *Shaddai* my Father, for those things know no Man, nor can any reveal them but my Father's *Secretary* only.

Thou art a Native of the Town of *Mansoul*, but the Lord *Secretary* is a Native with my Father; wherefore as thou hast knowledge of the Laws and Customs of the Corporation, so he of the things and will of my Father.

Wherefore, Oh! Mr. *Conscience*, although I have made thee Minister and a Preacher to the Town of *Mansoul*, yet as to the things which the Lord *Secretary* knoweth, and shall teach to this People, there thou must be his Scholar, and a Learner, even as the rest of *Mansoul* are.

Thou must therefore in all high and supernatural things, go to him for Information; for though there be a Spirit in Man, this Person's inspiration must give him understanding, Job xxxiii. 8. Wherefore, Oh! thou Mr. *Recorder*, be humble, and remember that the *Di-*

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abolonians, that kept not their first charge, but left their own standing, are now made Prisoners in the Pit ; be therefore content with thy Station.

I have made thee my Father's Vicegerent on Earth, in such things of which I have made mention before. And take thou power to teach them to *Mansoul*, yea, and to impose them with Whips and Chastisements, if they shall not willingly hearken to do thy Commandments.

His Power
in Mansoul.

And Mr. *Recorder*, because thou art old and feeble, therefore I give thee leave and license to go when thou wilt to my Fountain, my Conduit, and there to drink freely of the Blood of my Grape, for my Conduit doth always run Wine, *Heb. ix. 14*. Thus doing, thou shalt drive from thy Heart and Stomack all foul, gross, and hurtful Humours. It will also lighten thine Eyes, and strengthen thy memory for the reception and keeping of all that the King's most noble *Secretary* teacheth.

When the Prince had thus put Mr. *Recorder* (that once so was) into the place and office of a Minister of *Mansoul*; and the Man had thankfully accepted thereof, then did *Emanuel* address himself to the Townsmen themselves.

Behold (said the Prince to *Mansoul*) my love and care towards you, I have added to all that is past, this mercy ; to appoint you Preachers, the most noble *Secretary* to teach you in all sublime Mysteries ; and this Gentleman (pointing to Mr. *Conscience*) is to teach you in all things human and domestick, for therein lyeth his work. He is not, by what I have said, debarred of telling to *Mansoul* any thing that he hath heard from the Lord high *Secretary* ; only he shall not attempt to presume to pretend to be a reveler of those high Mysteries himself ; for the breaking of them up, and the discovery of them to *Mansoul*, lieth only in the power, authority, and skill of the Lord High *Secretary* himself. Talk of them he may, and so may the rest of the Town of *Mansoul* as occasion gives them opportunity, press

The Prince's
Speech to Man-
soul.

A Licence to
Mansoul.

• them

• them upon each other for the benefit of the whole.
 • These things I would have you observe and do, for it
 • is for your Life, and the Lengthening of your Days.

• And one thing more to my beloved Town of *Mansoul*;
 • *soul*; you must not dwell in, nor stay upon any thing
 • of that which he hath in Commission to teach you
 • as to your trust and expectation of the next World
 • (of the next World (I say) for I propose to give ano-
 • ther to *Mansoul*, when this with them is worn out
 • but for that you must wholly and solely have recourse
 • to, and make stay upon this Doctrine, that is your
 • Teacher after the first order. Yea, Mr. *Recorder* him-
 • self must not look for Life from that which he him-
 • self revealeth; his dependance for that must be found
 • ed in the Doctrine of the other Preachers. Let Mr
 • *Recorder* also take heed, that he receive not any Doc-
 • trine or Point of Doctrine, that is not communica-
 • ted to him by his superior Teacher, nor yet within
 • the Precincts of his own formal knowledge.'

Now after the Prince had thus settled things in the
 famous Town of *Mansoul*, he proceeded to give the
 Elders of the Corporation a necessary caution, to wit

He gives them
 caution about
 the Captains.

how they should carry it to the noble
 Captains that he had, from his Father
 Court, sent or brought with him to the
 famous Town of *Mansoul*. 'These Cap-

tains, said he, do love the Town of *Mansoul*, and
 they are Men pickt out of abundance, as Men the
 best suit, and that will most faithfully serve in the
 Wars of *Shaddai* against the *Diabolonians* for the
 Preservation of the Town of *Mansoul*. I charge you
 therefore, said he, O ye Inhabitants of the now flourish-
 ing Town of *Mansoul*, that you carry it not un-
 towardly to my Captains or their Men; since they
 are pickt and choice Men. Men chosen out of man-
 for the good of the Town of *Mansoul*. I say,
 charge you, that you carry it not untowardly to them
 for tho' they have the hearts and faces of Lions, who
 at any time they shall be called forth to engage a-
 fight with the King's Foes, and the Enemies of the

Town

• Town of *Mansoul*; yet a little discountenance cast
 • upon them from the Town of *Mansoul*, will deject
 • and cast down their faces, will weaken and take a-
 • way their courage. Do not therefore carry it un-
 • kindly to my valiant Captains, and courageous Men
 • of War, but love them, nourish them, succour them,
 • and lay them to your Bosoms, and they will not on-
 • ly fight for you, but cause to fly from you all those
 • *Diabolonians* that seek, and will, if possible, be your
 • utter destruction.

• If therefore any of them should at any time be sick
 • or weak, and so not able to perform that office of
 • love, which with all their Hearts they are willing to
 • do (and will do also when well and in health) *Heb.*
 • xii. 12. *IJa.* xxxv. 3. slight them not, nor despise them,
 • but rather strengthen them, and encourage them, tho'
 • weak and ready to die, for they are your sence, and
 • your guard, your walls, your gates, your locks, and
 • your bars, *Rev.* iii. 2. *1 Thes.* v. 14. And altho' when
 • they are weak they can do but little, but rather need
 • to be helped by you, (than that you should then ex-
 • pect great things from them) yet when well, you
 • know what Exploits, what Feats of Warlike At-
 • chievements they are able to do, and will perform
 • for you.

• Besides, if they be weak, thy Town of *Mansoul* can-
 • not be strong; if they be strong, than *Mansoul* can-
 • not be weak: Your safety therefore doth lie in their
 • health, and in your countenancing of them. *Re-*
 • member also, that if they be sick, they catch that *Dis-*
 • ease of the Town of *Mansoul* itself.

• These things I have said unto you, because I love
 • your welfare, and your honour: Observe therefore,
 • Oh my *Mansoul*, to be punctual in all things that I
 • have given in charge unto you, and that not only as
 • a Town corporate, and so to your Officers and Guard
 • and Guides in chief, but to you as you are a People
 • whose well-being, as single Persons, depends on the
 • observation of the Orders and Commandments of their
 • Lord. Next, Oh my *Mansoul*, I warn you of that
 • of

A Caution about the Diabolonians that yet remain in Mansoul.

of which, notwithstanding that Reformation that at present is wrought among you, you have need to be warned about; wherefore hearken diligently unto me, I am now sure, and you will know hereafter, that there are yet some *Diabolonians* remaining in the Town of *Mansoul*; *Diabolonians*; that are sturdy and implacable, and that do already while I am with you, and that will yet more when I am from you, study, plot, contrive, invent; and jointly attempt to bring you to Desolation, and so to a state far worse than that of *Egyptian* Bondage; they are the avowed Friends of *Diabolus*, therefore look about you, *Matt. vii. 21, 22.* They used therefore to lodge with their Prince in the Castle, when *Incredulity* was Lord Mayor of this Town, but since my coming hither, they lie more in the Out-sides, and Walls, and have made themselves Dens, and Caves, and Holes, and strong Holds therein, *Rom. vii. 18.* Wherefore, Oh *Mansoul*! thy Work as to this, will be so much the more difficult and hard; that is, to take, mortify, and put them to Death, according to the Will of my Father. Nor can you utterly rid yourselves of them, unless you should pull down the Walls of your Town, the which I am by no means willing you should. Do you ask me, *What shall we then do?* Why, be you diligent, and quit you like Men; observe their Holds, find out their Haunts, assault them, and make no Peace with them: Where ever they haunt, lurk, or abide, and what terms of Peace soever they offer you, abhor; and all shall be well betwixt you and me. And that you may the better know them from those that are the Natives of *Mansoul*, I will give you this brief Schedule of the Names of the chief of them; and they are these that follow: The Lord *Fornication*, the Lord *Adultery*, the Lord *Murder*, the Lord *Anger*, the Lord *Lasciviousness*, the Lord *Deceit*, the Lord *Evil-eye*, Mr. *Drunkenness*, Mr. *Revelling*, Mr. *Idolatry*, Mr. *Witchcraft*, Mr. *Variance*,

The Names of some of the Diabolonians in Mansoul.

• *Mr. Ennulation, Mr. Wrath, Mr. Strife, Mr. Sedition, and Mr. Heresie.* These are some of the chief, O Mansoul! of those that will seek to overthrow thee for ever: These, I say, are the *Skulkers* in Mansoul, but look well into the Law of thy King, and thou shalt find their *Physiognomy*, and such other characteristical notes of them, by which they may be known.

• These, O my Mansoul, (and I would gladly that you should certainly know it) if they be suffered to run and range about the Town as they would, would quickly, like Vipers, eat out your Bowels, yea poison your Captains, cut the sinews of your Soldiers, break the Bars and Bolts of your Gates, and turn your now most flourishing Mansoul, into a barren and desolate Wilderness and ruinous Heap. Wherefore that you may take courage to yourselves to apprehend these Villains wherever you find them, *I give to you my Lord Mayor, my Lord Willbewill*

• *and Mr. Recorder, with all the Inhabitants of the Town of Mansoul, full power and commission to seek out, to take,*

A Commission to destroy the Diabolonians.

• *and to cause to be put to death by the Cross, all manner of Diabolonians, wherever you shall find them lurk within, or without the Walls of the Town of Mansoul.*

• I told you before that I had placed a standing Ministry among you, not that you have but these with you, for my four first Captains who came against the Master and Lord of the *Diabolonians* that was in Mansoul, they can; and (if need be) if they be required, will not only privately inform, but publickly preach to the Corporation, both good and wholesome Doctrine; Yea, they will set up a weekly, yea, if need be, a daily Lecture in thee, Oh Mansoul! and will instruct thee in such profitable Lessons, that if needed, will do thee good at the end. And take good heed that you spare not the Men that you have a Commission to take and crucify.

• Now as I have set out before your Eyes the Vagrants and Runagates by Name, so

A Caution.

I will tell you, that among yourselves some of them shall creep in to beguile you, even such as would seem, and that in appearance are very wise and hot for Religion. And they, if you watch not, will do you a mischief, such an one as you do not think of. These will shew themselves to you in another hue than those under the Description before. Wherefore watch and be sober, and suffer not thyself to be betrayed.

When the Prince had thus far new modelled the Town of Mansoul, and had instructed them in such matters as were profitable for them to know; then he appointed another Day, in which he intended, when the Townsfolk came together, to bestow a further Badge of Honour upon the Town of Mansoul. A Badge that should distinguish them from all the People, Kindreds and Tongues, that dwell in the Kingdom of Universe. Now it was not long before the Day appointed was come, and the Prince and the People met in the King's Place, where first Emanuel made a short Speech unto them, and then did for them as he had said, and unto them as he had promised.

My Mansoul, said he, that which I now His Speech am about to do, is to make you known to the to Mansoul. World to be mine, and so distinguish you also in your own Eyes, from all false Traytors that may creep in among you.

Then he commanded that those that waited upon him should go and bring forth out of his Treasury, those white glittering Robes, that I, said he, have provided and laid up in store for my Mansoul. So the white Garments were fetched and laid forth to the Eyes of the People, Rev. xix. 8. Moreover, it was granted to them that they should take them and put them on. So the People were put into white, into fine Linnen, white and clean.

Then said the Prince unto them, This, O Mansoul, is my Livery, and the Badge by which mine are known from the Servants of others. Yea, it is that which I grant

grant to all that are mine, and without which no Man is permitted to see my Face. Wear them therefore for my sake who gave them unto you : and also if you would be known by the World to be mine.

But now ! can you think how Mansoul shone ? It was fair as the Sun, clear as the Moon, and terrible as an Army with Banners.

The Prince added further, and said, *No Prince, Potentate, or mighty one of Universe, giveth this Livery but myself : Behold therefore, as I said before, you shall be known by it to be mine.*

And now, said he, I have given you my Livery, let me give you also in commandment concerning them :

And be sure that you take good heed to my Words.

First, *Wear them daily, Day by Day, lest you should at some times appear to others, as if you were none of mine, Eccl. ix. 8.*

Secondly, *Keep them always white, for if they be soiled, 'tis Dishonour to me, Rev. iii. 2.*

Thirdly, *Wherefore gird them up from the Ground, and let them not be soiled with dust or dirt.*

Fourthly, *Take heed that you lose them not, lest you walk naked and they see your shame.*

Fifthly, *But if you should sully them, if you should defile them (the which I am unwilling you should, and the Prince Diabolus will be glad if you would) Rev. vii. 15, 16, 17. Then speed to do that which is written in my Law that yet you may stand, and not fall before me, and before my Throne, Luke xxi. 36. Also this is the way to cause that I may not leave you nor forsake you while here, but dwell in this Town of Mansoul for ever.*

And now was Mansoul, and the Inhabitants of it as the Signet upon Emanuel's Right-hand ; where was there now a Town, a City, a Corporation that could compare with Mansoul ! A Town redeemed from the Hand, and from the Power of Diabolus ! A Town that the King Shaddai loved, and that he sent Emanuel to regain from the Prince of the Infernal Cave ; yea, a Town that Emanuel loved to dwell in, and that he chose for his

The Glorious state of Mansoul.

Royal Habitation; a Town that he fortified for himself, and made strong by the force of his Army. What shall I say? *Mansoul* has now a most excellent Prince, Golden Captains and Men of War, Weapons proved, and Garments as white as Snow. Nor are these Benefits to be counted little, but great; can *Mansoul* esteem them so, and improve them to that end and purpose, for which they are bestowed upon them?

When the Prince had thus compleated the modelling of the Town, to shew that he had great delight in the Works of his hands, and took pleasure in the good that he had wrought for the famous and flourishing *Mansoul*, he commanded, and they set his Standard upon the Battlements of the Castle. And then,

First, He gave them frequent Visits, not a Day now but the Elders of *Mansoul* must come to him (or he to them) into his Palace, 2 Cor. vi. 16. Now they must walk and talk together of all the great things that he had done, and yet further promised to do for the Town of *Mansoul*. Thus would he often do with the Lord Mayor, my Lord *Willberwill*, and the honest subordinate Preacher Mr. *Conscience*, and Mr. *Recorder*. But Oh! how graciously! how lovingly! how courteously! and tenderly did this blessed Prince carry it towards the Town of *Mansoul*! in all the Streets, Gardens, Orchards, and other places where he came, to be sure the Poor should have his Blessing and Benediction; Yea, he would kiss them, and if they were ill, he would lay hands on them, and make them well. The Captains also he would daily, yea sometimes hourly encourage with his Presence and goodly Words. For, you must know that a smile from him upon them, would put more Vigour, Life and Stoutness into them than any thing else under Heaven.

The Prince would now also feast them, and be with them continually; hardly a Week would pass but a Banquet must be had betwixt him and them, 1 Cor. v. 8. You may remember that some Pages before, we made mention of one Feast that they had together, but now so feast them was a thing more common; every Day

with

with *Manfoul* was a Feast-day now. Nor did he, when they returned to their places, send them empty away, either they must have a Ring, a Gold-chain, a Bracelet, a white Stone, or something; so dear was *Manfoul* to him now, so lovely was *Manfoul* in his Eyes.

A Token of Marriage.

A Token of Honour.

A Token of Beauty.

A Token of Pardon.

Secondly, When the Elders and Townsmen did not come to him, he would send in much plenty of provision upon them; Meat that came from Court, Wine and Bread that were prepared for his Father's Table: Yea, such Delicacies would he send unto them, and therewith would he cover their Table, that whoever saw it, confessed that the like could not be seen in any Kingdom.

Thirdly, If *Manfoul* did not frequently visit him as he desired they should, he would walk out to them, knock at their Doors, and desire entrance, that Amity might be maintained betwixt them and him; if they did hear and open to him, as commonly they would if they were at home, then would he renew his former Love, and confirm it to, with some new Tokens, and Signs of continued Favour, Rev. iii. 20. Cant. v. 2.

And was it not now amazing to behold, that in that very place where sometimes *Diabolus* had his Abode, and entertained the *Diablonatus*, to the almost utter destruction of *Manfoul*, the Prince of Princes should sit eating and drinking with them, while all his mighty Captains, Men of War, Trumpeters, with the Singing Men and Singing Women of his Father, stood round about to wait upon them! Now *Manfoul's* Cup runneth over, now did her

Manfoul's Glory.

Conduits run sweet Wine, now did she eat the finest of the Wheat, and drink Milk and Honey out of the Rock! Now she said, how great is his goodness! For since I found Favour in his Eyes, how honourable have I been!

The blessed Prince did also ordain a new Officer in the Town, Col. iii. 15. And a goodly Person he was, his Name was Mr. *God's-peace*; this Man was set over my Lord *Willbewill*, my Lord *Mayor*, Mr. *Recorder*, the subordinate Preacher, Mr. *Mind*, and over all the

Natives of the Town of *Mansoul*. Himself was not a Native of it, but came with the Prince *Emanuel* from the Court. He was a great acquaintance of Captain *Credence*, and Captain *Goodhope*: some say they were kin, and I am of that Opinion too, *Rom. xv. 13*. This Man, as I said, was made Governor of the Town in general specially over the Castle, and Captain *Credence* was to help him there. And I made great Observations of it, that so long as all things went in *Mansoul* as this sweet natured Gentleman would, the Town was in most happy condition. Now there were no Jests, no Childings, no Interferings, no unfaithful doings in all the Town of *Mansoul*; every Man in *Mansoul* kept close to his own Employment. The Gentry, the Officers, the Soldiers,

Holy Conceptions, Good Thoughts,

and all in place observed their Order. And as for the Women and Children of the Town they followed their Business joyfully, they would *work* and *sing* from Morning till Night; so that quite thro' the Town of *Mansoul* now nothing was to be found but Harmony, Quietness, joy and health. And this lasted all that Summer. But there was a Man in the Town

The Story of Mr. Carnal-Security.

of *Mansoul*, and his Name was Mr. *Carnal-Security*, this Man did, after all this Mercy bestowed upon this Corporation bring the Town of *Mansoul* into great and grievous Slavery and Bondage. A brief Account of him, and of his doings, take as followeth

When *Diabolus* at first took Possession of the Town of *Mansoul*, he brought thither with himself, a great number of *Diabolonians*, Men of his own Conditions.

Mr. Self-conceit.

Now among these there was one whose Name was Mr. *Self-conceit*, and a notable brisk Man he was, as any that in those Days did possess the Town of *Mansoul*. *Diabolus* then perceiving this Man to be *active* and *bold*; sent him upon many desperate Designs, the which he managed better, and more to the pleasing of his Lord, than most that came with him from the Dens could do. Wherefore finding him so fit for his purpose, he preferred him, and made him

him next to the great Lord *Willbewill*, of whom we have spoke so much before. Now the Lord *Willbewill* being in those Days very well pleased with him, and with his Atchievements, gave him his Daughter, the Lady *Fear-nothing* to Wife. Carnal - Security's Original.

Now of my Lady *Fear-nothing* did this Mr. *Self-conceit* beget this Gentleman Mr. *Carnal-Security*. Wherefore there being then in *Manfoul* those strange kind of mixtures, 'twas hard for them in some cases, to find out who were Natives, who not; for Mr. *Carnal-Security* sprang from my Lord *Willbewill* by Mother's side, though he had for his Father a *Diabolon* by Nature.

Well, this *Carnal-Security* took much His Qualities, after his Father and Mother, he was *Self-conceited*, he *feared nothing*, he was also a very busy Man; nothing of News, nothing of Doctrine, nothing of Alteration or talk of Alteration could at any time be on Foot in *Manfoul*, but be sure Mr. *Carnal-Security* would be at the Head or Tail of it: But to be sure he would decline those that he deemed the weakest, and stood always with them (in his way of standing) that he supposed was the strongest side.

Now when *Shaddai* the mighty, and *Emanuel* his Son, made War upon *Manfoul* to take it, this Mr. *Carnal-Security* was then in the Town, and was a great Doer among the People, encouraging them in their Rebellion, and putting of them upon hardning of themselves in their resisting of the King's Forces; but when he saw that the Town of *Manfoul* was taken and converted to the use of the glorious Prince *Emanuel*; and when he also saw what was become of *Diabolus*, and how he was unrosted, and made to quit the Castle in the greatest contempt and scorn, and that the Town of *Manfoul* was well lined with Captains, Engines of War, and Men, and also *Provision*, what doth he, but wheel about also; and as he had served *Diabolus* against the good Prince, so he feigned that he would serve the Prince against his Foes.

And having got some little smattering of *Emanuel's* things

things by the end (being bold) he ventures himself into the Company of the Townsmen, and attempts also to chat among them. Now he knew that the Power and Strength of the Town of Mansoul was great, and that it could not but be pleasing to the People, if he cried up their Might and their Glory. Wherefore he be-

How Mr. Carnal-Security begins the misery of Mansoul:

ginneth his Tale with the Power and Strength of Mansoul, and affirmeth that it was impregnable. Now magnifying the Captains and their Slings, and their Rams, then crying up their Fortifications, and strong Holds; and lastly, the Assurance, that they had from their Prince, that Mansoul should be happy for ever. But when he saw that some of the Men of the Town were tickled and taken with this Discourse, he makes it his Business, and walking from Street to Street, House to House, and Man to Man, he brought also Mansoul to dance after his Pipe, and to grow almost as carnally secure as himself; so from talking they went to Feasting, and from Feasting to Spotting; and so to some other matters; (now Emanuel was yet in the Town of Mansoul, and he wisely observed their doings) my Lord Mayor, my Lord Willherwill, and Mr. Recorder, were also taken with the Words of this talking Diabolonian Gentleman; forgetting that their Prince had given them warning before, to take heed that they were not beguiled with any Diabolonian flight; he had further told them, that the security of the now flourishing Town of Mansoul did not so much lye in her present Fortifications and Force, as in her so using of what she had, as might oblige her Emanuel to abide within her castle. For the right Doctrine of Emanuel was, That the Town of Mansoul should take heed that they forget not his Father's Love and his; also that they should so deam themselves as to continue to keep themselves therein. Now this was not the way to do it, namely, to fall in Love with one of the Diabolonians, and with such an one too as Mr. Carnal-Security was, and to be led up and down by the Nose by him: They should have heard their Prince,

Prince, feared their Prince, loved their Prince, and have stoned this *Naughty Pack* to Death, and took care to have walked in the ways of their Prince's prescribing, for then should their Peace have been as a River, when their Righteousness had been like the Waves of the Sea.

Now when Emanuel perceived that through the Policy of Mr. Carnal-Security, the Heart of the Men of Mansoul were chilled and abated in their practical Love to him.

First, he bemoans them, and condoles their State with the Secretary, saying, *O that my People had hearkened unto me, and that Mansoul had walked in my Ways! I would have fed them with the fruit of the Wheat, and with Honey out of the Rock would I have sustained them.* This done, he said in his Heart, *I will return to the Court, and go to my place, till Mansoul shall consider and acknowledge their Offence.* And he did so, and the cause and manner of his going away from them was thus:

Emanuel
bemoans
Mansoul.

The Cause was for that,

First, Mansoul declined him, as is manifest in these Particulars.

1. They left off their former way of visiting of him, they came not to his Royal Palace as afore.
2. They did not regard, nor yet take notice that he came, or came not to visit them.
3. The Love-feasts that had wont to be between their Prince and them, though he made them still, and called them to them, yet they neglected to come at them, or to be delighted with them.

4. They waited not for his Councils, but began to be head-strong and confident in themselves, concluding that now they were strong and invincible, and that Mansoul was secure, and beyond all reach of the Foe, and that her State must needs be unalterable for ever.

Now, as was said, Emanuel perceiving that by the craft of Mr. Carnal-Security the Town of Mansoul was taken off from their dependance upon him, and upon his Father by him, and set upon what by them was be-

flowed upon it: He first, as I said, bemoaned their state; then he used means to make them understand that the way they went on in, was dangerous. For he lent my Lord High *Secretary* to them, to forbid them such ways; but twice when he came to them, he found them at Dinner in Mr. *Carnal-Security's* Parlour, and perceiving also that they were not willing to reason about matters concerning their good, he took grief and went his way. The which when he had told to the Prince *Emanuel*, he was grieved also, and returned to his Father's Court.

They grieve the Holy Ghost and Christ.

Now the methods of his withdrawing, as I was saying before, were thus.

1. Even while he was yet with them in Mansoul, he kept himself close, and more retired than formerly.

2. His Speech was not now, if he came in their Company, so pleasant and familiar as formerly.

3. Nor did he, as in times past, send to Mansoul from his Table those dainty Bits, which he was wont to do.

4. Nor when they came to visit him, as now and then they would, would he be so easily spoken with, as they found him in times past. They might now knock once, yea twice, but he would seem not at all to regard them; whereas formerly he would run, and meet them half way, and take them too, and lay them in his Bosom.

The working of their Affections.

But thus *Emanuel* carried it now, and by this his carriage he sought to make them bethink themselves and return to him. But alas! they did not consider, they did not know his ways, they regarded not, they were not touched with these, nor with the true remembrance of former favours, *Ezek. xi. 21. Hos. v. 15. Lev. xxvi. 21, 22, 23, 24.* Wherefore what does he but in private manner withdraw himself, first from his Palace then to the Gate of the Town, and so away from Mansoul he goes, till they should acknowledge their Offence, and more earnestly seek his Face. Mr. *God's* Grace also laid down his Commission, and would for the present act no longer.

Thus

Thus they walked contrary to him, and he again by way of retaliation, walked contrary to them, *Jer. ii. 32.* But alas! by this time they were so hardened in their way, and had so drunk in the Doctrine of Mr. *Carnal-Security*, that the departing of their Prince touched them not, nor was he remembered by them when gone; and so of consequence his Absence was not condoled by them.

A Trick put upon Mr. *Godly-fear*, he goes to the Feast, and sits there like a Stranger.

Now there was a Day wherein this old Gentleman Mr. *Carnal-Security* did again make a Feast for the Town of *Mansoul*, and there was at that time in the Town one Mr. *Godly-fear*, one now but little set by, tho' formerly one of great request. This Man Old *Carnal-Security* had a mind, if possible, to gull and abuse as he did the rest, and therefore he now bids him to the Feast with his Neighbours. So the Day being come, they prepare, and he goes and appears with the rest of the Guests; and being all set at the Table, they did eat and drink, and were merry, even all but this one Man: For Mr. *Godly-fear* sat like a Stranger, and did neither eat, nor was merry, which when Mr. *Carnal-Security* perceived, he addressed himself in a Speech thus to him.

Mr. *Godly-fear*, Are you not well? You seem to be of ill Body, or Mind, or both. I have a Cordial of Mr. *Forgiveness's* making, which, Sir, if you will take, I hope it may make you bonny and blith, and so make you more fit for we feasting Companions.

Talk betwixt Mr. *Carnal-Security*, and Mr. *Godly-fear*.

Unto whom the good old Gentleman discreetly replied: Sir, I thank you for all things courteous and civil, but for your Cordial I have no list thereto: But a word to the Natives of *Mansoul*: You the Elders and Chief of *Mansoul*, to me it is strange to see you so so-cund and merry, when the Town of *Mansoul* is in such awoful case.

Then said Mr. *Carnal-Security*, You want Sleep, good Sir, I doubt. If you please lie down and take a Nap, and we the mean while will be merry.

Then

Then said Mr. Godly-fear as follows: Sir, if you were not destitute of an honest Heart, you could not do as you have done, and do.

Then said Mr. Carnal-Security, Why?

Godly. Nay, pray interrupt me not. 'Tis true, the Town of Mansoul was strong, and (with a proviso) impregnable; but you have weakened it, and it now lies obnoxious to its Foes; nor is it a time to be silent; 'tis you, Mr. Carnal-Security, that have stripped Mansoul; and driven her Glory from her; you have pulled down her Towers, you have broken down her Gates, you have spoiled her Locks and Bars.

And now to explain myself: From that time that my Lords of Mansoul, and you, Sir, grew so great, from that time the strength of Mansoul has been offended, and now he is risen and is gone. If any shall question the truth of my Words, I will answer him by this, and such like questions: Where is the Prince Emanuel? When did a Man or Woman in Mansoul see him? When did you hear from him, or taste any of his dainty Bits? You are now a feasting with this Diabolonian Monster, but he is not your Prince; I say therefore, though Enemies from without, had you taken heed, could not have made a prey of you, yet since you have sinned against your Prince, your Enemies within have been too hard for you.

Then said Mr. Carnal-Security, Fie! Fie! Mr. Godly-fear, Fie! Will you never shake off your timorousness? Are you afraid of being Sparrow-blatted? Who hath hurt you? Behold I am on your side, only you are for Doubting, and I am for being Confident. Besides, Is this a time to be sad in? A Feast is made for mirth; why then do you now, to your shame, and our trouble, break out into such passionate melancholy Language, when you should eat and drink, and be merry?

Then said Mr. Godly-fear again, I may well be sad, for Emanuel is gone from Mansoul: I say again he is gone, and you, Sir, are the Man that has driven him away; yea, he is gone without so much as acquainting the

the Nobles of Mansoul with his going, and if that is not a sign of his Anger, I am not acquainted with the methods of Godliness.

And now my Lords and Gentlemen, for my Speech is still to you, you gradually declining from him, did provoke him to depart from you, the which he did gradually if perhaps you would have been made sensible thereby, and have been renewed by humbling of your selves; but when he saw that none would regard, nor lay these fearful beginnings of his Anger and Judgment to Heart, he went away from this place, and this I saw with mine Eyes. Wherefore now while you boast, your strength is gone, you are like the Man that had lost his Locks that before did wave about his Shoulders. You may with this Lord of your Feast, flake yourselves, and conclude to do as at other times; but since without him you can do nothing, and he departed from you, turn your feast into a sabb, and your mirth into lamentation.

His Speech to the Elders of Mansoul.

Then the subordinate Preacher, old Mr. Conscience by Name, he that of old was Recorder of Mansoul, being startled at what was said, began to second it thus:

Conscience startled.

Conf. Indeed, my Brethren, quoth he, I fear that Mr. Godlyfear tells us true: I, for my part, have not seen my Prince a long season. I cannot remember the Day, for my part. Nor can I answer Mr. Godlyfear's Question. I am afraid that all is rought with Mansoul.

Godly. Nay, I know that you will not find him in Mansoul, for he is departed and gone, yea, and gone for the Faults of the Elders, and for that they rewarded his Grace with unsufferable Unkindnesses.

Then did the Subordinate Preacher look as if he would fall down dead at the Table, all to all there present, except the Man of the House, began to look pale and wan. But having a little recovered themselves, and jointly agreeing to believe Mr. Godlyfear and his Sayings, they began to consult what was best to be done (now Mr. Carnal-Security

They are all again.

curity was gone into his withdrawing Room, for he liked not such dumpish doings) both to the Man of the House, for drawing them into evil, and also to recover *Emanuel's Love*.

And with that, the saying of their Prince came very hot into their Minds, which he had bidden them to do such as were false Prophets that should arise to delude the Town of *Mansoul*. So they took Mr. *Carnal Security*,

(concluding that he must be he) and burning his House upon him with fire, for he also was a *Diabolonian* by nature. They consult and burn their Feast-maker.

So when this was past and over, they bespied themselves to look for *Emanuel* their Prince, *Cant.* 5, 6. And they sought him, but they found him not; then were they more confirmed in the truth of Mr. *Godlyfear's* Sayings, and began also severely to reflect upon themselves for their vile and ungodly doings, for they concluded now that their Prince had left them.

Then they agreed and went to my Lord *Secretary*, (him whom before they refused to hear, him whom they had grieved with their doings) to know of him, for he was a Seer and could tell where *Emanuel* was, and how they might direct a Petition to him. But the Lord *Secretary* would not admit them to a Conference about this matter, nor would admit them to his Royal Palace, nor come out to them, *Isa.* 63. 10. *Eph.* 4. 30. 1 *Thes.* 5. 19.

And now was it a Day gloomy and dark, a Day of clouds and of thick darkness with *Mansoul*. Now they saw that they had been foolish, and began to perceive what the company and prattle of Mr. *Carnal Security* had done; and what desperate Damage his swaggering Words had brought poor *Mansoul* into. But what further it was like to cost them, that they were ignorant of. Now Mr. *Godlyfear* began again to be in repute with the Men of the Town; yea, they were ready to look upon him as a Prophet.

A Thundering Sermon. Well, when the Sabbath-day was come, they went to hear their *Subordinate Preacher*.

Preacher, but oh how did it thunder and lighten this Day ! His Text was that in the Prophet *Jonah*, *They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own Mercies*, *Jonah* ii. 8. But there was then such power and authority in that Sermon, and such a dejection seen in the Countenances of the People that Day, that the like hath seldom been heard or seen. The People, when Sermon was done, were scarce able to go to their Homes, or to betake themselves to their Impleys the week after ; they were so Sermon-smitten, and also so Sermon-sick, that they knew not what to do, *Hof. vi. 13.*

He did not only shew *Mansoul* their Sin, but did tremble before them, under the sense of his *own*, still crying out of himself as he preached to 'em, *Unhappy Man that I am ! that I should do so wicked a thing ! That I ! a Preacher !* whom the Prince did set up to teach to

The Subordinate Preacher doth acknowledge his fault, and bewails his Compliance with Mr. Carnal-Security.

Mansoul his Law, should myself live senseless and foolishly here, and be one of the first found in Transgression. This Transgression also fell within my Precincts, I should have cried out against the Wickedness, but I let *Mansoul* lie wallowing in it, until it had driven *Emanuel* from its Borders. With these things he also charged all the Lords and Gentry of *Mansoul*, to the almost distracting of them. lxxxviii.

About this time also there was a great Sickness in the Town of *Mansoul*, and most of the Inhabitants were greatly afflicted.

A great Sickness in *Mansoul*.

Yea, the Captains, also and Men of War, were brought thereby to a languishing condition, and that for a long time together ; so that in case of an Invasion, nothing could to purpose now have been done, either by the Townsmen or Field Officers, *Heb. xii. 12, 13. Rev. iii. 2. Isa. iii. 24.* Oh how many pale Faces, weak Hands, feeble Knees, and staggering Men were now seen to walk the Streets of *Mansoul* ! Here were Groans, there Pains, and yonder lay those that were ready to faint.

The Garments too, which *Emanuel* had given them, were

were but in a sorry case; some were rent, some were torn, and *all* in a nasty condition; some also did hang so loosely upon them, that the next Bush they came at was ready to pluck them off.

After some time spent in this sad and desolate condition, the *Subordinate Preacher* called for a Day of Fasting, and to humble themselves for being so wicked against the great *Shaddai* and his Son: And he desired that Captain *Boanerges* would Preach. So he consented to do it, and the Day was come, and his Text was this, *Cut it down, why cumbereth it the Ground?* And a very

smart Sermon he made upon the Text. First, he shewed what was the occasion of the Words, to wit, *because the Fig-tree was barren*; then he shewed what was contained in the Sentence, to wit, *Repentance, or utter Desolation*. He then shewed also by whose Authority this Sentence was pronounced, and that was by *Shaddai* himself. And lastly, he shewed the *Reasons of the Point*, and then concluded his Sermon. But he was very pertinent in the application, insomuch that he made poor *Manfoul* tremble: For this Sermon, as well as the former, wrought much upon the Hearts of the Men of *Manfoul*; yea it greatly helped to keep awake those that were rouzed by the Preaching that went before. So that now throughout the whole Town there was little or nothing to be heard or seen but Sorrow and Mourning, and Woe.

Now after Sermon they got together and consulted what was best to be done. But said the *Subordinate Preacher*, I will do nothing of my own Head, without advising with my Neighbour Mr. *Godlyfear*.

For if he had afore, and understood more of the mind of our Prince than we, I do not know, but he also may have it now, even now we are turning again to Virtue. So they call'd and sent for Mr. *Godlyfear*, and he forthwith appeared; then they desired that he would further shew his Opinion about what they had best to do. Then said the old Gentleman as followeth, *It is my*

Opinion

Opinion that this Town of Mansoul should in this Day of her Distress, draw up and send an humble Petition to their offended Prince Emanuel, that he in Favour and Grace, will turn again unto them, and not keep his Anger for ever.

Mr. Godlyfear's Advice.

When the Townsmen had heard this Speech, they did with one consent agree to his advice; so they did presently draw up their request, and the next was, But who shall carry it? At last they did all agree to send it by my Lord-Mayor. So he accepted of the Service, and addressed himself to his Journey; and went and came to the Court of Shaddai, whither Emanuel

They send the Lord-Mayor to Court.

the Prince of Mansoul was gone, Lam. iii. 8, 44. But the Gate was shut, and a strict Watch kept thereat, so that the Petitioner was forced to stand without for a great while together. Then he desired that some would go in to the Prince, and tell him who stood at the Gate, and what his Business was. So one went and told Shaddai and Emanuel his Son, that the Lord-Mayor of the Town of Mansoul stood without at the Gate of the King's Court, desiring to be admitted into the Presence of the Prince, the King's Son. He also told the Lord-Mayor's Errand, both to the King and his Son Emanuel. But the Prince would not come down, nor admit that the Gate should be opened, but sent an Answer to this Effect, Jer. ii. 27, 28. *They have turned their back unto me, and not their face, but now in the time of their trouble they say unto me, Arise and save us. But can they not now go to Mr. Carnal-Security, to whom they went when they turned from me, and make him their Leader, their Lord, and their Protection? When now in their trouble do they visit me, since in their Prosperity they went astray.*

This answer made my Lord-Mayor look black in the face; it troubled, it perplexed, it rent him sore, Lam. iv. 7, 8. And now he began again to see what it was to be familiar with Diabolonians, such as Mr. Carnal-Security was. When he saw that at Court (as yet) there was little help to be expected, either for himself, or

Friends

The Lord-Mayor returns, and how. Friends in *Mansoul*; he smote upon his Breast, and returned weeping, and all the way bewailing the lamentable State of *Mansoul*.

Well, when he was come within sight of the Town, the Elders and chief of the People of *Mansoul* went out at the Gate to meet him, and to salute him, and to know how he sped at Court. But he told them his tale in so doleful a manner, that they all cried out, and mourned, and wept. Wherefore they threw ashes and dust upon their heads, and put sackcloth upon their loins, and went crying out through the Town of *Mansoul*; which when the rest of the Townsfolk saw, they all mourned, and wept. This therefore was a Day of rebuke and trouble, and of anguish to the Town of *Mansoul*, and also of great Distress.

After some time, when they had somewhat refrain'd themselves, they came together to consult again what was yet to be done; and they asked advice, as they did before, of that Reverend Mr. *Godlyfear*, who told them, that there was no way better than to do as they had done, nor would he that they should be discourag'd at all with what they had met with at Court; yea, tho' several of their Petitions should be answered with nought but silence or rebuke: For, said he, *it is the way of the wise Shaddai, to make Men wait, and to exercise patience, and it should be the way of them in want, to be willing to stay his leisure.*

Then they took courage, and sent a- See now what's gain, and again, and again, and again; the Work of a backsliding Saint awakened. for there was not a Day, nor an Hour, that went over *Mansoul's* Head, wherein a Man might not have met upon the Road one or other riding Post from *Mansoul* to the Court of King *Shaddai*; and all with Letters petitionary in behalf of (and for the Prince's return to) *Mansoul*.

The Road, I say, was now full of Messengers, going and returning, and meeting one another, some from the

the Court, and some from *Mansoul*, and this was the work of the miserable Town of *Mansoul*, all that long, that sharp, that cold and tedious Winter.

Now if you have not forgot, you may yet remember that I told you before, that after *Emanuel* had taken *Mansoul*, yea, and after that he had new modelled the Town, there remained in several lurking Places of the Corporation, many of the old *Diabolonians*, that either came with the Tyrant, when he invaded and took the Town, or that had thereby reason of unlawful mixtures their birth, and breeding, and bringing up. And their Holes, Dens and lurking Places were in, under, or about the Wall of the Town. Some of their Names are the Lord *Fornication*, the Lord *Adultery*, the Lord *Murder*, the Lord *Anger*, the Lord *Lasciviousness*, the Lord *Deceit*, the Lord *Evil-eye*, the Lord *Blasphemy*, and that horrible Villain the old and dangerous Lord *Covetousness*. These with many more, had yet their abode in the Town of *Mansoul*, and that after *Emanuel* had driven *Diabolus* out of the Castle.

Against these the good Prince did grant a Commission to the Lord *Willbewill* and others, yea, to the whole Town of *Mansoul* to seek, take, secure and destroy any, or all that they could lay hands of, for that they were *Diabolonians* by Nature, Enemies to the Prince, and those that fought to ruin the blessed Town of *Mansoul*. But *Mansoul* did not pursue this Warrant, but neglected to apprehend, secure, and destroy those *Diabolonians*. Wherefore what do these Villains, but by degrees take courage to shew themselves to the Inhabitants of the Town. Yea, and as I was told, some of the Men of *Mansoul* grew too familiar with some of 'em, to the sorrow of the Corporation, as you will hear more of in time and place.

Well, when the *Diabolonian* Lords perceived that *Mansoul* had through Sinning offended *Emanuel* their Prince, and that he had withdrawn himself and was gone, what do they but plot the ruin of the Town of *Mansoul*. So they met

A Memento.

Mansoul heeded not the Prince's Caution, nor put his Commission into Execution.

The *Diabolonians* Plot.

met together at the hold of one Mr. *Mischief's*, who also was a *Diabolonian*, and here consulted how they might deliver up *Mansoul* into the Hands of *Diabolus* again. Now some advised one way, and some another, every Man according to his own liking. At last my Lord *Lasciviousness* propounded some of those that were *Diabolonians* in *Mansoul*, to offer themselves for Servants to some of the Natives of the Town; for said he, if they do so, and *Mansoul* shall accept of them, they may for us, and for *Diabolus* our Lord, make the taking of the Town of *Mansoul* more easy than otherwise it would be. But then stood up the Lord *Murder*, and said, This may not be done at this time, for *Mansoul* is now in a kind of Rage, because by our Friend Mr. *Carnal-Security*, she hath been once ensnared already, and made to offend against her Prince, and how shall she reconcile herself unto her Lord again, but by the Heads of these Men? Besides, we know that they have in Commission to take and slay us wherever they shall find us; let us therefore be wise as Foxes; when we are Dead, we can do them no hurt, but while we live we may. Thus when they had tossed the matter to and fro, they jointly agreed that a Letter should forthwith be sent away to *Diabolus* in their Name, by which the state of the Town of *Mansoul* should be shewed him, and how much it is under the frowns of their Prince; we may also, said some, let him know our intentions, and ask his Advice in the Case. So a Letter was presently framed, the contents of which was this,

They send
to Hell for
Advice.

To our great Lord, the Prince *Diabolus*, dwelling below in the *Infernal Cave*.

O Great Father, and mighty Prince *Diabolus*, we the true *Diabolonians*, yet remaining in the *Rebellious Town* of *Mansoul*, having received our Beings from thee, and our Nourishment at thy Hands, cannot with content and quiet endure to behold, as we do this Day, how thou art dispraised, disgraced, and reproached among the Inhabitants of this Town; nor is thy long absence

sence at all delightful to us, because greatly to our detriment.

The reason of this our writing unto our Lord is, that we are not altogether without hope that this Town may become thy Habitation again; for it is greatly declined from its Prince Emanuel, and he is departed from them; yea, and though they send, and send, and send after him, to return to them, yet can they not prevail, nor get good Words from him.

There has been also of late, and is yet remaining a very great sickness and faintings among them, and that not only upon the poorer sort of the Town, but upon the Lords, Captains, and chief Gentry of the Place (we only who are Diabolonians by nature remain well, lively and strong) so that through their great transgression on one hand, and their dangerous sickness on the other, we judge they lye open to thy Hand and Power. If therefore it shall stand with thy horrible cunning, and with the cunning of the rest of the Princes with thee, to come and make an attempt to take Mansoul again, send us word, and we shall to our utmost power be ready to deliver it into thy Hand. Or if what we have said, shall not be thought best, and meet to be most done, send us thy mind in a few Words, and we are all ready to follow thy counsel, to the hazard of our lives, and what else we have.

Given under our Hands the Day and Date above written, after a close consultation of the House of Mr. Munchief, who is yet alive, and bath his place in our desirable Town of Mansoul.

When Mr. Profane (for he was the Carrier) was come with this Letter to Hellgate-hill, he knocked at the Gate for entrance. Then did Cerberus the Porter, for he is the Keeper of that Gate, open to Mr. Profane, to whom he deliver'd his Letter which he had brought from the Diabolomans in Mansoul. So he carried it in, and presented it to Diabolus his Lord, and said, Tidings, my Lord, from Mansoul; and from our trusty Friends in Mansoul.

Mr. Profane is Carrier, he brings the Letter to Hellgatehill, and presents it to Cerberus the Porter.

Then came together *Belzebub, Lucifer, Apollyon*, with the Rest of the Rabble there, to hear what News from *Mansoul*. So the Letter was read, and *Cerberus* stood by. When the Letter was openly read, and the Contents thereof spread into all the Corners of the Den, command was given, that without let or stop, *Dead-*

Dead-man's
bell, and how
it went.

man's bell should be rung for joy. So the Bell was rung, and the Princes rejoiced that *Mansoul* was like to come to Ruin.

Now the Clapper of the Bell went, *The Town of Mansoul is coming to dwell with us, make room for Mansoul*. This Bell therefore they did ring, because they did hope that they should have *Mansoul* again.

Now when they had performed this their horrible Ceremony, they got together again, to consult what answer to send to their Friends in *Mansoul*, and some advised one thing, and some another, but at length, because the business required haste, they left the whole business to *Diabolus*, judging him the most proper Lord of the place. So he drew up a Letter in answer to what *Mr. Profane* had brought, and sent it to the *Diabolonians* in *Mansoul*, by the same Hand that brought theirs to him: And this was the Contents thereof.

To our Offspring the high and mighty *Diabolonians*, that yet dwell in the Town of *Mansoul*, *Diabolus* the great Prince of *Mansoul*, wisheth a prosperous issue and conclusion of those many brave Enterprizes, Conspiracies and Designs that you of your love and respect to our Honour, have in your Hearts to attempt to do against *Mansoul*.

Beloved Children and Disciples, my Lord Fornication, Adultery, and the rest, we have here in our desolate Den received to our highest Joy and Content, your welcome Letter by the Hand of our trusty *Mr. Profane*, and to shew how acceptable your Tidings were, we rang out our Bell for gladness; for we rejoiced as much as we could, when we perceived that yet we had Friends

in

in Mansoul, and such as sought our Honour and Revenge in the ruin of the Town of Mansoul. We also rejoiced to hear that they are in a degenerated condition, and that they have offended their Prince, and that he is gone. Their Sickness also pleaseth us, as does also your Health, Might, and Strength. Glad also would we be, right horribly beloved, could we get this Town into our Clutches again. Nor will we be sparing of spending our Wit, our Cunning, our Craft, and bellish Inventions to bring to a wished Conclusion, this your brave beginning in order thereto.

And take this for your Comfort, (our Birth and our Offspring) that shall we again surprize it and take it, we will attempt to put all your Foes to the Sword, and will make you the great Lords and Captains of the Place. Nor need you fear (if ever we get it again) that we after that shall be cast out any more; for we will come with more strength, and so lay far more fast hold than at the first we did. Besides, it is the Law of that Prince, that now they own, that if we get them a second time, they shall be ours for ever. Mat. xii. 43, 44, 45.

Do you therefore, our trusty Diabolonians, yet more pry into, and endeavour to spie out the Weakness of the Town of Mansoul. We also would that you your selves do attempt to weaken them more and more. Send us word also by what means we had best to attempt the regaining thereof, to wit, whether by Persuasion to a vain and loose Life; or, whether by tempting them to doubt and despair; or, whether by blowing up of the Town by the Gun-powder of Pride and Self-conceit: Do you also, O ye brave Diabolonians, and true Sons of the Pit, be always in a readiness to make a most hideous Assault within, when we shall be ready to storm it without. Now spread you in your project, and we in our desires, the utmost Power of our Gates, which is the Wish of your great Diabolus, Mansoul's Enemy, and bid him that trembles when he thinks of Judgment to come; all the Blessings of the Pit be upon you, and so we close up our Letter.

Given at the Pit's Mouth, by the joint Consent of all
the

the Princes of Darkness, to be sent (to the force and power that we have yet remaining in Mansoul) by the Hand of Mr. Profane.

By me Diabolus.

This Letter was sent to *Mansoul* to the *Diabolonians* that yet remained there, and that yet inhabited the Wall, from the dark Dungeon of *Diabolus*, by the hand of Mr. *Profane*, by whom they also in *Mansoul* sent theirs to the Pit. Now when this Mr. *Profane* had made his return, and was come to *Mansoul* again, he went and came as he was wont, to the House of Mr. *Mischief*, for there was the place where the Contrivers were met. Now when they saw that their Messenger was returned safe and sound, they were greatly gladdened thereat. Then he presented 'em his Letter, which when they had read and considered, did much augment their gladness. They asked him after the Welfare of their Friends, as how their Lord *Diabolus*, *Lucifer*, and *Belzebub* did, with the rest of those of the Den. To which this *Profane* made answer, Well, well, my Lords, they are well, even as well as can be in their place. They also, said he, did ring for joy at reading of your Letter, as you will perceive by this when you read it.

Now, as was said, when they had read their Letter, and perceived that it encouraged them in their Work, they fell to their way of contriving again, to wit, how they might compleat their design upon *Mansoul*. And the first thing that they agreed upon was to keep all things from *Mansoul* as close as they could. Let it not be known, let not *Mansoul* be acquainted with what we design against it. The next thing was, how, or by what means they should try to bring to pass the ruin and overthrow of *Mansoul*, and one said after this manner, and another said after that. Then stood up Mr. *Diceit*, and said, My right *Diabolonian* Friends, our Lords, and the high ones of the Dungeon do propound unto us these three ways.

1. Whethe

1. Whether we had best to seek its ruin by making of *Mansoul* loose and vain.

2. Or whether by driving them to doubt and despair.

3. Or whether by endeavouring to blow them up by the Gun-powder of Pride and Self-conceit.

Now I think if we shall tempt them to pride that may do something; and if we tempt them to Wantonness; that may help. But in my mind, if we could drive them into Desperation, that would knock the Nail on the Head; for then we should have them in the first place, question the truth of the love of the heart of their Prince towards them, and that will disgust him much. This if it works well, will make them leave off quickly their way of sending Petitions to him; then farewell earnest solicitations for Help and supply; for then this conclusion lies naturally before them, *As good do nothing, as to do to no purpose.* So to Mr. *Deceit* they unanimously did consent.

Then the next question was, but how shall we do to bring this our Project to pass? And 'twas answered by the same Gentlemen, that this might be the best way to do it? even let, quoth he, so many of our Friends as are willing to venture themselves for the promoting of their Prince's Cause disguise themselves with apparel, change their Names, and go into the Market like far Country Men, and proffer themselves for Servants to the famous Town of *Mansoul*, and let them pretend to do for their Masters as beneficially as may be; for by so doing they may, if *Mansoul* shall hire them, in little time so corrupt and defile the Corporation, that her now Prince shall be not only further offended with them, but in conclusion shall spew them out of his Mouth. And when this is done, our Prince *Diabolus* shall prey upon them with ease: Yea, of themselves they shall fall into the Mouth of the eater.

This project was no sooner propounded, but was as readily accepted, and forward were all *Diabolical* men now to engage in the Enterprize; but it was not thought fit that all should do thus; wherefore they pitched upon two or three, namely, the Lord *Covetousness*, the

Lord *Lasciviousness*, and the Lord *Anger*: The Lord *Covetousness* called himself by the Name of *Prudent-thrifty*; the Lord *Lasciviousness* called himself by the Name of *Harmless-mirth*; and the Lord *Anger* called himself by the Name of *Good-zeal*.

So upon a Market-day they came into the Market-place, three lusty Fellows they were to look on, and they were clothed in *Sheeps-russet*, which was also now in a manner as white as were the white Robes of the Men of *Mansoul*. Now the Men could speak the Language of *Mansoul* well. So when they were come into the Market-place, and had offered themselves to the Townsmen, they were presently taken up, for they asked but little Wages, and promised to do their Masters great Service.

Mr. *Mind* hired *Prudent-thrifty*, and Mr. *Godly-fear* hired *Good-zeal*. True, this Fellow *Harmless-mirth* did hang a little in Hand, and could not so soon get a Master as the others did, because the Town of *Mansoul* was now in *Lent*, but after a while, because *Lent* was almost out, the Lord *Willowwill* hired *Harmless-mirth* to be both his waiting Man and his Lacquey, and thus they got them Masters.

These Villains now being got into the Houses of the Men of *Mansoul*, quickly began to do great mischief therein; for being filthy, arch, and sly, they quickly corrupted the Families where they were; yea, they tainted their Masters much, especially this *Prudent-thrifty*, and him they called *Harmless-mirth*. True, he that went under the Vizard of *Good-zeal* was not so well liked of by his Master, for he quickly found that he was but a counterfeit Rascal; which when the Fellow perceived, with speed he made his escape from the House, or I doubt not but his Master had hanged him.

Well, when these Vagabonds had thus far carried on their design, and corrupted the Town as much as they could, in the next place they considered with themselves, at what time their Prince *Diabolus* without, and themselves within the Town, should make an attempt to seize upon *Mansoul*: and they all agreed upon this, that

that a Market-day would be best for that work; for why? Then will the Townsfolk be busy in their ways: And always take this for a Rule, *When People are most busy in the World, they least fear a surprize.* We also then, said they, shall be able with less suspicion to gather our selves together for the work of our Friends, and Lords; yea, and in such a Day, if we shall attempt our Work, and miss it, we may, when they shall give us the rout, the better hide our selves in the croud, and escape.

These things being thus far agreed upon by them, they wrote another Litter to *Diabolus*, and sent it by the hand of Mr. *Profane*, the Contents of which was this.

The Lords of *Looseness* send to the great and high *Diabolus* from our Dens, Caves, Holes, and Strong Holds, in, and about the Wall of the Town of *Mansoul*, Greeting.

O U R great Lord, and the nourisher of our lives, *Diabolus*; how glad we were when we heard of your Fatherhood's readiness to comply with us, and help forward our Design in our attempts to ruin *Mansoul*! none can tell but those, who as we do, set themselves against all appearance of good, when and where-soever we find it, Rom. vii. 21. Gal. v. 17.

Touching the encouragement that your Greatness is pleased to give us to continue to devise, contrive, and study the utter desolation of *Mansoul*, that we are not solicitous about, for we know right well that it cannot but be pleasing and profitable to us, to see our Enemies, and them that seek our Lives, to die at our feet, or fly before us. We therefore are still contriving, and that to the best of our cunning, to make this Work most facile and easy to your Lordships, and to us.

First, we considered of that most hellishly cunning compacted three-fold Project, that by you was propounded to us in our last; and have concluded, that though to blow them up with the Gun-powder of Pride would do well, and to do it by tempting them to be loose and vain

vain, will help on, yet to contrive to bring them into the Gulf of Desperation, we think will do best of all. Now we who are at your Beck, have thought of two ways to do this: First, we for our parts will make them as vile as we can, and then join with us, at a time appointed, shall be ready to fall upon them with the utmost force. And of all the Nations that are at your Whistle, we think that an Army of Doubters may be the most likely to attack and overcome the Town of Mansoul. Thus shall we overcome these Enemies, else the Pit shall open her Mouth upon them, and desperation shall thrust them down into it. We have also, to effect this so much by us desired design, sent already three of our trusty Diabolonians among them, they are disguised in Garb, they have changed their Names, and are now accepted of them, to wit, Covetousness, Lasciviousness, and Anger. The Name of Covetousness is changed into Prudent thrifty, and him Mr. Mind has hired, and is almost become as bad as our Friend. Lasciviousness has changed his Name to Harmless-mirth, and he is got to be the Lord Willbrow's Lacquey, but he has made his Master very wanton. Anger changed his Name into Good-zeal, and was entertained by Mr. Godly tear, but the peevish old Gentleman took Pepper in the Nose, and turned our Companion out of his House: Nay, he has informed us since, that he ran away from him, or else his old Master had hanged him for his labour.

Now these have much helped forward our Work and Design upon Mansoul; for notwithstanding the spite and quarrelsome Temper of the old Gentleman last mentioned, the other two ply their business well, and are like to ripen the Work upace.

Our next project is, that it be concluded that you come upon the Town upon a Market-day, and that when they are upon the heat of their business; for then to be sure they will be most secure, and least think that an assault will be made upon them. They will also at such a time be less able to defend themselves, and to offend you in the prosecution of our Design. And we your trusty (and we are sure your beloved) ones, shall when you make

make your furious Assault without, be ready to second the business within. So shall we in all likelihood be able to put Mansoul to utter Confusion, and swallow them up before they can come to themselves. If your Serpentine Heads, most subtle Dragons, and our highly esteemed Lords, can find out a better way than this, let us quickly know your minds.

To the Monsters of the Infernal Cave, from the House of Mr. Mischief in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane.

Now all the while that the raging runnagades, and hellish Diabolonians were thus contriving the ruin of the Town of Mansoul, they, to wit, the poor Town itself, was in a sad and woful case, partly because they had so grievously offended The sad state of Mansoul. Shaddai and his Son, and partly because that the Enemies thereby got strength within them afresh, and also because, though they had by many Petitions made suit to the Prince Emanuel, and to his Father Shaddai by him, for their Pardon and Favour, yet hitherto obtained they not one smile; but contrariwise, through the craft and subtilty of the domestick Diabolonians, their Cloud was made to grow blacker and blacker, and their Emanuel to stand at further distance.

The Sickness also did still greatly rage in Mansoul, but among the Captains, and the Inhabitants of the Town, their Enemies; and their Enemies only were now lively and strong, and like to become the Head, whilst Mansoul was made the Tail.

By this time the Letter last mentioned, that was written by the Diabolonians that yet lurked in the Town of Mansoul, was conveyed to Diabolus in the Black-Den, by the Hand of Mr. Profane. He carried the Letter by Hellgate-bill as afore, and conveyed it by Cerberus to his Lord.

But when Cerberus and Mr. Profane did meet, they were presently great as Beggars, and thus they fell into

into Discourse about *Mansoul*, and about the Project against her.

Ah! Old Friend, quoth *Cerberus*, art thou come to *Hellgate-hill* again! by *St. Mary* I am glad to see thee.

Prof. Yes, my Lord, I am come again about the concerns of the Town of *Mansoul*.
 Talk between him and *Cerberus*. *Cerb*. Prithee tell me, what condition is that Town of *Mansoul* in at present.

Prof. In a brave condition, my Lord, for us, and for my Lords, the Lords of this place I trow; for they are greatly decayed as to Godliness, and that's as well as our Heart can wish; their Lord is greatly out with them, and that doth also please us well. We have already also a Foot in their Dish, for our *Diabolonian* Friends are laid in their Bosoms, and what do we lack, but to be Masters of the place? Besides, our trusty Friends in *Mansoul* are daily plotting to betray it to the Lords of this Town; also the Sickness rageth bitterly among them, and that which makes up all, we hope at last to prevail.

The said *Cerberus*, no time like this to assault them; I wish that the enterprize be followed close, and that the Success desired may be soon effected: Yea, I wish it for the poor *Diabolonians* sakes that live in the continual fear of their Lives in that Trayterous Town of *Mansoul*.

Prof. The contrivance is almost finished, the Lords in *Mansoul* that are *Diabolonians* are at it Day and Night, and the other are like silly Doves, they want heart to be concerned with their State, and to consider that ruin is at hand. Besides, you may, yea, must think when you put all things together, that there are many reasons that prevail with *Diabolus* to make what haste he can.

Cer. Thou hast said as it is, I am glad things are at this pass. Go in, my brave Profane, to my Lords, they will give thee for thy welcome as good a *Coranto* as this Kingdom will afford. I have sent thy Letter in already.

Profane's
Entertainment.

Then Mr. Profane went into the Den and his Lord *Diabolus* met him, and saluted him with Welcome, my trusty Servant, I have

have been made glad with thy Letter. The rest of the Lords of the Pit gave him also their Salutations. Then *Profane*, after Obeisance made to them all, said, Let *Mansoul* be given to my Lord *Diabolus*, and let him be her King for ever. And with that the yawning Gorge of Hell gave so loud and hideous a Groan (for that is the Musick of that place) that it made the mountains about it totter, as if they would fall in pieces.

Now, after they had read and considered the Letter, they consulted what answer to return, and the first that did speak to it, was *Lucifer*.

Lucif. Then said he, The first Project They consult what Answer to give to the Letter. of the *Diabolonians* in *Mansoul*, is like to be lucky, and to take; to wit, that they will by all the means they can, make *Mansoul* yet more Vile; no way to destroy a *Soul* like this; our old Friend *Balaam* went this way and prospered many Years ago, *Num. xxxi. 16. Rev. ii. 14.* Let this therefore stand with us for a Maxim, and be to *Diabolonians* for a general Rule in all Ages, for nothing can make this to fall but Grace, in which I would hope that this Town has no share. But whether to fall upon them on a Market-day, because of their comber in business, that I would should be under debate. And there is more reason why this Head should be debated, than why some other should; because upon this will turn the whole of what we shall attempt. If we time not our business well, our whole Project may fail. Our Friends the *Diabolonians* say, that a Market-day is best, for then will *Mansoul* be most busy, and have fewest Thoughts of a surprize. But what if they shall double their guards on those Days, (and methinks Nature and Reason should teach them to do it) and what if they should keep such a Watch on those Days as the necessity of their present case requires? Yea, what if their Men should be always in Arms on those Days? Then you may, my Lords, be disappointed in your Attempts, and may bring our Friends in the Town to utter Danger of unavoidable Ruin.

Bel. Then said the great *Beelzebub*, There is some thing

thing in what my Lord hath said, but his conjecture may, or may not fall out. Nor hath my Lord laid it down as that which must not be receded from, for I know that he said it only to provoke a warm debate thereabout. Therefore we must understand, if we can, whether the Town of *Mansoul* has such Sense and Knowledge of her decayed State and of the design that we have on Foot against her, as to set Watch and Ward at her Gates, and to double them on Market-days. But if after enquiry made, it shall be found that they are asleep then any day will do, but a Market-day is best; and this is my Judgment.

Diab. Then quoth *Diabolus*, how should we know this? And 'twas answered, enquire about it at the Mouth of Mr. *Profane*. So *Profane* was called in and asked the question, and he made his answer as follows.

Prof. My Lords, so far as I can gather, this is at present the condition of the Town of *Mansoul*; they are decayed in their faith and love, *Emanuel*, their Prince, has given them the back; they send often by Petition to fetch him again, but he makes no haste to answer their request, nor is there much Reformation among them.

Diab. I am glad that they are backward to a Reformation, but yet I am afraid of their Petitioning. However, their looseness of Life is a sign that there is not much heart in what they do, and without the heart, things are little worth. But go on, my Masters I will divert you, my Lords, no longer.

Beel. If the case be so with *Mansoul*, as Mr. *Profane* has described it to be, 'twill be no great matter what Day we assault it, not their Prayers, nor their Power will do them much service.

When *Beelzebub* had ended his Oration, then *Apollon* did begin, My Opinion, said he, concerning this matter, is

that we go on fair and softly, not doing things in a hurry. Let our Friends in *Mansoul* go on still to pollute and defile it, by seeking to draw it yet more into sin, (for there is nothing like sin to devour
Mansoul.)

Manfoul.) If this be done, and it takes effect, *Manfoul* of itself will leave off to Watch, to Petition, or any thing else, that should tend to her security and safety; for she will forget her *Emanuel*, she will not desire his company, and can she be gotten thus to live, her Prince will not come to her in haste. Our trusty Friend Mr. *Carnal-Security*, with one of his Tricks, did drive him out of the Town, and why may not my Lord *Covetousness*, and my Lord *Lasciviousness*, by what they may do, keep him out of the Town? And this I will tell you (not because you know it not) that two or three *Diabolians*, if entertained and contened by the Town of *Manfoul*, will do more to the keeping of *Emanuel* from them, and towards making of the Town of *Manfoul* our own, than an Army of a Legion that should be sent out from us to withstand him.

Let therefore this first Project that our Friends in *Manfoul* have set on foot, be strongly and diligently carried on with all cunning and craft imaginable; and let them send continually under one guise or other, more and other of their Men to play with the People of *Manfoul*; and then perhaps we shall not need to be at the charge of making a War upon them; or if that must of necessity be done, yet the more sinful they are, the more unable they will be to resist us, and then the more easily we shall overcome them. And besides, suppose (and that is the worst that can be supposed) that *Emanuel* should come to them again, why may not the same means (or the like) drive him from 'em once more? Yes, why may he not by their lapse into that Sin again, be driven from them for ever, for the sake of which he was at the first driven from them for a season? And if this should happen, then away go with him his *Ram*, his *Slings*, his *Captains*, his *Soldiers*, and he leaveth *Manfoul* naked and bare. Yea, will not this Town, when she sees herself utterly forsaken of her Prince, of her own accord open her Gates again unto you? But this must be done by time, a few Days will not effect so great a Work as this.

So soon as *Apollyon* had made an end of speaking,

Diabolus began to blow out his own Malice, and to plead his own cause, and he said, My Lords and Powers of the Cave, my true and trusty Friends, I have with much impatience, as becomes me, given ear to your long and tedious Orations. But my furious Gorge and empty Paunch, so lusteth after a re-possession of my famous Town of *Mansoul*, that whatever comes on't, I can wait no longer to see the events of lingering projects. I must, and that without further delay, seek by all means I can to fill my unsatiable Gulf with the Soul and Body of the Town of *Mansoul*. Therefore lend me your Heads, your Hearts and your Helps, now I am going to recover my Town of *Mansoul*.

When the Lords and Princes of the Pit saw the flaming desire that was in *Diabolus* to devour the miserable town of *Mansoul*, they left off to raise any more Objections, but consented to lend him what strength they could: Though had *Apollyon's* Advice been taken, they had far more fearfully distressed the Town of *Mansoul*. But I say, they were willing to lend him what strength they could, not knowing what need they might have of him, when they should engage for themselves as he. Wherefore they fell to advising about the next thing propounded, to wit, what Soldiers they were, and also how many, with whom *Diabolus* should go against the Town of *Mansoul* to take it; and after some debate, it was concluded, according as in the Letter the *Diabolonians* had suggested, that none was more fit for that Expedition, than an army of terrible *Doubters*. They therefore concluded to send against *Mansoul*, an army of sturdy *Doubters*. The Number thought fit to be employed in that Service, was between twenty and thirty thousand. So then the result of that great Council of those high and mighty Lords was, That *Diabolus* should even now out of hand beat up his Drum for Men in the Land of *Doubting*, which Land lyeth upon the confines of the place called *Hillgate-bill*, for Men that might be employ'd by him against the miserable Town of *Mansoul*. It was also concluded

An Army of
Doubters raised
to go against
the Town of
Mansoul.

concluded, that these Lords themselves should help him in the War, and that they would to that end head and manage his Men. So they drew up a Letter, and sent it back to the *Diabolonians* that lurked in *Mansoul*, and that waited for the coming back of *Mr. Profane*, to signify to them into what method they had put their design. The Contents whereof follow.

The Princes of the Pit go with them.

From the dark and horrible Dungeon of Hell, *Diabolus*, with all the Society of the Princes of Darkness, sends to our trusty ones, in and about the Walls of the Town of *Mansoul*, now impatiently waiting for our most devilish Answer to their venomous and most poisonous Design against the Town of *Mansoul*.

OUR native ones, in whom from Day to Day we boast, and in whose Actions all the Year long we do greatly delight ourselves: We received your Welcome, because highly esteemed Letter, at the hand of our trusty and greatly beloved, the old Gentleman, *Mr. Profane*. And do give you to understand, that when we had broken it up, and had read the Contents thereof (to your amazing Memory be it spoken) our yawning hollow bellied place, where we are, made so hideous and yelling a noise for joy, that the Mountains that stand round about Hell-gate-hill, had like to have been shaken to pieces at the Sound thereof.

We could also do no less than admire your Faithfulness to us, with the Greatness of that Subtilty that now hath shewed itself to be in your Heads to serve us against the Town of *Mansoul*. For you have invented for us so excellent a method for our proceeding against that rebellious People, a more effectual cannot be thought of by all the Wits of Hell. The Proposals therefore which now at last you have sent us, since we saw them, we have done little else but highly approved and admired them.

Nay, we shall, to encourage you in the profundity of your Craft, let you know, that at a full Assembly and Cons.

Conclave of our Princes, and Principalities of this place, your Project was discourst and tossed from one side of our Cave to the other by their Mightinesses, but a better, and as was by themselves judged, a more fit and proper way, by all their wits could not be invented, to surprise, take and make our own, the Rebellious Town of Mansoul.

Wherefore in fine, all that was said that varied from what you had in your Letter propounded, fell of itself to the Ground, and yours only was stuck to by Diabolus the Prince; yea, his gaping Gorge, and yawning Paunch was on fire, to put your invention into Execution.

We therefore give you to understand that our stout, furious, and unmerciful Diabolus, is rising for your relief, and the ruin of the Rebellious Town of Mansoul, more than Twenty Thousand Doubters, to come against that People. They are all stout and surdy Men, and Men that of old have been accustomed to War; I say, he is doing of this Work of his with all the speed he can, for with his heart and spirit engaged in it. We desire therefore, that as you have hitherto stuck to us, and given us both advice and encouragement, you still will prosecute our design, nor shall you lose, but be gainers thereby; yea, we intend to make you the Lords of Mansoul.

One thing may not by any means be omitted, that is, those with us desire that every one of you that are in Mansoul, would still use all your Power, Cunning, and Skill, with delusive persuasions, yet to draw the Town of Mansoul into more Sin and Wickedness, even that Sin may be finished and bring forth Death.

For thus it is concluded with us, that the more vile, sinful, and debauched the Town of Mansoul is, the more backward will their Emanuel be to come to their help, either by presence, or other relief; yea, the more Sinful, the more weak, and so the more unable will they be to make resistance, when we shall make our assault upon them to swallow them up. Yea, that may cause that their mighty Shaddai himself may cast them out of his Protection; yea, and send for his Captains and Soldiers home with his Slings and Rams, and leave them naked

and bare, and then the Town of Mansoul will of itself open to us, and fall as the Fig into the Mouth of the eater. Yea, to be sure that we then with a great deal of ease shall come upon her and overcome her.

As to the time of our coming upon Mansoul, we as yet have not fully resolved upon that, though at present some of us think as you, that a Market-day, or a Market-day at Night will certainly be the best. However, do you be ready, and when you shall hear our roaring Drum without, do you be as busy to make the most horrible confusion within, 1 Pet. v. 8. So shall Mansoul certainly be distressed before and behind, and shall not know which way to betake herself for help. My Lord Lucifer, my Lord Beelzebub, my Lord Apollyon, my Lord Leigon, with the rest salute you, as does also my Lord Diabolus, and we wish both you, with all that you do or shall possess, the very self same fruit and success for their doing, as we ourselves at present enjoy for ours.

From our dreadful Confiners in the most fearful Pit, we salute you, and so do those many Legions here with us, wishing you may be as hellishly prosperous as we desire to be ourselves. By the Letter Carrier, Mr. Profane.

Then Mr. Profane addressed himself for his return to Mansoul, with his Errand from the horrible Pit to the Diabolonians that dwelt in that Town. So he came up the Stairs from the Deep to the Mouth of the Cave where Cerberus was. Now when Cerberus saw him, he asked how matters did go below, about, and against the Town of Mansoul.

Prof. Things go as well as we can expect. The Letter that I carried thither was highly approved, and well liked by all my Lords, and I am returning to tell our Diabolonians so. I have an answer to it here in my Bosom, that I am sure will make our Masters that sent me, glad: for the Contents thereof is to encourage them to pursue their design to the utmost, and to be ready also to fall on within, when they shall see my Lord

Lord Diabolus beleaguering of the Town of Mansoul.

Cerb. But does he intend to go against them himself?

Prof. Does he! *Ay, and he will take along with him more than twenty thousand all sturdy Doubters, and Men of War, picked Men from the Land of Doubting, to serve him in the Expedition.*

Cerb. Then was *Cerberus* glad, and said, And is there such brave Preparations a making to go against the miserable Town of *Mansoul*? And would I might be put at the Head of a thousand of them, that I might also shew my Valour against the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

Prof. Your wish may come to pass, you look like one that has mettle enough, and my Lord will have with him those that are valiant and stout. But my Business requires haste.

Cerb. Ay, so it does. Speed thee to the Town of *Mansoul*, with all the deepest mischiefs that this place can afford thee. And when thou shalt come to the House of Mr. *Mischief*, the place where the *Diabolonians* meet to Plot, tell them that *Cerberus* doth wish them his Service, and that if he may, he will with the Army come up against the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

Prof. That I will. And I know that my Lords, that are there, will be glad to hear it, and to see you also.

So after a few more such kind of Compliments, Mr. *Profane* took leave of his Friend *Cerberus*, and *Cerberus* again with a thousand of their Pit Wishes, bid him haste with all speed to his Masters. The which when he had heard, he made Obedience, and began to gather up his Heels to run.

Thus therefore he returned, and went and came to *Mansoul*, and going as afore to the House of Mr. *Mischief*, there he found the *Diabolonians* assembled, and waiting for his return. Now when he was come, and had presented himself, he delivered his Letter, and adjoined his Compliment to them therewith: My Lords, from the Confines of the Pit, the high and mighty Principallities and Powers of the *Demolition* you here, the true *Diabolonians* of the Town of *Mansoul*: Wishing you always the most proper of their Benediction,

for

for the great Service, high Attempts, and brave Achievements that you have put yourselves upon, for the restoring to our Prince *Diabolus* the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

This was therefore the present state of the miserable Town of *Mansoul*: She had offended her Prince, and he was gone; she had encouraged the Powers of Hell by her foolishness, to come against her to seek her utter Destruction.

True, the Town of *Mansoul* was somewhat made sensible of her Sin, but the *Diabolonians* were gotten into her Bowels; she cried, but *Emanuel* was gone, and her cries did not fetch him as yet again. Besides, she knew not whether *ever* or *never*, he would return, and come to his *Mansoul* again; nor did they know the Power and Industry of the Enemy, nor how forward they were to put in Execution that Plot of Hell that they had devised against her.

They did indeed still send Petition after Petition to the Prince, but he answered all with Silence. They did neglect Reformation, and that was as *Diabolus* would have it; for he knew, if they regarded Iniquity in their Heart, their King would not hear their Prayer; they therefore did still grow weaker and weaker, and were as a rowling thing before the Whirlwind. They cried to their King for help, and laid *Diabolonians* in their Bosoms, what therefore should a King do to 'em? Yea, there seemed now to be a mixture in *Mansoul*, the *Diabolonians* and *Mansoul*ians would walk the Streets together. Yea, they began to seek their Peace, for they thought, that since the Sickness had been so mortal in *Mansoul*, 'twas in vain to go to handy-gripes with 'em. Besides, the weakness of *Mansoul*, was the strength of their Enemies; and the Sins of *Mansoul*, the advantage of the *Diabolonians*. The Foes of *Mansoul* did also now begin to promise themselves the Town for a Possession; there was no great difference now betwixt the *Mansoul*ians and *Diabolonians*, both seemed to be Masters of *Mansoul*. Yea, the *Diabolonians* increased and grew, but the Town of *Mansoul* diminished greatly.

ly. There was more than eleven thousand of Men, Women, and Children, that died by the Sicknes of *Mansoul*.

But now, as *Shaddia* would have it, there was one whose Name was Mr. *Prywell*, a great Lover of the People of *Mansoul*. And he, as his manner was, did go listening up and down in *Mansoul*, to see, and to hear if at any time he might, whether there was any design against it or no. For he was always a jealous Man, and feared some *Mischief* sometime would befall it, either from the *Diabolonians* within, or from some Power with-

The Story of
Mr. Prywell.

out. Now upon a time it so happened, as Mr. *Prywell* went listening here and there, that he lighted upon a place called *Vile-hill* in *Mansoul*, where *Diabolonians* used to meet; so hearing a muttering (you must know that it was in the Night) he softly drew near to

The Diabolonians Plot discovered, and by whom.

hear; nor had he stood long under the House-end, (for there stood a House there) but he heard one confidently affirm, That it was not, or would not be long before *Diabolus* should possess himself again of *Mansoul*, and that then the *Diabolonians* did intend to put all *Mansoul* to the Sword, and would kill and destroy the King's Captains, and drive all his Soldiers out of the Town.

He said moreover, That he knew there were above twenty thousand fighting Men prepared by *Diabolus* for the accomplishing of this Design, and that it would not be many Months before they all should see it. When Mr. *Prywell* had heard this

Understanding
Conscience.

Story, he did quickly believe it was true, wherefore he went forthwith to my Lord Mayor's House, and acquainted him therewith: who sending for the Subordinate Preacher, brake the business to him, and he as soon gave the Alarm to the Town, for he was now the chief Preacher in *Mansoul*, because as yet my Lord Secretary was ill at ease. And this was the way that the Subordinate Preacher did take to Alarm the Town therewith: The same Hour

he

he caused the *Lecture-Bell* to be rung, so the People came together; he gave them then a short Exhortation to Watchfulness, and made Mr. *Prywell's* News the Argument thereof. For, said he, an horrible Plot is contrived against *Mansoul*, even to massacre us all in a Day; nor is this Story to be slighted, for Mr. *Prywell* is the Author thereof. Mr. *Prywell* was always a lover of *Mansoul*, a sober and judicious Man, a Man that is no tatter, nor raiser of false Reports, but one that loves to look into the very bottom of matters, and talks nothing of News but by very solid Arguments.

I will call him, and you shall hear him your own selves; so he called him, and he came and told his Tale so punctually, and affirmed its truth with such ample grounds, that *Mansoul* fell presently under a conviction of the truth of what he said. The Preacher did also back him, saying, Sirs, it is not irrational for us to believe it, for we have provoked *Shaddai* to Anger, and have sinned *Emanuel* out of the Town; we have had too much Correspondence with *Diabolonians*, and have forgotten our tender Mercies; no marvel then if the Enemy both within and without should design and plot our Ruin; and what time like this to do it? The Sickness is now in the Town, and we have been made weak thereby. Many a good-meaning Man is dead, and the *Diabolonians* of late grown stronger and stronger.

Besides, quoth the *Subordinate Preacher*, I have received from this good Truth-teller is one inkling further, that he understood by those that he overheard, that several Letters have lately passed between the *Furies* and the *Diabolonians*, in order to our destruction. When *Mansoul* heard all this, and not being able to gainsay it, they lift up their voice and wept. Mr. *Prywell* did also in the presence of the Townsmen, confirm all that their *Subordinate Preacher* had said. Wherefore they now set afresh to bewail their Folly, and to a doubling of Petitions to *Shaddai*, and his Son. They also break the business to

They take
the Alarm.

They tell the things to the Captains. to the Captains, high Commanders, and Men of War in the Town of *Mansoul*, entreating of them to use the means to be strong, and to take good courage, and that they would look after their Harnesse, and make themselves ready to give *Diabolus* Battle by Night or by Day, should he come, as they are informed he will, to beleaguer the Town of *Mansoul*.

When the Captains heard this, they being always true Lovers of the Town of *Mansoul*, what do they, but like so many *Sampsons*, they shake themselves, and come together to consult and contrive how to defeat those bold and hellish contrivances that were upon the Wheel, by the means of *Diabolus* and his Friends against the now sickly, weakly, and much impoverished Town of *Mansoul*; and they agreed upon these following Particulars:

1. That the Gates of *Mansoul* should be kept shut, and made fast with Bars and Locks; and that all Persons that went out or came in, should be very strictly examined by the Captains of the Guards, 1 *Cor.* xvi. 13. To the end, said they, that those that are managers of the Plot amongst us, may either coming or going be taken; and that we may also find out who are the great contrivers (amongst us) of our Ruin, *Lam.* iii. 40.

2. The next thing was, that a strict search should be made for all kind of *Diabolonians*, throughout the whole Town of *Mansoul*; and that every Man's House from top to bottom, should be looked into, and that too, House by House, that if possible a farther discovery might be made of all such among them as had a hand in these Designs, *Heb.* xii. 15, 16.

3. It was further concluded upon, that *wheresoever* or with *whomsoever* any of the *Diabolonians* were found, that even those of the Town of *Mansoul* that had given them House and Harbour, should to their shame, and the warning others, do penance in the open place, *Jer.* li. 34. *Chap.* v. 26. *Exek.* xvi. 52.

4. It was moreover resolved by the famous Town of *Mansoul*,

Mansoul, that a publick Fast, and a Day of Humiliation should be kept throughout the whole Corporation, to the justifying of their Prince, the abasing of themselves before him for their Transgressions against him, and against *Shaddai* his Father, *Joel* i. 14. Chap. ii. 15, 16. It was further resolved, that all such in *Mansoul* as did not on that Day endeavour to keep that Fast, and to humble themselves for their faults, but should mind their worldly Employments, or be found wandring up and down the Streets, should be taken for *Diabolonians*, and suffer as *Diabolonians* for such wicked doings.

5. It was further concluded then, that with what speed, and with what warmth of mind they could, they would renew their Humiliation for Sin, and their Petitions to *Shaddai* for help; they also resolved to send Tidings to the Court of all that Mr. *Prywell* had told them, *Jer.* xxxvii. 4.

6. It was also determined, that Thanks should be given by the Town of *Mansoul* to Mr. *Prywell*, for his diligent seeking of the welfare of their Town; and further, that forasmuch as he was so naturally inclined to seek their Good, and also to undermine their Poes, they gave him a Commission of *Scout-master General*, for the good of the Town of *Mansoul*.

When the Corporation with their Captains had thus concluded, they did as they had said, they shut up their Gates, they made for *Diabolonians* strict search, they made those with whom any was found, to do Penance in the open place. They kept their Fast, and renewed their Petitions to their Prince, and Mr. *Prywell* managed his Charge, and the Trust that *Mansoul* had put into his Hands, with great Conscience, and good Fidelity; for he gave himself wholly up to his Employ, and that not only within the Town, but he went out to *py*, to see, and to bear.

Mr. Prywell
goes a Scout-
ing.

And not many days after, he provided for his Journey, and went towards *Hillgate-hill*, into the Country where *Daubters* were, where he heard of all that had been

been talked of in *Mansoul*, and he perceived also that *Diabolus* was almost ready for his March, &c. So he came back with speed, and calling the Captains and Elders of *Mansoul* together, he told them where he had been, what he had heard, and what he had seen.

Particularly he told them, that *Diabolus* was almost ready for his March, and that he had made old Mr. *Incredulity*, that once brake Prison in *Mansoul*, the General of his Army; that his Army consisted of all *Doubters*, and that their Number was above twenty Thousand. He told moreover, that *Diabolus* did intend to bring with him the chief Princes of the *Infernal Pit*, and that he would make them chief Captains over his *Doubters*. He told them moreover, that it was certainly true, that several of the Black Den would with *Diabolus* side *Reformades*, to reduce the Town of *Mansoul* to the Obedience of *Diabolus* their Prince.

He said moreover, that he understood by the *Doubters*, among whom he had been, that the reason why old *Incredulity* was made General of the whole Army, was, because none truer than he to the Tyrant; and because he had an implacable spight against the welfare of the Town of *Mansoul*. Besides, said he, he remembers the Affront that *Mansoul* has given him, and he is resolved to be revenged of them.

But the Black Princes shall be made High Commanders; only *Incredulity* shall be over them all, because he can more easily and dexterously beleaguer the Town of *Mansoul*, than any of the Princes besides, *Heb. xii. 1.*

Now when the Captains of *Mansoul*, with the Elders of the Town, had heard the Tidings that Mr. *Prywell* did bring, they thought it expedient without further delay, to put into Execution the Laws against the *Diabolonians*, their Prince had made and given them in Commandment to manage against them. Wherefore forthwith a diligent and impartial search was made in all Houses in *Mansoul*, for all and all manner of *Diabolonians*. Now in the House of Mr. *Mind*, and in the

the House of the great Lord *Willbewill*, were two *Diablonians* found. In Mr. *Mind*'s House was one Lord *Covetousness* found, but he had changed his Name to *Prudent-thrifty*. In my Lord *Willbewill*'s House, one *Lasciviousness* was found, but he had changed his Name to *Harmless-mirth*. These two the Captains and Elders of the Town of *Mansoul* took and committed to Custody, under the hand of Mr. *Trueman* the Goaler; and this Man handled them so severely, and loaded them so well with Irons, that they both fell into a very deep Consumption, and died in the Prison; their Masters also, according to the Agreement of the Captains and Elders, were brought to do Penance in the open place, to their shame, and for a warning to the rest of the Town of *Mansoul*.

Now this was the manner of Penance in those days. The Persons offending being made sensible of the Evil of their doings, were enjoined open Confession of their Faults; and a strict Amendment of their Lives.

After this the Captains and Elders of *Mansoul* sought yet to find out more *Diablonians*, where ever they lurked, whether in Dens, Caves, Holes, Vaults, or where else they could, in or about the Wall, or Town of *Mansoul*. But though they could plainly see their Footing, and so follow them by their Tract, and smell to their Holds, even to the Mouths of their Caves and Dens, yet take and do justice upon them they could not, their ways were so crooked, their Holds so strong, and they so quick to take Sanctuary there.

But *Mansoul* did now with so stiff an Hand rule over the *Diablonians* that were left, that they were glad to shrink into Corners: Time was when they durst walk openly and in the Day, but now they were forced to embrace privacy and the Night: Time was when a *Mansoul*ian was their Companion, but now they counted them deadly Enemies. This change did Mr. *Pyewell*'s Intelligence make in the Town of *Mansoul*.

By this time *Diabolus* had finished his Army which he intended to bring with him for the Ruin of *Mansoul*,

soul, and had set over them Captains, and other Field-Officers, such as liked his furious Stomack best, himself was Lord Paramount. *Incredulity* was General of his Army. Their highest Captains shall be named afterwards, but now for their Officers, Colours, and Scutcheons.

1. Their first Captain was Captain *Rage*, he was Captain over the *Election-doubters*, his were the red Colours; his Standard-bearer was Mr. *Destruitive*, and the great Red Dragon he had for his Scutcheon, *Rev.* xii. 3, 4, 13, 15, 17.

2. The second Captain was Captain *Fury*, he was Captain over the *Vocation-doubters*, his Standard-bearer was Mr. *Darkness*, his Colours were those that were pale, and he had for his Scutcheon the fiery Flying-Serpent, *Num.* xxi. 6.

3. The third Captain was Captain *Damnation*, he was Captain over the *Grace-doubters*, his were the red Colours, Mr. *No-life* bare them, and he had for his Scutcheon the *Black-den*, *Matth.* iii. 22, 23. *Rev.* ix. 1.

4. The fourth Captain was Captain *Insatiable*, he was Captain over the *Faith-doubters*, his were the red Colours, Mr. *Devourer* bare them, and he had for his Scutcheon the *Yawning jaws*, *Prov.* xxvii. 20.

5. The fifth Captain was Captain *Brimstone*, he was Captain over the *Perseverance-doubters*, his also were the red Colours, Mr. *Burning* bare them, and his Scutcheon was the blue and stinking flame, *Psal.* xi. 6. *Rev.* xiv. 11.

6. The sixth Captain was Captain *Torment*, he was Captain over the *Resurrection-doubters*, his Colours were those that were pale, Mr. *Gnaw* was his Standard-bearer, and he had the *Black worm* for his Scutcheon, *Mark* ix. 44, 46, 48.

7. The seventh Captain was Captain *No-ease*, he was Captain over the *Salvation-doubters*, his were the red Colours, Mr. *Restless* bare them, and his was the ghastly Picture of Death, *Rev.* iv. 11. *Chap.* vi. 8.

8. The eight Captain was Captain *Sepulchre*, he was Captain over the *Glory-doubters*, his also was the

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the Pale Colours, Mr. *Corruption* was his Standard-bearer, and he had for his Scutcheon a Skull, and Dead Men's Bones, *Jer. v. 16. Ch. ii. 25.*

9. The ninth Captain was Captain *Past-hope*, he was Captain of those that are called the *Felicity-Doubters*, his Standard-bearer was Mr. *Despair*; his also were the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was the hot Iron, and the hard Heart, *1 Tim. ii. 4. Rom. ii. 5.*

These were his Captains, and these were their forces, these were the Standards, these were their Colours, and these were their Scutchions. Now over these did the great *Diabolus* make Superior Captains, and they were in Number seven: As namely, the Lord *Beelzebub*, the Lord *Lucifer*, the Lord *Legion*, the Lord *Apollyon*, the Lord *Pythion*, the Lord *Cerberus*, and the Lord *Belial*; these seven he set over the Captains, and *Incredulity* was Lord General, and *Diabolus* was King.

The *Reformades* also, such as were like themselves, were made some of them Captains of Hundreds, and some of them Captains of more: And thus was the Army of *Incredulity* compleated.

So they set out at *Hellgate-hill*, (for there they had their Rendezvous) from whence they came with a straight course upon their March towards the Town of *Mansoul*. Now as was hinted before, the Town had, as *Shaddai* would have it, received from the Mouth of Mr. *Princell* the Alarm of their coming before. Wherefore they set a strong Watch at the Gates, and had also doubled their Guards; they also mounted their Slings in good Places, where they might conveniently cast out their great Stones to the Annoyance of the Enemy.

Nor could those *Diabolonians* that were in the Town do that hurt as was designed they should; for *Mansoul* was now awake. But alas, poor People, they were sorely affrighted at first appearance of their Foes, and at their Sitting down before the Town, especially when they heard the roaring of their Drums, *1 Pet. v. 8.* This to speak truth, was amazingly hideous to hear, it frightened all Men seven Miles round.

The

The streaming of their Colours were also terrible and dejecting to behold.

When *Diabolus* was come up against the Town, first he made his approach to *Ear-gate*, and gave it a furious Assault, supposing, as it seems, that his Friends in *Mansoul* had been ready to do the work within; but care was taken of that before, by the vigilance of the Captains. Wherefore, missing of the help that he expected from them, and finding of his Army warmly attended with the Stones that the Slingers did sling (for that I will say for the Captains, that considering the Weakness that yet was upon them, by reason of the long Sickness that had annoyed the Town of *Mansoul*, they did gallantly behave themselves) he was forced to make some retreat from *Mansoul*, and to intrench himself and his Men in the Field, without the reach of the Slings of the Town, *James iv. 7.*

He makes an Assault upon *Ear-gate*, and is repelled.

He retreats & intrenches himself.

Now having intrenched himself, he did cast up four Mounts against the Town; the first he called Mount *Diabolus*, putting his own Name thereon, the more to affright the Town of *Mansoul*, the other three he called thus, Mount *Aleto*, Mount *Megare*, and Mount *Tisiphone*, for these are the Names of the dreadful Furies of Hell. Thus he began to play his Game with *Mansoul*, and to serve it as the Lion his Prey, even to make it fall before his Terror. But, as I said, the Captains and Soldiers resisted so stoutly, and did so much Execution, that they made him, though against Stomach, to retreat: Wherefore *Mansoul* began to take courage.

Now upon Mount *Diabolus*, which was raised on the North side of the Town, there did the Tyrant set up his Standard, and a fearful Thing it was to behold, for he had wrought in it by devilish Art after the manner of his Scutcheon, a flaming flame, fearful to behold, and the Picture of *Mansoul* burning in it.

Diabolus his Standard set up.

When *Diabolus* had thus done, he commanded that his Drummer should every night approach the Walls of the Town of *Mansoul*, and beat a Parley; the Command was to do it a Nights, for in the Day-time they annoyed him with their Slings; for the Tyrant said, that he had a mind to Parley with the now trembling Town of *Mansoul*, and he commanded that the Drum should beat every Night, that through weariness they might at last (if possible, at the first they were unwilling yet) be forced to do it.

So the Drummer did as commanded, he arose, and did beat his Drum. But when his Drum did go, if one looked towards the Town of *Mansoul*, Behold darkness and sorrow, and the light was darkened in the Heaven thereof, Isa. v. 30. No noise was ever heard upon Earth more terrible, except the voice of *Shaddai*, when he speaketh. But how did *Mansoul* tremble! it now looked for nothing but forthwith to be swallowed up.

When this Drummer had beaten a Parley, he made this Speech to *Mansoul*, *My Master has bid me tell you; that if you will willingly submit, you shall have the good of the Earth, but if you shall be stubborn, he is resolved to take you by force.* But by that the Fugitive had done beating his Drum, the People of *Mansoul* had betaken themselves to the Captains that were in the Castle, so that there was none to regard, nor to give this Drummer an Answer; so he proceeded no further that Night, but returned again to his Master to the Camp.

When *Diabolus* saw, that by Drumming he could not work out *Mansoul* to his Will, the next Night he sendeth his Drummer without his Drum, still to let the Townsmen know that he had a mind to Parley with them. But when all came to all, his Parley was turned into a Summons to the Town to deliver up themselves: But they gave him neither heed nor hearing, for they remembered what at first it cost them to hear him a few Words.

The next Night he sends again, and then who should

ould be his Messenger to Mansoul, but the terrible Captain Sepulcher; so Captain Sepulcher came up to the Walls of Mansoul, and made this Oration to the Town.

O ye Inhabitants of the rebellious Town of Mansoul! I summons you in the Name of the Prince Diabolus, that without any more ado, you set open the Gates of your Town, and admit your Lord to come in. But if you shall still Rebel, when we have taken the Town by force, we will swallow you up as the Grave; wherefore if you will hearken to my Summons, say so, and if not, then let me know.

The reason of this my Summons, quoth he, is, for that my Lord is your undoubted Prince and Lord, as you yourselves have formerly owned. Nor shall that Assault that was given to my Lord, when Emanuel dealt so dishonourably by him, prevail with him to lose his Right, and to forbear to attempt to recover his own. Consider then, O Mansoul, with thyself, wilt thou shew thyself Peaceably, or not? If thou shalt quietly yield up thyself, then our old Friendship shall be renewed; but if thou shalt yet refuse and rebel, then expect nothing but Fire and Sword.

When the languishing Town of Mansoul had heard this Summoner, and his Summons, they were yet more put to their dumps, but made the Captain no Answer at all, so away he went as he came.

But after some Consultation among themselves, as also with some of their Captains, they applied themselves afresh to the Lord Secretary for Council and Advice from him; for this Lord Secretary was their chief Preacher (as also is mentioned some Pages before) only now he was ill at ease; and of him they begged favour in these two or three things.

1. That he would look comfortably upon them, and not keep himself so much retired from them as formerly. Also that he would be prevailed with to give them a hearing while they should make known their miserable condition to him. But to this he told them as before, *That as yet he was but*

ill at ease, and therefore could not do as he had formerly done.

2. The second Thing they desired, was, that he would be pleased to give them his advice about their now so important Affairs, for that *Diabolus* was come and set before the Town with no less than Twenty Thousand *Doubters*. They said moreover, that both he and his Captains were cruel Men, and that they were afraid of them. But to this he said, *You must look to the Law of the Prince, and there see what is laid upon you to do.*

3. Then they desired that his Highness would help them to frame a Petition to *Shaddai*, and unto *Emanuel* his Son, and that he would set his own hand thereto, as a Token that he was one with them in it: For, said they, *my Lord, many a one have we sent, but can get no answer of Peace, but now surely one with thy Hand unto it, may obtain good for Mansoul.*

But all the answer he gave to this, was, *That they had offended their Emanuel, and had also grieved himself, and that therefore they must as yet partake of their own devices.*

This Answer of the Lord Secretary fell like a Millstone upon them; yea, it crushed them so, that they could not tell what to do, yet they durst not comply with the Demands of *Diabolus*, nor with the Demands of his Captain, *Lem. i. 3.* So then here were the Straights that the Town of *Mansoul* was betwixt, when the Enemy came upon her: Her Foes were ready to swallow her up, and her Friends did forbear to help her.

Then stood up my Lord Mayor, whose Name was my Lord Understanding, and he began to pick and pick, until he had picked comfort out of that seemingly bitter saying of the Lord Secretary; for thus he discanted upon it: First, said he, This unavoidably follows upon the saying of my Lord, *That we must yet suffer for our Sins.* 2. But, quoth he, *the words yet sound as if at last we should be saved from our Enemies, and that after a few more Sorrows, Emanuel*

The sad
Straights of
Mansoul.

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nuel will come and be our help. Now the Lord Mayor was the more Critical in his dealing with the Secretary's Words, because my Lord was more than a Prophet, and because none of his Words were such, but that at all times they were most exactly significant, and the Townsmen were allowed to pry into them, and to expound them to their best Advantage.

So they took their leaves of my Lord, and returned and went, and came to the Captains, to whom they did tell what my Lord High Secretary had said, who, when they had heard it, were all of the same Opinion as was my Lord Mayor himself; the Captains therefore began to take some courage unto them, and to prepare to make some brave Attempt upon the Camp of the Enemy, and to destroy all that were *Diabolonians*, with the roving *Doubters* that the Tyrant had brought with him to destroy the poor Town of *Mansoul*.

So all betook themselves forthwith to their Places, the Captains to theirs, the Lord Mayor to his, the Subordinate Preacher to his, and my Lord Willbewill to his. The Captains longed to be at some Work for their Prince, for they delighted in Warlike Attchievements. The next day therefore they came together and consulted, and after Consultation had, they resolved to give an Answer to the Captain of *Diabolus* with Slings; and so they did at the rising of the Sun on the Morrow; for *Diabolus* had adventured to come nearer again, but the Sling-stones were to him and his, like Hornets. For as there is nothing to the Town of *Mansoul* so terrible as the roaring of *Diabolus's* Drum, so there is nothing to *Diabolus* so terrible as the well playing of *Emanuel's* Slings. Wherefore *Diabolus* was forced to make another Retreat, yet further off from the famous Town of *Mansoul*. Then did the Lord Mayor of *Mansoul* cause the Bells to be rung, and that thanks should be sent to the Lord High Secretary by the Mouth of the Sub-

The Town
of Mansoul
in Order.

ordinate Preacher; for that by his Words the Captains and Elders of Mansoul had been strengthened against Diabolus.

When Diabolus saw that his Captains and Soldiers high Lords, and renowned, were frightened and beaten down by the Stones that came from the Golden Sling of the Prince of the Town of Mansoul, he bethought himself, and said, *I will try to catch them by sawning I will try to flatter them into my Net.*

Diabolus
changes
his way.

Wherefore after a while he came down again to the Wall, not now with his Drum nor with Captain Sepulcher, but having altered his way, he seemed to be a very Sweet-mouthed, peaceable Prince, designing nothing for Humours-sake, nor to be revenged on Mansoul for Injuries by them done to him, but the Welfare, and Good, and Advantage of the Town and People therein, was now, as he said, his only Design. Wherefore after he had called for Audience, and desired that the Townsfolk would give it to him, he proceeded in his Oration: And said,

Oh! the desire of my heart, the famous Town of Mansoul, how many Nights have I watched, and how many weary steps have I taken; if perhaps I might do thee good, 1 Pet. v. 8. Rev. xii. 10. Far be it, far be it from me to desire to make War upon you; if ye will but willingly and quietly deliver up yourselves unto me. You know that you were mine of old, Matth. iv. 8. Luke iv. 6, 7. Remember also, that so long as you enjoyed me for your Lord, and that I enjoyed you for my Subjects, you wanted for nothing of all the delights of the Earth, that I, your Lord and Prince, could get for you; or that could invent to make you bonny and blith withal. Consider, you never had so many hard, dark, troublesome, and heart-afflicting hours, while you were mine, as you have had since you revolted from me, nor shall you ever have Peace again until you and I become one as before. But he that will but prevailed with to embrace me again, and I will grant you, enlarge your old Charter with abundance of Privi-

leges, so that your License and Liberty shall be to take, hold, enjoy, and make your own all that is pleasant from the East to the West. Nor shalt any of those Incivilities wherewith you have offended me, be ever charged upon you by me; so long as the Sun and Moon endureth. Nor shall any of those dear Friends of mine, that now, for the fear of you, lie lurking in Dens and Holes, and Caves in Mansoul, be hurtful to you any more; yea, they shall be your Servants, and shall minister unto you of their Substance, and of whatever shall come to hand. I need speak no more, you know them, and have sometime since been much delighted in their Company, why then should we abide at such odds? Let us renew our old Acquaintance and Friendship again.

Bear with your Friend, I take the Liberty at this time to speak thus freely unto you. The love that I have to you, presses me to do it, as also does the Zeal of my Heart for my Friends with you; put me not therefore to further trouble, nor yourselves to further frights. Have you I will, in a way of Peace or War; nor do you flatter yourselves with the Power and Force of your Captains, or that your Emanuel will shortly come into your help; for such strength will do you no pleasure.

I am come against you with a stout and valiant Army, and all the Chief Princes of the Den are even at the Head. Besides, my Captains are swifter than Eagles, stronger than Lions, and more greedy of Prey than are the Evening Wolves. What is Og or Balthan; what's Goliath of Gath! and what's an hundred more of them to one of the least of my Captains! how then shall Mansoul think to escape my Hand and Force?

Diabolus having thus ended his flattering, fawning, deceitful, and lying Speech to the famous Town of Mansoul, the Lord Mayor replied unto him as follows.

O Diabolus! Prince of Darknes, and Master of all Decit; thy lying Flatteries we have had, and made sufficient Probation of, and have tasted too deeply of that destruc-

The Lord Mayor's Answer.

time Cup already: should we therefore again hearken unto thee. And so break the Commandment of our great Shaddai, to join affinity with thee, would not our Prince reject us, and cast us off for ever, and being cast off by him, can the Place that he has prepared for thee, be a Place of Rest for us! Besides, O thou that art empty and void of all Truth, we are rather ready to die by thy Hand, than to fall in with thy flattering and lying Deceits.

When the Tyrant saw that there was little to be got in Parlying with my Lord Mayor, he fell into an hellish Rage, and resolved that again with his Army of *Doubters*, he would another time assault the Town of *Mansoul*.

So he called for his Drummer, who beat up for his Men (and while he did beat, *Mansoul* did shake) to be in a readiness to give Battle to the Corporation; then *Diabolus* drew near with his Army, and thus disposed of his Men. Captain *Cruel*, and Captain *Torment*, these he drew up, and placed against *Feel-gate*, and commanded them to set down there for the War. And he also appointed, that if need were, Captain *No-ease* should come in to their relief. At *Nose-gate* he placed Captain *Brimstone* and Captain *Sepulcher*, and bid them look well to their Ward on that side of the Town of *Mansoul*. But at *Eye-gate* he placed that Grim-faced one, the Captain *Past-hope*, and there also now he did set up his terrible Standard.

Now Captain *Insatiable* was to look to the Carriages of *Diabolus*, and was also appointed to take into Custody that, or those Persons and things that should at any time as Prey be taken from the Enemy.

Now *Mouth-gate* the Inhabitants of *Mansoul* kept for a Sally Port, wherefore that they kept strong, for that was it, by, and out at which the Townsfolk did send their Petitions to *Emanuel* their Prince; that also was the Gate, from the Top of which the Captains did play their Slings at the Enemies, for that Gate stood somewhat ascending, so that the placing

of

of them here; and the letting of them fly from that place, did much Execution against the Tyrant's Army; wherefore for these causes with others, *Diabolus* fought, if possible, to stop up *Mouth-gate* with Dirt.

Now, as *Diabolus* was busy and industrious in preparing to make his Assault upon the Town of *Man-soul* without, so the Captains and Soldiers in the Corporation, were as busy in preparing within; they mounted their Sings, they set up their Banners, they sounded their Trumpets, and put themselves in such Order as was judged most for the Annoyance of the Enemy, and for the Advantage of *Man-soul*, and gave their Soldiers Orders to be ready at the sound of the Trumpet for War. The Lord *Willbewill*

also, he took the charge of watching against the Rebels within, and to do what he could to take them while without, or to stifle them within their Caves,

The Lord
Willbewill
plays the
Man.

Dens, and Hole in the Town-wall of *Man-soul*. And to speak the truth of him, ever since he did Penance for his fault, he has shewed as much Honesty and Bravery of Spirit as may be in *Man-soul*, for he took one *Jolly*, and his Brother *Griggish*, the two Sons of his Servant *Harmless-mirib*, for to that Day, though the Father was committed to Ward, the Sons had a dwelling in the House of my Lord. I

Jolley and
Griggish taken
and executed.

I say, he took them, and with his own Hands put them to the Cross. And this was the reason why he hanged them up, after their Father was put into the Hand of Mr. *Trueman* the Goler, they his Sons began to play their Pranks, and to be tricking and toying with the Daughters of their Lord; nay, it was jealousied that they are too familiar with them, the which was brought to his Lordship's Ear. Now his Lordship being unwilling unadvisedly to put any Man to Death, did not suddenly fall upon them; but set Watch and Spies to see if the thing was true; of the which he was soon informed, for his two Servants, whose

Names

The holy War,

Names were *Find-out* and *Tell-all*, caught them together in an uncivil manner more than once or twice, and went and told their Lord. So when my Lord *Willbewill* had sufficient ground to believe the thing was true, he takes the two young *Diabolonians*, for such they were, (for their Father was a *Diabolonian* horn) and has them to *Eye gate*, where he raised a very high Cross just in the face of *Diabolus*, and of his Army, and there he hanged the young Villains, in defiance to Captain *Pest-hope*, and the horrible Standard of the Tyrant.

Now this *Christian* Act of the brave Lord *Willbewill* did greatly abash Captain *Pest-hope*, discouraged the Army of *Diabolus*, put fear into the

Mortifications
of Sin is a sign
of hope of
Life.

Diabolonian renagades in *Manfoul*, and put strength and courage into the Captains that belonged to *Emanuel*, the Prince: for they without did gather, and that by this very Act of my Lord, that *Manfoul* was resolved to fight, and that the *Diabolonians* within the Town could not do such things as *Diabolus* had hoped they would. Nor was this the only Proof of the brave Lord *Willbewill*'s Honesty to the Town, nor of his Loyalty to his Prince, as will afterwards appear.

Now when the Children of *Prudent-thrifty*, who dwelt with Mr. *Mind*, for *Thrift* left Children with Mr. *Mind*, when he was also committed to Prison, and their Names were *Gripe*, and *Rake-all*, these

begat of Mr. *Mind*'s Bastard Daughter (whose Name was Mrs. *Hold-fast-bad*.)

I say, when his Children perceived how the Lord *Willbewill* had served them that dwelt with him, what do they but (lest they should drink of the same Cup) endeavour to make their escape: But Mr. *Mind* being wary of it, took them, and put them in hold in his House till Morning (for this was done over Night) and remembering that by the Law of *Manfoul* all *Diabolonians* were to die, and to be sure they were at least by Father's-side such, and

some

some say, by Mother's Side too; what does he, but takes them, and puts them in Chains, and carries them to the self same place where my Lord hanged his two before, there he hanged them.

The Townsmen also took great Encouragement at this Act of Mr. *Mind*, and did what they could to have taken some more of these *Diabolonian* Troublers of *Mansoul*; but at that Time the rest lay so close, that they could not be apprehended; so they set against them a diligent Watch, and went every Man to his Place.

I told you a little before, that *Diabolus* and his Army were somewhat abash'd and discouraged at the Sight of what my Lord *Willbewill* did, when he hanged up those two young *Diabolonians*; but his Discouragement quickly turned itself into furious Madness and Rage against the Town of *Mansoul*, and fight it he would. Also the Townsmen and Captains within, they had their Hopes and their Expectation heightened, believing at last the Day would be theirs, so they feared them the less. Their *Subordinate Preacher* too, made a Sermon about it, and he took that Theme for his Text, *Gad, a Troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last.* Whence he shewed, that though *Mansoul* should be sorely put to it at the first, yet the Victory should most certainly be *Mansoul's* at the last, *Gen. lxix. 19.*

So *Diabolus* commanded that his *Drummer* should beat a Charge against the Town, and the Captains also that were in the Town sounded a Charge against them, but they had no Drum, they were Trumpets of Silver with which they sounded against them. Then they which were of the Camp of *Diabolus* came down to the Town to take it, and the Captains in the Castle, with the Slingers at *Mouth-gate* played upon them *amain*. And now there was nothing heard in the Camp of *Diabolus* but horrible Rage and Blasphemy; but in the Town good Words, Prayer, and Singing of Psalms: The Enemy replied with horrible Objections, and the Terribleness of their
Drum,

Drum; but the Town made answer with the flapping of their Slings, and the melodious noise of their Trumpets. And thus the fight lasted for several days together, only now and then they had some small Intermission, in which the Townsmen refreshed themselves, and the Captains made ready for another Assault.

The Captains of *Emanuel* were clad in Silver Armour, and the Soldiers in that, which was of Proof; the Soldiers of *Diabolus* were clad in Iron, which was made to give place to *Emanuel's* Engine shot. In the Town some were hurt, and some were greatly wounded. Now the worst on't was, a Chirurgeon was scarce in *Mansoul*, for that *Emanuel* at present was absent, *Rev. xxv. 2. Psal. xxxviii. 5.* Howbeit, with the leaves of a Tree the wounded were kept from dying; yet their Wounds did greatly putrify, and some did grievously stink. Of the Townsmen these were wounded, to wit,

Who of *Mansoul* were wounded.

My Lord *Reason*, he was wounded in the Head.

Another that was wounded, was the brave Lord Mayor, he was wounded in

the Eye.

Another that was wounded, was Mr. *Mind*, he received his Wound about the *Stomach*.

The honest *Subordinate Preacher* also, he received a Shot not far off the Heart, but none of these were Mortal.

Hopeful Thoughts.

Many also of the inferior sort were not only wounded, but slain outright.

Who in the Camp of *Diabolus* were Wounded and Slain.

Now in the Camp of *Diabolus* were wounded and slain a considerable number. For instance,

Captain *Rage* he was wounded, and so was Captain *Crush*.

Captain *Damnation* was made to retreat, and to intrench himself further off of *Mansoul*; the Standard also of *Diabolus* was beaten down, and his

Stand

Standard-bearer Captain *Much-burt*, had his Brains beat out with a Sling-stone, to the no little grief and Shame of his Prince *Diabolus*.

Many also of the *Doubters* were slain out-right, though enough of them were left alive to make *Mansoul* shake and totter. Now the Victory that Day being turned to *Mansoul*, did put great Valour into the Townsmen and Captains, and did cover *Diabolus's* Camp with a Cloud, but with all it made them far more furious. So the next Day *Mansoul* rested and commanded that the Bells should be rung, the Trumpets also joyfully sounded, and the Captains shouted round the Town.

The Victory did turn that day to *Mansoul*, &c.

My Lord *Willbewill* also was not idle, but did notable Service within against the *Domesticks*, or the *Diabolenians*, that were in the Town, not only by keeping of them in awe, for he lighted on one at last, whose Name was Mr. *Anybing*, a Fellow of whom mention

My Lord *Willbewill* taketh one Anything, and one Loose-foot, and committeth them to ward.

was made before, for 'twas he, if you remember, that brought the three Fellows to *Diabolus*, whom the *Diabolenians* took out of Captain *Boanerges's* Companies, and that persuaded them to Lift themselves under the Tyrant, to fight against the Army of *Shaddai*; my Lord *Willbewill* did also take a notable *Diabolenian*, whose Name was *Loosefoot*; this *Loosefoot* was a Scout to the Vagabonds in *Mansoul*, and that did use to carry Tidings out of *Mansoul* to the Camp, and out of the Camp to those of the Enemies in *Mansoul*; both these my Lord sent away safe to Mr. *Trueman* the Goalor, with a Commandment to keep them in Irons; for he intended then to have them out to be Crucified, when it would be for the best to the Corporation, and most for the discouragement of the Camp of the Enemies.

My Lord Mayor also, thought he could not stir about so much as formerly, because of the Wound that he lately received, yet gave he out orders to all

that

The Holy War,

they were the Natives of *Mansoul*, to look to their Watch, and stand upon their Guard, and as occasions should offer, to prove themselves Men.

Mr. *Conscience* the Preacher, he also did his utmost to keep all his good Documents alive upon the Hearts of the People of *Mansoul*.

The Captains
consult to fall
upon the En-
emy.

Well, a while after, the Captains and stout ones of the Town of *Mansoul* agreed, and resolved upon a time to make a Sally out upon the Camp of *Diabolus*, and this must be done in the Night, and there was the folly of *Mansoul* (for the Night is always the best for the Enemy, but the worst for *Mansoul* to fight in) but yet they would do it, their Courage was so high; their last Victory also still stuck in their Memories.

The fight
in the Night.
Who do lead
the Van.

So the Night appointed being come, the Prince's brave Captains cast Lots who should lead the Van in this new and desperate Expedition against *Diabolus*, and against his *Diabolonian* Army, and the Lot fell to Captain *Credence*, to Captain *Experience*, and to Captain *Good-hope* to lead the *Forlorn-hope*. (This Captain *Experience* the Prince created such when himself did reside in the Town of *Mansoul*.) so as I said, they made their Sally out upon the Army that lay in

How they fall
on.

the Siege against them; and their hap was to fall in with the main Body of their Enemies. Now *Diabolus* and his Men being expertly accustomed to Night-work, took the Alarm presently, and were as ready to give the Battle, as if they had sent them word of their coming. Wherefore to it they went again, and blows were hard on every side, the *Hill-Drum* also was beat most furiously, while the Trumpets of the Prince most sweetly sounded. And thus the Battle was joined, and Captain *Insatiable* looked to the Enemies Carriages, and waited when he should receive some Prey.

The

The Prince's Captains fought it stoutly, beyond what indeed could be expected they should; they wounded many, they made the whole Army of *Diabolus* to make a retreat. But I cannot tell how, but the brave Captain *Credence*, Captain *Good-hope*, and Captain *Experience*, as they were upon the pursuit, cutting down, and following hard after the Enemy in the Rear, Captain *Credence* stumbled and fell, by which fall he caught so great a hurt, that he could not rise, till Captain *Experience* did help him up, at which their Men were put in disorder; the Captain also was so full of Pain, that he could not forbear but aloud to cry out; at this, the other two Captains fainted, supposing that Captain *Credence* had received his Mortal Wound: Their Men also were more disordered, and had no mind to fight. Now *Diabolus* being very observing, thought at this time as yet he was put to the worst, perceiving that an Halt was made among the Men that were the Pursuers, what does he, but taking it for granted, that the Captains were either wounded or dead: He therefore at first makes a stand, then faces about, and so comes up upon the Prince's Army with as much of his fury as Hell could help him to, and his hap was to fall in just among the three Captains; Captain *Credence*, Captain *Good-hope*, and Captain *Experience*, and did cut, wound, and pierce them so dreadfully, that what through Discouragement, what through Disorder, and what through the Wounds that now they had received, and also the loss of much Blood, they scarce were able, though they had for their Power the three best Bands in *Manfoul*, to get safe into the Town again.

They fight bravely.

Captain Credence hurt.

The rest of the Captains faint.

Diabolus takes courage.

The Prince's Forces beaten.

Now when the Body of the Prince's Army saw how these three Captains were put to the worst, they thought it their Wildom to make as safe and good a Retreat

Retreat as they could, and so returned by the Sally-port again, and so there was an end of the present Diabolus flusht. Action. But *Diabolus* was so flusht, with this Night's work, that he promised himself in a few Days, an easy and compleat Conquest over the Town of *Mansoul*; wherefore on the Day following he comes up to the sides thereof with great Boldness, and demands Entrance, and that forthwith they deliver themselves up to his Government. (The *Diabolonians* too that were within, they began to be somewhat brisk, as we shall shew afterward)

But the valiant Lord Mayor replied, The Mayor's Answer. *That what he got he must get by Force; for as long as Emanuel their Prince was alive (though he at present was not so with them as they wisht) they should never consent to yield Mansoul up to another.*

And with that the Lord Willbewill Brave Willbewill's Speech. stood up, and said, *Diabolus, Thou Master of the Den, and Enemy to all that is good, we poor Inhabitants of the Town of Mansoul, are too well acquainted with thy Rule and Government, and with the end of those things that for certain will follow submitting to thee, to do it. Wherefore, though a while we were without Knowledge, we suffered thee to take us (as the Bird that saw not the Snare, fell into the Hand of the Fowler) yet since we have been turned from Darkness to Light, we have also been turned from the Power of Satan to God. And though through thy Subility, and the Subility of the Diabolonians within, we have sustained much Loss, and also plunged ourselves into much Perplexity, yet give up ourselves, lay down our Arms, and yield to so horrid a Tyrant as thou, we will not; die upon the place we chuse rather to do. Besides, we have hopes that in time Deliverance will come from Court unto us, and therefore we yet will maintain a War against thee.*

This brave Speech of the Lord Willbewill, with that

that also of the Lord Mayor did somewhat abate the boldness of *Diabolus*, though it kindled the Fury of his Rage.

The Captains encouraged.

It also encouraged the Townsmen and Captains; yea, it was as a Plaister to the brave Captain *Credence* his Wound; for you must know that a brave Speech now, when the Captains of the Town, with their Men of War, came home Roured, and when the Enemy took courage and boldness at the Success that he had obtained, to draw up to the Walls, and demand Entrance, as he did, was in season and also advantageous.

The Lord *Willbewill* also did play the Man within, for while the Captains and Soldiers were in the Field, he was in Arms in the Town, and wherever by him there was a *Diabolonian* found, they were forced to feel the Weight of his heavy Hand, and also the edge of his penetrating Sword; many therefore of the *Diabolonians* he wounded, as the Lord *Cavil*, the Lord *Brisk*, the Lord *Pragmatick*, the Lord *Murmur*; several also of the meaner sort he did sorely maim; though there cannot at this time an Account be given you of any that he slew outright. The Cause, or rather the Advantage that my Lord *Willbewill* had at this time to do thus, was, for that the Captains were gone out to fight the Enemy in the Field. For now, thought the *Diabolonians* within, is our time to stir and make an Uproar in the Town; what do they therefore but quickly get themselves into a *Body*, and fall forthwith to *Hurricaning* in *Mansoul*, as if now nothing but Whirlwind and Tempest should be there;

Willbewill's Gallantry.

wherefore, as I said, he takes this Opportunity to fall in among them with his Men, cutting and slashing with courage that was undaunted; at which the *Diabolonians* with all haste dispersed themselves to their Holds, and my Lord to his place as before.

This brave Act of my Lord did somewhat revenge the wrong done by *Diabolus* to the Captains, and also did let them know, that *Mansoul* was not to be parted

Nothing like
Faith to crush
Diabolus.

parted with, for the loss of a Victory or two; wherefore the Wing of the Tyrant was clipt again, as to boasting, I mean, in comparison of what he would have done if the *Diabolonians* had put the Town to the same Plight to which he had put the Captains.

Well, *Diabolus* yet resolves to have the other bout with *Mansoul*; for, thought he, since I beat them once, I may beat them twice: Wherefore he commanded his Men to be ready at such an Hour of the Night to make a fresh Assault upon the Town, and he gave it out in special, that they should bend all

He tries what
he can do upon
the sense and
feeling of the
Christian.

there Force against *Feel-gate*, and attempt to break into the Town through that: The Word that then he did give to his Officers and Soldiers was, *Hell-fire*. And, said he, if we break in upon them, as I wish we do, either with some, or with all our Force, let them that break in look to it, that they forget not the Word. And let nothing be heard in the Town of *Mansoul*, but *Hell-fire, Hell-fire, Hell-fire*. The Drummer was also to beat without ceasing, and the Standard-bearers were to display their Colours; the Soldiers too were to put on what courage they could, and to see that they played Manfully their Parts against the Town.

So the Night was come, and all things by the Tyrant made ready for the Work, he suddenly makes his Assault upon *Feel-gate*, and after he had a while struggled there, he throws the Gates wide open. For the Truth is, those Gates were but weak, and so most easily made to yield. When *Diabolus* had thus far made his Attempt, he placed his Captains, to wit, *Torment* and *No-ease* there; so he attempted to press forward, but the Prince's Captains came down upon him, and made his entrance more difficult than he desired. And to speak truth, they made what resistance they could; but the three of their best and most valiant Captains being Wounded, and by their Wounds made much incapable of doing the Town that

that Service they would (and all the rest having more than their Hands full of the *Doubters*, and their Captains that did follow *Diabolus*) they were over-powered with Force, nor could they keep them out of the Town. Wherefore the Prince's Men and their Captains betook themselves to the Castle, as to the stronghold of the Town: And this they did, partly for their own security, partly for the security of the Town, and partly, or rather chiefly, to preserve to *Emanuel* the Prerogative Royal of *Mansoul*, for so was the Castle of *Mansoul*.

The Captains therefore being fled into the Castle, the Enemy, without much resistance, possess themselves of the rest of the Town, and spreading themselves as they went, into every Corner, they cried out as they marched, according to the Command of the Tyrant, *Hell-fire, Hell-fire, Hell-fire*; so that nothing for a while throughout the Town of *Mansoul* could be heard but the direful Noise of *Hell-fire* together with the Roaring of *Diabolus's* Drum. And now did the Clouds hang black over *Mansoul*, nor, to Reason, did any thing but Ruin seem to attend it. *Diabolus* also quartered his Soldiers in the Houses of the Inhabitants of the Town of *Mansoul*. Yea, the *Subordinate Preacher's* House was as full of these Outlandish *Doubters*, as ever it could hold; and so was my Lord Mayor's, and my Lord *Willbewill's* also. Yea, where was there a Corner, a Cottage, a Barn, or a Hogstie, that now was not full of these Vermin? Yea, they turned the Men of the Town out of their Houses, and would lie in their Beds, and sit at their Tables themselves. Ah, poor *Mansoul*! now thou seekest the Fruits of Sin, and what Venom was in the flattering Words of Mr. *Carnal Security*! They made great Havock of whatever they laid their Hands on; yea, they fired the Town in several Places; many young Children also were by them dashed in pieces, yea, those that were yet unborn they destroyed in their Mother's Wombs; For you must needs think that it could not now be otherwise; for what Con-

science,

science, what Pity, what Bowels of Compassion can any expect at the Hands of Outlandish *Doubters*? Many in *Manfoul* that were Women, both young and old, they forced, ravished, and Beast-like abused, so that they swooned, miscarried, and many of them died, and so lay at the top of every Street, and in all by-places of the Town.

And now did *Manfoul* seem to be nothing but a Den of Dragons, an Emblem of Hell, and a place of total Darkness. Now did *Manfoul* lie (almost) like the barren Wilderness; nothing but Nettles, Bryars, Thorns, Weeds, and stinking Things seem now to cover the Face of *Manfoul*. I told you before, how that these *Diabolonian* *Doubters* turned the Men of *Manfoul* out of their Beds, and now I will add, they wounded them, they mauled them, yea, and almost brained many of them. Many did, I say, yea, most, if not all of them. Mr. *Conscience* they so wounded, yea, and his Wounds so festered, that he could have no ease Day nor Night, but lay as if continually upon a Rack (but that *Shaddai* Rules

Sad Work
among the
Townsmen.

and had not

Satan has a
particular
spite against
a Sanctified
Will.

his Exploits

The Soul
full of idle
Thoughts and
Blasphemies.

all, certainly they had slain him outright) My Lord Mayor they so abused, that they almost put out his Eyes; my Lord *Willberwill* got into the Castle, they intended to have chopt him all to pieces, for they did look upon him (as his Heart now stood) to be one of the very worst that was in *Manfoul* against *Diabolus* and his Crew. And indeed he hath shewed himself a Man, and more of his Exploits you will here of afterwards.

Now a Man might have walked for many Days together in *Manfoul*, and scarce have seen one in the Town that looked like a Religious Man. Oh the fearful state of *Manfoul* now! now every Corner

swarmed with Outlandish *Doubters*; Red-coats and Black-coats walked the Town by clusters, and filled up all the Houses with hideous Noises, vain Songs, lying

lying Stories, and blasphemous Language against *Saddai* and his Son. Now also those *Diabolians* that lurked in the Walls, and Dens, and Holes that were in the Town of *Mansoul*, came forth and shewed themselves; yea, walked with open face in Company with the *Doubters* that were in *Mansoul*. Yea, they had more Boldness now to walk the Streets, to haunt the Houses, and to shew themselves abroad, than had any of the honest Inhabitants of the now woful Town of *Mansoul*.

But *Diabolus* and his Outlandish Men were not at Peace in *Mansoul*; for they were not there entertained as were the Captains and Forces of *Emanuel*; the Townsmen did brow-beat them what they could: Nor did they partake or make Destruction of any of the Necessaries of *Mansoul*, but that which they seized on against the Townsmen's Will; what they could they hid from them, and what they could not they had with an ill Will. They, poor Hearts, had rather have had their Room than their Company, but they were at present their *Captives*, and their *Captives* for the present they were forced to be, *Rom. vii.* But I say, they discountenanced them as much as they were able, and shewed them all the Dislike that they could.

The Captains also from the Castle did hold them in continual Play with their Slings, to the chasing and fretting of the Minds of the Enemies. True, *Diabolus* made a great many Attempts to have broken open the Gates of the Castle, but Mr. *Godly-fear* was made the Keeper of that; and he was a Man of Courage, Conduct, and Valour, that 'twas in vain as long as Life lasted within him, to think to do that Work, though mostly desired; wherefore all the Attempts that *Diabolus* made against him, were fruitless; (I have wished sometimes that that Man had had the whole Rule of the Town of *Mansoul*.)

Mr. Godly-fear
is made Keeper
of the Castle-gate.

Well

The Town of
Mansoul the
Seat of War.

Well, this was the Condition of the Town of *Mansoul*, for about two Years and an half ; the Body of the Town was the Seat of War ; the People of the Town were driven into Holes, and the Glory of *Mansoul* was laid in the Dust ; what Rest then could be to the Inhabitants, what Peace could *Mansoul* have, and what Sun could shine upon it ? Had the Enemy lain so long without in the Plain against the Town, it had been enough to have famished them ; but now when they shall be within, when the Town shall be their Tent, their Trench, and Fort against the Castle that was in the Town, when the Town shall be against the Town, and shall serve to be a Defence to the Enemies of her Strength and Life : I say, when they shall make use of the Forts and Town-holds, to secure themselves in, even till they shall take, spoil, and demolish the Castle, this was terrible ; and yet this was now the State of the Town of *Mansoul*.

After the Town of *Mansoul* had been in this sad and lamentable condition for so long a Time as I have told you, and no Petitions that they presented their Prince with (all this while) could prevail ; the Inhabitants of the Town, to wit, the Elders and Chief of *Mansoul*, gather together, and after some Time spent in condoling their miserable State, and this miserable Judgment coming upon them, they agreed together

Mr. Godly-
fear's advice
about drawing
up a Petition
to the Prince.

to draw up yet another Petition, and to send it away to *Emanuel* for Relief. But Mr. Godlyfear stood up, and answered, *That he knew that his Lord the Prince never did, nor ever would receive a Petition for these Matters from the Hand of any whoever, unless the Lord Secretary's Hand was to it, (and this, quoth he, is the Reason you prevailed not all this while.)* Then they said they would draw up one, and get the Lord Secretary's Hand unto it. But Mr. Godlyfear answered again, *That he knew also that the Lord Secretary would not set his*

Hand

Hand to any Petition that himself had not an hand in composing and drawing up; and besides, said he, the Prince doth know my Lord Secretary's Hand from all the the Hands in the World; wherefore he cannot be deceived by any pretence whatever; wherefore my Advice is, that you go to my Lord, and implore him to lend you his aid. (Now he did yet abide in the Castle, where all the Captains and Men at Arms were.)

So they heartily thanked Mr. Godlyfear, took his Counsel, and did as he had bidden them; so they went and came to my Lord, and made known the Cause of their coming to him: To wit, that since Mansoul was in so deplorable a Condition, his Highness would be pleased to undertake to draw up a Petition for them to Emanuel, the Son of the Mighty Shaddai, and to their King and his Father, by him.

Then said the Secretary to them, *What Petition is it that you would have me draw up for you?* But they said, Our Lord knows best the state and condition of the Town of Mansoul, and how we are backsliden and degenerated from the

The Secretary employed to draw up a Petition for Mansoul.

Prince; thou also knowest who is come up to War against us, and how Mansoul is now the Seat of War. My Lords knows moreover, what barbarous usages our Men, Women, and Children have suffered at their Hands, and how our home-bred Diabolonians do walk now with more boldness than dare the Townsmen in the Streets of Mansoul. Let our Lord therefore, according to the Wisdom of God that is in him, draw up a Petition for his poor Servants to our Prince Emanuel. Well, said the Lord Secretary, *I will draw up a Petition for you, and will also set my Hand thereto.* Then said they, But when shall we call for it at the Hand of our Lord? But he answered, *Yourselves must be present at the doing of it. Yea, you must put your desires to it. True, the Hand and Pen shall be mine, but the Ink and Paper must be yours, else how can you say it is your Petition? Nor have I need to Petition for myself, because I have not offended.*

He

He also added as followeth: *No Petition goes from me in my Name to the Prince, and so to his Father by him, but when the People, that are chiefly concerned therein, do join in Heart and Soul in the Matter, for that must be inserted therein.*

So they did heartily agree with the Sentence of the Lord, and a Petition was forthwith drawn up for them. But now who shall carry it, that was the next. But the Secretary advised that Captain Credence should carry it, for he was a well spoken Man. They therefore called for him, and propounded to him the business. Well, said the Captain, I gladly accept of the Motion; and though I am lame, I will do this business for you, with as much speed, and as well as I can. The Contents of the Petition were to this purpose.

O our Lord, and Sovereign Prince Emanuel, the potent, the long-suffering Prince: Grace is poured into thy Lips, and to thee belongs Mercy and Forgiveness, though we have rebelled against thee. We who are no more worthy to be called thy Mansoul, nor yet fit to partake of common Benefits, do beseech thee, and thy Father by thee, to do away our Transgressions. We confess that thou mightest cast us away for them, but do it not for thy Name's sake; let the Lord rather take an Opportunity at our miserable Condition, to let out his Bowels and Compassion to us; we are compassed on every side; Lord, our own backslidings reprove us, our Diabolonians within our Town fright us, and the Army of the Angel of the Bottomless Pit distress us. Thy Grace can be our Salvation, and whither to go but to thee we know not.

Furthermore, O Gracious Prince, we have weakened our Captains, and they are discouraged, sick, and of late some of them grievously worsted, and beaten out of the Field by the Power and Force of the Tyrant. Yea, even those of our Captains, in whose Valour we did formerly rest to put most of our Confidence, they are as wounded Men. Besides, Lord, our Enemies are lively, and they are strong, they vaunt and boast themselves, and do threaten

threaten to part us among themselves for a Booty. They are fallen also upon us, Lord, with many Thousand Doubters, such as with whom we cannot tell what to do; they are all Grim-looking, and unmerciful ones, and they bid defiance to us and thee.

Our Wisdom is gone, our Power is gone, because thou art departed from us, nor have we what we may call ours, but Sin, Shame, and Confusion of Face for Sin. Take pity upon us, O Lord, take pity upon us thy miserable Town of Mansoul, and save us out of the Hands of our Enemies. Amen.

This Petition, as was touched afore, was handed by the Lord Secretary, and carried to the Court by the brave and most stout Captain Credence. Now he carried it out at Mouth-gate, for that, as I said, was the Sally-port of the Town; and he went and came to Emanuel with it. Now how it came out, I do not know, but for certain it did, and that so far as to reach the Ears of Diabolus. Thus I conclude, because that the Tyrant had it presently by the end, and charged the Town of Mansoul with it, saying, *Thou Rebellious and stubborn hearted Mansoul, I will make thee to leave off Petitioning; Satan cannot abide. Prayer.* art thou yet for Petitioning? I will make thee to leave off: Yea, he also knew who the Messenger was that carried the Petition to the Prince, and it made him both to fear and rage.

Wherefore he commanded that his Drum should be beat again, a thing that Mansoul could not abide to hear; but when Diabolus would have his Drum beat, Mansoul must abide the noise. Well, the Drum was beat, and the Diabolonians were gathered together.

Then said Diabolus, O ye stout Diabolonians, be it known unto you, that there is a Treachery hatcht against us in the Rebellious Town of Mansoul; for albeit the Town is in our Possession, as you see, yet these miserable Mansouliaus have attempted to dare, and have been so hardy as yet to send to the Court of Emanuel for help. This I give you to understand, that ye may yet know how to carry it to the wretched Town of Mansoul. Wherefore

O my trusty Diabolonians, I command that yet more and more ye distress this Town of Mansoul, and vex it with your Wiles, ravish their Women, desflower their Virgins, slay their Children, brain their Ancients, fire their Town, and what other Mischief you can; and let this be the Reward of the Mansouliaus from me, for their desperate Rebellions against me.

This you see was the Charge, but something slept in betwixt that and Execution, for as yet there was but little more done than to rage.

Moreover, when Diabolus had done thus, he went the next way up to the Castle-gates, and demanded, that upon pain of Death, the Gates should be opened to him, and that entrance should be given him and his Men that followed after. To whom Mr. Godly-fear replied, (for he it was, that had the Charge of that Gate.) That the Gate should not be opened unto him, nor to the Men that followed after him. He said moreover, That Mansoul, when she had suffered a while, should be made perfect, strengthened, and settled.

Than said Diabolus, Deliver me then the Men that have petitioned against me; especially Captain Credence that carried it to your Prince, deliver that Varlet into my Hands, and I will depart from the Town.

Then up starts a Diabolonain, whose Name was Mr. Fooling, and said, My Lord offereth you fair, 'tis better for you that one Man perish, than that your whole Mansoul should be undone.

But Mr. Godly-fear made him this replication, How long will Mansoul be kept out of the Dungeon, when she hath given up her Faith to Diabolus? As good lose the Town as lose Captain Credence; for if one be gone, the other must follow. But to that Mr. Fooling said nothing.

Then did my Lord Mayor reply, and said, O thou devouring Tyrant, be it known unto thee, we shall hearken to none of thy words, we are resolved to resist thee as long as a Captain, a Man, a Sling, and a Stone to throw at thee, shall be found in the Town of Mansoul.

But I

But *Diabolus* answered, *Do you hope, do you wait, do you look for help and deliverance? You have sent to Emanuel, but your Wickedness sticks too close in your Skirts, to let innocent Prayers come out of your Lips. Think you, that you shall be Prevailers, and prosper in this Design? You will fail in your Wish, you will fail in your Attempts; for 'tis not only I, but your Emanuel is against you. Yea, 'tis he that hath sent me against you to subdue you; for what then do you hope, or by what means will you escape?*

Diabolus Rages.

Then said the Lord Mayor, *We have Sinned indeed, but that shall be no help to thee, for our Emanuel hath said it, and that in great faithfulness. And him that smeth to me, I will in no wise cast out. He hath also told us (O our Enemy) that all manner of Sin and Blasphemy shall be forgiven to the Sons of Men. Therefore we dare not despair, but will look for, and wait for Mercy.*

The Lord Mayor's Speech just at the time of the return of Captain Credence.

And now by this time Captain Credence was returned and come from the Court from Emanuel to the Castle of Mansoul, and he returned to them with a Pacquet. So my Lord Mayor hearing that Captain Credence was come, withdrew himself from the noise of the roaring of the Tyrant, and left him to yell at the Wall of the Town, or against the Gates of the Castle. So he came up to the Captain's Lodgings, and saluting him, he asked him of his Welfare, and what was the best news at Court? But when he asked Captain Credence that, the water stood in his Eyes. Then said the Captain; cheer up, my Lord, for all will be well in time: And with that he first produced his Pacquet, and laid it by, but that the Lord Mayor and the rest of the Captains took for a sign of good Tidings. (Now a Season of Grace being come, he sent for all the Captains and Elders of the Town that were here and there in their Lodgings, in the Castle, and upon their Guard, to let them know that Captain Credence was returned from the Court; and that he had

something in general, and something in special to communicate to them.) So they all came up to him, and saluted him, and asked him concerning his Journey, and what was the best news at Court? And he answered them as he had done the Lord Mayor before, that all would be well at last. Now when the Captain had thus saluted them, he opened his Pacquet, *The Pacquet opened.* and thence did draw out of it several Notes for those that he had sent for. And the first Note was for my Lord Mayor, wherein was signified:

A Note for my Lord Mayor.

The Prince Emanuel had taken it well, that my Lord Mayor had been so true and trusty in his Office, and the great concerns that lay upon him for the Town and People of Mansoul. Also he bid him to know that he took it well that he had been so bold for his Prince Emanuel, and had engaged so faithfully in his Cause against Diabolus. He also signified at the close of his Letter, that he should shortly receive his reward.

A Note for the Lord Willberwill.

The second Note that came out, was for the noble Lord Willberwill, wherein there was signified, That his Prince Emanuel did well understand how Valiant and Courageous he had been for the Honour of his Lord, now in his absence, and when his Name was under contempt by Diabolus. There was signified also that his Prince had taken it well that he had been so faithful to the Town of Mansoul, in his keeping of so strict a Hand and Eye over, and so strict a Reign upon the Necks of the Diabolonians that did still lie lurking in their several Holes in the famous Town of Mansoul.

He signified moreover, how that he understood that my Lord had with his own Hand done great Execution upon some of the Chief of the Rebels there, to the great discouragement of the adverse Party, and to the good example of the whole Town of Mansoul, and that shortly his Lordship should have his reward.

The third Note came out for the Subordinate Branches, wherein was signified, That his Prince took

it well from him, that he had so honestly and so faithfully performed his Office, and executed the trust committed to him by his Lord, while he exhorted, rebuked, and fore-warned Mansoul according to the Laws of the Town. He signified moreover, that he took it well at his Hand, that he called to Fasting, to Sackcloth and Ashes, when Mansoul was under her revolt. Also that he called for the aid of the Captain Boanerges to help in so weighty a Work; and that shortly he also should receive his reward.

A Note for the Subordinate Preacher.

The fourth Note came out for Mr. Godly-fear; wherein his Lord thus signified, That his Lordship observed that he was the first of all the Men in Mansoul that detected Mr. Carnal-Security, as the only one that thro' his subtilty and cunning, had obtained for Diabolus a defection and decay of goodness in the blessed Town of Mansoul. Moreover, his Lord gave him to understand, that he still remembered his Tears and Mourning for the state of Mansoul. It was also observed by the same Note, that his Lord took notice of his detecting of this Mr. Carnal-Security at his Table among his Guests, in his own House, and that in the midst of his Jolliness, even while he was seeking to perfect his Villanies against the Town of Mansoul Emanuel also took notice, that this reverend Person Mr. Godly-fear, stood stoutly to it at the Gates of the Castle against all the threats and attempts of the Tyrant, and that he had put the Townsmen in a way to make their Petition to their Prince, so as that he might accept thereof, and as that they might obtain an answer of Peace; and that therefore shortly he should receive his reward.

A Note for Mr. Godly-fear.

After all this, there was yet produced a Note which was written to the whole Town of Mansoul, whereby they perceived, That their Lord took notice of their so often repeating of Petitions to him, and that they should see more of the fruits of such their doings in time to come. Their Prince did also therein tell them

A Note for the Town of Mansoul.

them, *That he took it well, that their Heart and Mind now at last abode fixed upon him and his Ways, though Diabolus had made such Inroads upon them, and that neither Flatteries on the one Hand, nor Hardships on the other, could make them yield to serve his cruel Designs.* There was also inserted at the Bottom of this Note, *That his Lordship had left the Town of Mansoul in the Hands of the Lord Secretary, and under the Conduct of Captain Credence, saying, Beware that you yet yield yourselves unto the Governance, and in due time you shall receive your Reward.*

So after the brave Captain Credence had delivered his Notes to those to whom they belonged, he retired himself to my Lord Secretary's Lodgings, and there spends his time in conversing with him; for they two were very great one with another, and did indeed know more how things would go with *Mansoul*, than did all the Townsmen besides. The Lord Secretary also loved Captain Credence dearly, yea, many a good bit was sent him from my Lord's Table; also he might have a shew of countenance when the rest of *Mansoul* lay under the Clouds; so after some time for converse was spent, the Captain betook himself to his Chambers to rest. But it was not long after but my Lord did send for the Captain again; so the Captain came to him, and they greeted one another with usual Salutations. Then said the Captain to the Lord Secretary, *What hath my Lord to say to his Servant?* So the Lord Secretary took him, and had him aside, and after a sign or two of more Favour, he said, *I have made thee the Lord Lieutenant over all the Forces in Mansoul; so that from this day forward all Men in Mansoul shall be at thy Word, and thou shalt be he that shall lead in, and that shall lead out Mansoul. Thou shalt therefore manage according to thy place, the War for thy Prince, and for the Town of Mansoul, against the Force and Power of Diabolus, and at thy command shall the rest of the Captains be.*

Now the Townsmen began to perceive what interest the Captain had, both with the Court and also with

with the Lord Secretary in *Mansoul*; for no Man before could speed when sent, nor bring such good News from *Emanuel* as he. Wherefore what do they, after some Lamentation that they made no more use of him in their Distresses, but send by their *Subordinate Preacher* to the Lord Secretary, to desire him that all that ever they were and had, might be put under the Government, Care, Custody, and Conduct of Captain *Credence*.

So their Preacher went and did his Errand, and received this Answer from the Mouth of his Lord, that Captain *Credence* should be the great doer in all the King's Army against the King's Enemies, and also for the welfare of *Mansoul*. So he bowed to the Ground, and thanked his Lordship, and returned and told his news to the Townsfolk. But all this was done with all imaginable Secresy, because the Foes had yet great Strength in the Town. But,

To return to our Story again: When *Diabolus* saw himself thus boldly confronted by the Lord Mayor, and perceived the Stoutness of Mr. *Godly-fear*, he fell into a rage, and forthwith called a Council of War, that he might be revenged on *Mansoul*. So all the Princes of the Pit came together, and old *Incredulity* in the head of them, with all the Captains of his Army. So they consulted what to do. Now the effect and conclusion of the Council that day was, how they might take the Castle, because they could not conclude themselves Masters of the Town, so long as that was in the Possession of their Enemies. So one advised this way, and another advised that; but when they could not agree in their Verdict, *Apollyon* the President of the Council stood up, and thus he began: *My brotherhood, quoth he, I have some things to propound unto you; and my first is this, let us withdraw ourselves from the Town into the Plain again, for our presence here will do us no good, because the Castle is yet in our Enemies hands; nor is it possible that we should take that, so long as so many brave Captains are in it, and this bold Fellow Godly-fear is made the Keeper of the Gates of it.*

Now when we have withdrawn ourselves into the Plain, they of their own accord will be glad of some little ease, and it may be of their own accord they again may begin to be remiss, and even their so being will give them a bigger blow than we can possibly give them ourselves. But if that should fail, our going forth of the Town may draw the Captains out after us, and you know what it cost them when we fought them in the Field before. Besides, can we but draw them out into the Fields, we may lay an Ambush behind the Town, which shall, when they are come forth abroad, rush in and take possession of the Castle. But *Beelzebub*, stood up and replied, saying, 'Tis impossible to draw them all off from the Castle; some you may be sure will lie there to keep that; wherefore it will be but in vain thus to attempt, unless we were sure that they will all come out. He therefore concluded, that what was done must be done by some other means. And the most likely means that the greatest of their heads could invent, was that which *Apollyon* had advised to before, to wit, to get the Townsmen again to *Sin*. For, said he, if it is not our being in the Town, nor in the Field, nor our Fighting, nor our killing of their Men, that can make us the Masters of *Mansoul*; for so long as one in the Town is able to lift up his Finger against us, *Emanuel* will take their parts, and if he shall take their parts, we know what time a day it will be with us. Wherefore for my part, quoth he, there is in my Judgment no way to bring them into bondage to us, like inventing a way to make them *Sin*, 2 *Pet.* ii. 18, 19, 20, 21. Had we, said he, left all our *Doubters* at home, we had done as well as we have done now, unless we could have made them the Masters and Governours of the Castle; for *Doubters* at a distance are but like Objections repelled with arguments. Indeed, can we but get them into the Hold, and make them Possessors of that, the day will be our own. Let us therefore withdraw ourselves into the Plain (not expecting that the Captains in *Mansoul* should follow us) but yet I say
let

let us do this, and before we so do, let us advise again with our trusty *Diabolonians* that are yet in the Holds of *Mansoul*, and set them to work to betray the Town to us; for they indeed must do it, or it will be left undone for ever. By these sayings of *Beelzebub*, (for I think 'twas he that gave this Counsel) the whole Conclave was forced to be of his Opinion, to wit, that the way to get the Castle was, to get the Town to Sin. Then they fell to inventing by what means they might do this thing.

Then *Lucifer* stood up and said, *The Counsel of Beelzebub is pertinent; now the way to bring this to pass in mine Opinion is this: Let us withdraw our force from the Town of Mansoul, let us do this, and let us terrify them no more, either with Summons or Threats, or with the noise of our Drum, or any other awakening means. Only let us lie in the Field at a Distance, and be as if we regarded them not (for Frights I see do but awaken them, and make them more stand to their Arms.) I have also another Stratagem in my Head, you know Mansoul is a Market-Town, and a Town that delights in Commerce, what therefore if some of our Diabolonians shall feign themselves for Country-men, and shall go out and bring to the Market of Mansoul, some of our Wares to sell; and what matter at what rates they sell their Wares, though it be but for half the worth. Now let those that thus trade in their Market, be those that are witty and true to us, and I will lay my Crown to pawn, it will do. There are two that are come to my thoughts already, that I think will be arch at this work, and they are Mr. Penny-wise-pound-foolish, and Mr. Get it^h hundred and lose it^h thire; nor is this Man with the long Name at all inferior to the other. What also if you join with them Mr. Sweet-world, and Mr. Present-good, they are Men that are civil and cunning, but our true Friends and Helpers, Rev. iii. 17. Let these, with as many more engage in this Business for us, and let Mansoul be taken up in much Business, and let them grow full and rich, and this is the way to get ground of*

them; remember ye not, that thus we prevailed upon Laodicea, and how many present do we hold in this Snare? Now when they begin to grow full, they will forget their Misery, and if we shall not afright them, may happen to fall asleep, and so be got to neglect their Town-Watch, their Castle-Watch, as well as their Watch at the Gates.

Yea, may we not by this means so cumber Mansoul with abundance, that they shall be forced to make of their Castle a Warehouse, instead of a Garrison fortified against us, and a receptacle of Men of War? Thus if we get our Goods and Commodities thither, I reckon that the Castle is more than half ours. Besides, could we so order it, that they should be filled with such kind of Wares, that then, if we made a sudden Assault upon them, it would be hard for the Captains to take a shelter there. Do you know that of the Parable, Luke viii. 14. The deceitfulness of Riches choak the Word; and again, When the heart is over-charged with surfeiting and Drunkenness, and the Cares of this Life, all Mischief comes upon them unawares, Chap. xxi. 34, 35, 36.

Furthermore, my Lords, quoth he, you very well know that it is not easy for a People to be filled with our things, and not to have some of our Diabolonians as retainers to their Houses and Services. Where is a Mansoul that is full of this World that has not for his Servants and Waiting-Men, Mr. Profuse, or Mr. Prodigality, or some other of our Diabolonian Gang, as Mr. Voluptuousness, Mr. Pragmatical, Mr. Offentation, or the like? Now these can take the Castle of Mansoul, or blow it up, or make it unfit for a Garrison for Emanuel, and any of these will do. Yea, these for ought I know, may do it for us sooner than an Army of twenty thousand Men. Wherefore to end as I began, my advice is, that we quietly withdraw ourselves not offering any further force, or forcible attempt upon the Castle, at least at this time, and let us set on foot our new project, and let's see if that will not make them destroy themselves.

This

This advice was highly applauded by them all, and was accounted the very Master-piece of Hell, to wit, to choak Mansoul with a fulness of this World, and to surfeit her heart with the good things thereof. But see how things meet together. Just as this Diabolonian Counsel was broken up, Captain Credence received a Letter from Emanuel, the Contents of which was this, *That upon the third day he would meet him in the Field in the Plains about Mansoul.* Meet me in the Field, quoth the Captain? What meaneth my Lord by this? I know not what he meaneth by meeting of me in the Field. So he took the Note in his Hand, and did carry it to my Lord Secretary to ask his Thoughts thereupon, (for my Lord was a Seer in all matters concerning the King, and also for the good and comfort of the Town of Mansoul.) So he shewed my Lord the Note, and desired his Opinion thereof: For my part, quoth Captain Credence, I know not the meaning thereof. So my Lord did take and read it, and after a little Pause he said, *The Diabolonians have had against Mansoul a great consultation to day; they have, I say, this day been contriving the utter ruin of the Town; and the result of their Counsel is, to set Mansoul into such a way, which if taken, will surely make her destroy herself. And to this end they are making ready for their own departure out of the Town, intending to betake themselves to Field again, and there to lie till they shall see whether this their Project will take or no. But be thou ready with the Men of thy Lord (for on the third day they will be in the Plain) there to fall upon the Diabolonians; for the Prince will by that time be in the Field; yea, by that it is break of day, Sun-rising, or before, and that with a mighty force against them. So he shall be before them, and thou shalt be behind them, and betwixt you both, their Army shall be destroyed.*

When Captain Credence heard this, away goes he to the rest of the Captains, and tells them what a Note he had a while since received from the Hand of Emanuel. And, said he, that which was dark there

therein has my Lord Secretary expounded unto me. He told them moreover, what by himself and by them must be done to answer the mind of their Lord. Then were the Captains glad, and Captain *Credence* commanded, that all the King's Trumpeters should ascend on the Battlements of the Castle, and there in the Audience of *Diabolus*, and of the whole Town of *Mansoul*, make the best Musick that Heart could invent. The Trumpeters then did as they were commanded. They got themselves up to the top of the Castle, and thus they began to sound; then did *Diabolus* start, and said, What can be the meaning of this, they neither sound *Boot and Saddle*, nor *Horse and away*, nor a *Charge*. What do these Mad-men mean, that yet they should be so merry and glad? Then answered him one of themselves, and said, This is for Joy that their Prince *Emanuel* is coming to relieve the Town of *Mansoul*; that to this end he is at the Head of an Army, and that this Relief is near.

The Men of *Mansoul* also were greatly concerned at this melodious charm of the Trumpets; they said, yea, they answered one another, saying, This can be no harm to us; surely this can be no harm to us.

Then said the *Diabolonians*, what had we best to do? And it was answered, It was best to quit the Town; and that, said one, Ye may do in pursuance of your last Counsel, and by so doing also

be better able to give the Enemy Battle, should an Army from without come upon us. So on the second day they withdrew themselves from *Mansoul*, and abode in the Plains without, but they incamped themselves before *Eye-gate*, in what terrene and terrible manner they could. The reason why they could not abide in the Town (besides the reasons that were debated in their late Conclave) was for that they were not possessed of the strong Hold, and because, said they, we shall have more convenience to fight, and also to fly, if need be, when we are incamped in the open Plain. Besides, the Town would have been a

Pit for them, rather than a Place of defence, had the Prince come up and enclosed them fast therein. Therefore they betook themselves to the Field, that they might also be out of the reach of the Slings, by which they were much annoyed all the while that they were in the Town.

Well the Time that the Captains were to fall upon the *Diabolonians* being come, they eagerly prepared themselves for action, for Captain *Credence* had told the Captains over night, that they should meet their Prince in the Field To-morrow, was like Oil to a flaming Fire; for of a long Time they had been at a Distance; they therefore were for this the more earnest and desirous of the Work. So as I said, the Hour being come, Captain *Credence*, with the rest of the Men of War, drew out their Forces before it was day by the Sally-port of the Town. And being all ready, Captain *Credence* went up to the Head of the Army, and gave to the rest of the Captains the Word, and so they to the Under-officers and Soldiers, the Word was, *The Sword of the Prince Emanuel, and the Shield of Captain Credence*; which is in the *Manfoul*ian Tongue, *The Word of God and Faith*. Then the Captains fell on and began roundly to front, and flank, and rear *Diabolus's* Camp.

The Time come for the Captains to fight them.

They draw out into the Field.

Now they left Captain *Experience* in the Town, because he was ill of his Wounds, which the *Diabolonians* had given him in the last Fight. But when he perceived that the Captains were at it, what does he, but calling for his Crutches with haste, gets up, and away he goes to the Battle, saying, Shall I lie here when my Brethren are in the Fight, and when *Emanuel* the Prince will shew himself in the Field to his Servants? But when the Enemy saw the Man come with his Crutches, they were daunted yet the more, for thought they, what Spirit has possessed these *Manfoul*ians, that they fight me upon their Crutches. Well, the Captains, as I said, fell on, and did

did bravely handle their Weapons, still crying out, and shouting as they laid on Blows, *The Sword of the Prince Emanuel, and the Shield of Captain Credence.*

Now, when *Diabolus* saw that the Captains were come out, and that so valiantly they surrounded his Men, he concluded (that for the present) nothing from them was to be looked for but blows, with the Dints of their two-edged Swords.

Wherefore he also falls on upon the Prince's Army, with all his deadly Force. So the Battle was joined. Now who was it that at first *Diabolus* met with in the Fight, but Captain *Credence* on the one Hand, and the Lord *Willberwill* on the other; now *Willberwill's* Blows were like the Blows of a Giant, for that Man had a strong Arm, and he fell in upon the *Election-Doubters*, for they were the Life-guard of *Diabolus*, and he kept them in play a good while, cutting and battering shrewdly. Now when Captain *Credence* saw my Lord engaged, he did stoutly fall on, on the other Hand upon the same Company also, so they put them to great disorder. Now Captain *Good-hope* had engaged the *Vocation-Doubters*, and they were sturdy Men; but the Captain was a Valiant Man: Captain *Experience* did also send him some Aid; so he made the *Vocation Doubters* to retreat. The rest of the Armies were hotly engaged, and that on every Side, and the *Diabolonians* did fight stoutly. Then did my Lord Secretary command that the Slings from the Castle should be play'd, and his Men could throw Stones at an Hair's Breadth. But after a while those that were made to fly before the Captains of the Prince, did begin to rally again,

and they came up stoutly upon the Rear of the Prince's Army; wherefore the Prince's Army began to faint; but remembering that they should see the Face of their Prince by and by, they took courage, and a very fierce Battle was fought. Then shouted the Captains, saying, *The*

Sword

The Battle
joined.

The Battle
renewed.

Sword of the Prince Emanuel, and the Shield of Captain Credence; and with that *Diabolus* gave back, thinking that more aid had been come.

But no *Emanuel* as yet appeared. Moreover the Battle did hang in doubt; and they made a little retreat on both Sides. Now in the Time of Respite, Captain *Credence* bravely encouraged his Men to stand to it, and *Diabolus* did the like, as well as he could. But Captain *Credence* made a brave Speech to his Soldiers, the Contents whereof here follow.

They both retreat, and in the Time of respite Captain *Credence* makes a Speech to his Soldiers.

Gentlemen Soldiers, and my Brethren in this design, it rejoiceth me much to see in the Field, for our Prince this Day, so stout and so valiant an Army, and such faithful Lovers of Mansoul. You have hitherto, as hath become you, shewn yourselves Men of Truth and Courage against the *Diabolonian* Forces, so that for all their boast, they have not yet cause much to boast of their gettings. Now take to yourselves your wonted Courage, and shew yourselves Men, even this once only; for in a few Minutes after the next Engagement this time, you shall see your Prince shew himself in the Field; for we must make this second Assault upon this Tyrant *Diabolus*, and then *Emanuel* comes.

No sooner had the Captain made this Speech to his Soldiers, but one Mr. *Speedy* came post to the Captain from the Prince, to tell him that *Emanuel* was at hand. This News, when the Captain had received, he communicated to the other Field-Officers, and they again to their Soldiers and Men of War. Wherefore, like Men raised from the Dead, so the Captains and their Men arose, made up to the Enemy, and cried as before, *The Sword of the Prince Emanuel, and the Shield of Captain Credence*.

The *Diabolonians* also bestirred themselves, and made resistance as well they could, but in this last Engagement the *Diabolonians* lost their Courage, and many of the *Doubters* fell down dead to the Ground. Now when they had been in heat of Battle about

The Holy War,

an Hour or more, Captain *Credence* lift up his Eyes, and saw, and behold *Emanuel* came, and he came with Colours flying, Trumpets sounding, and the Fleet of his Men scarce touched the Ground, they hastened with that Celerity towards the Captains that were engaged. Then did Captain *Credence* wheel his Men to the Townward, and gave to *Diabolus* the Field. So *Emanuel* came upon him on the one Side, and the Enemies place was betwixt them both; then again they fell to it afresh, and now it was but a little while more but *Emanuel* and Captain *Credence* met, still trampling down the Slain as they came.

But when the Captains saw that the Prince was come, and that he fell upon the *Diabolonians* on the other Side, and that Captain *Credence* and his Highness had got them up betwixt them, they shouted, (they so shouted, that the Ground rent again) saying, *The Sword of Emanuel, and the Shield of Captain Credence*. Now when *Diabolus* saw that he and his Forces were so hard beset by the Prince and his Princely Army, what does he and the Lords of the Pit that were with him, but make their escape, and forsake their Army, and leave them to fall by the Hand of *Emanuel*, and of his noble Captain *Credence*: So they fell all down slain before them, before his Prince, and before his Royal Army; there was not left so much as one *Doubter* alive; they lay spread upon the Ground like dead Men, as one would spread Dung upon the Land.

When the Battle was over, all things came in order in the Camp; then the Captains and Elders of *Mansoul* came together to salute *Emanuel*, while without the Corporation; so they saluted him, and welcomed him, and that with a thousand Welcomes, for that he was come to the Borders of *Mansoul* again: So he smiled upon them, and said, *Peace be unto you*. Then they addressed themselves to go to the Town; they went then to go up to *Mansoul*, they, the Prince, with all the new Forces that now he had brought with him to the War. Also all the Gates of the Town

were

were set open for his Reception, so glad were they of his blessed Return. And this was the manner and order of his going into *Mansoul*.

First, (as I said) all the Gates of the Town were set upon, yea, the Gates of the Castle; the Elders too of the Town of *Mansoul* placed themselves at the Gates of the Town, to salute him at his entrance thither: And so they did, for as he drew near, and approached towards the Gates, they said, *Lift your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting Doors and the King of Glory shall come in.* And they answered again, *Who is the King of Glory?* And they made return to themselves, *The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord is mighty in Battle. Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, even lift them up ye everlasting Doors, &c.*

Secondly, It was ordered also by those of *Mansoul*, that all the Way from the Town-gates to those of the Castle, his blessed Majesty should be entertained with the Song, by them that had best Skill in Musick in all the Town of *Mansoul*; then did the Elders, and the rest of the Men of *Mansoul* answer one another as *Emanuel* entered the Town, till he came at the Castle-gates, with Songs and Sound of Trumpets, saying, *They have seen thy goings, O God, even the goings of my God, my King in the Sanctuary. So the Singers went before, the Players on Instruments followed after, and among them were the Damsels playing on Timbrels.*

Thirdly, Then the Captains (for I would speak a word of them) they in their order waited on the Prince as he entered into the Gates of *Mansoul*. Captain *Credence* went before, and Captain *Good-hope* with him; Captain *Charity* came behind, with other of his Companions, and Captain *Patience* followed after all, and the rest of the Captains, some on the right hand, and some on the left, accompanied *Emanuel* into *Mansoul*. And all the while the Captains were displayed, the Trumpets sounded, and continual shouting were among the Soldiers. *Emanuel* himself

rode

rode into the Town in his Armour, which was all of beaten Gold, and in his Chariot, the Pillars of it were of Silver, the Bottom thereof of Gold, the covering of it were of Purple, the midst thereof being paved with Love for the Daughters of the Town of Mansoul.

Fourthly, when the Prince was come to the entrance of *Mansoul*, he found all the Streets strewed with Lillies and Flowers, curiously deck'd with Boughs and Branches from the green Trees, that stood round about the Town. Every Door also was filled with Persons who had adorned every one their fore part against their House with something of variety and singular Excellency to entertain him withal as he passed in the Streets; they also themselves, as *Emanuel* passed by, did welcome him with shouts and acclamations of Joy, saying, *Blessed be the Prince that cometh in the Name of his Father Shaddai.*

Fifthly, at the Castle Gates the Elders of *Mansoul*, to wit, my Lord Mayor, the Lord *Willbewill*, the Subordinate Preacher, Mr. *Knowledge*, and Mr. *Mind*, with other of the Gentry of the Place, saluted *Emanuel* again; they bowed before him, they kissed the dust of his Feet, they thanked, they blessed and praised his Highness for not taking advantage against them for their Sins, but rather had pity upon them in their Misery, and returned to them with Mercies, and to build up their *Mansoul* for ever. Thus was he had up straightway to the Castle; for that was the Royal Palace, and the Place where his Honour was to dwell; the which was ready prepared for his Highness by the Presence of the Lord Secretary, and the Work of Captain *Credence*. So he entered in.

Sixthly, Then the People and Commonalty of the Town of *Mansoul* came to him into the Castle to mourn and to weep, and to lament for their Wickedness, by which they had forced him out of the Town. So they, when they were come, bowed themselves to the Ground seven Times, they also wept, they wept aloud, and asked forgiveness of the Prince, and prayed

prayed that he would again, as of old, confirm his love to *Mansoul*.

To which the great Prince replied, *Weep not, but go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send Portions to them for whom nought is prepared, for the Joy of your Lord is your Strength. I am returned to Mansoul with Mercies, and my Name shall be set up, exalted and magnified by it. He also took these Inhabitants, and kissed them, and laid them in his Bosom.*

Moreover, he gave to the Elders of *Mansoul*, and to each Town Officer a Chain of Gold and a Signet. He also sent to their Wives Ear-rings and Jewels, and Bracelets, and other Things. He also bestowed upon the True-born Children of *Mansoul*, many precious Things.

When *Emanuel* the Prince had done all these Things for the famous Town of *Mansoul*, then he said unto them, first, *Wash your Garments, then put on your Ornaments, and then come to me into the Castle of Mansoul, Eccl. ix. 8.* So they went to the Fountain that was set open for *Judah* and *Jerusalem* to wash in; and there they washed, and there they made their Garments white, and came again to the Prince into the Castle, and thus they stood before him, *Zach. xiii. 1. Rev. vii. 14, 15.*

And now there was Musick and Dancing throughout the whole Town of *Mansoul*; and that because their Prince had again granted to them his presence, and light of his Countenance; the Bells also did ring, and the Sun shone comfortably upon them for a great while together.

The Town of *Mansoul* did also now more thoroughly seek the destruction and ruin of all remaining *Dibolomans* that abode in the Walls, and the Streets (that they had in the Town of *Mansoul*) for there was of them that had to this Day escaped with Life and Limb from the Hand of their Suppressors in the famous Town of *Mansoul*.

But my Lord *Willbewill* was a greater Terror to them

them now than ever he had been before, forasmuch as his Heart was yet more fully bent to seek, contrive, and pursue them to the death; he pursued them Night and Day, and did put them now to sore distress, as will afterwards appear.

After things were thus far put into order in the famous Town of *Mansoul*, care was taken, and order given by the blessed Prince *Emanuel*, that the Townsmen should, without further delay, appoint some to go forth into the Plain to bury the Dead that were there; the Dead that fell by the Sword of *Emanuel*, and by the Shield of Captain *Credence*, lest the Fumes and ill Savours that would arise from them, might infect the Air, and so annoy the famous Town of *Mansoul*. This also was a reason of this Order, to wit, that as much as in *Mansoul* lay, they might cut off the name and being, and remembrance of those Enemies from the thought of the famous Town of *Mansoul*, and its Inhabitants.

So order was given out by the Lord Mayor, that wise and trusty Friend of the Town of *Mansoul*, that Persons should be employed about this necessary Business; and Mr. *Godlyfear*, and one Mr. *Upright* were to be Overseers about this matter; so Persons were put under them to work in the Fields, and to bury the Slain that lay dead in the Plains. And these were their Places of Employment, some were to make the Graves, some were to bury the Dead, and some were to go to and fro in the Plains, and also round about the borders of *Mansoul*, to see if a Skull or a Bone, or a piece of a Bone of a *Doubter* was yet to be found above ground any where near the Corporation; and if any were found, it was ordered that the Searchers that were searched should set up a Mark thereby and a Sign, that those that were appointed to bury them might find it, and bury it out of sight, that the name and remembrance of a *Diabolonian Doubter* might be blotted out from under Heaven. And that the Children and they that were to be born in *Mansoul*

soul might not know (if possible) what a Skull, what a Bone, or a piece of a Bone of a *Doubter* was. So the Buriers, and those that were appointed for that purpose, did as they were commanded; they buried the *Doubters*, and all Skulls and Bones, and pieces of Bones of *Doubters*, wherever they found them, and so they cleansed the Plains. Now also Mr. *Godspeace* took up his Commission, and acted again as in former Days.

Thus they buried in the Plains about *Mansoul*, the *Election-Doubters*, the *Vocation-Doubters*, the *Grace-Doubters*, the *Perseverance-Doubters*, the *Resurrection-Doubters*, the *Salvation-Doubters*, and the *Glory-Doubters*, whose Captains were, Captain *Rage*, and Captain *Cruel*, Captain *Damnation*, Captain *Insatiable*, Captain *Brimstone*, Captain *Torment*, Captain *No-ease*, Captain *Sepulchre*, and Captain *Past-hope*: And *Old Incredulity* was under *Diabolus* their General; there were also the seven Heads of their Army, and they were the Lord *Beelzebub*, the Lord *Lucifer*, the Lord *Legion*, the Lord *Apollyon*, the Lord *Python*, the Lord *Cerberus*, and the Lord *Belial*. But the Princes and the Captains, with *Old Incredulity* their General, did all of them make their escape; so their Men fell down slain by the Power of the Prince's Forces, and by the Hands of the Men of the Town of *Mansoul*. They also were buried as is before related, to the exceeding great joy of the now famous Town of *Mansoul*. They that buried them, buried also with them their Arms, which were cruel Instruments of Death (their Weapons were Arrows, Darts, Mauls, Firebrands, and the like) they buried also their Armour, their Colours, Banners, with the Standard of *Diabolus*, and what else soever they found and that did but smell of a *Diabolonian Doubter*.

Now when the Tyrant was arrived at *Hellgate-hill*, with his old friend *Incredulity*, they immediately descended the *Deg*, and having there with their followers for a while condoled their misfortune, and great loss that they sustained against the Town of *Mansoul*, they fell

fell at length into a Passion, and revenged they would be for the Loss that they sustained before the Town of

The Tyrant resolves to have yet about with Mansoul.

Mansoul; wherefore they presently call a Council to contrive yet further what was to be done against the famous Town of *Mansoul*, for their yawning Paunches could not wait to see the result of their Lord *Lucifer's* and their Lord *Apollyon's* Counsel that they had given before, for their raging Gorge thought every Day even as long as a *short-for-ever*, until they were filled with the Body and Soul, with the Flesh and Bones, and with all the delicacies of *Mansoul*. They therefore resolved to make another attempt upon the Town of *Mansoul*, and that by an Army mixed, and made up partly of *Doubters*, and partly of *Bloodmen*. A more particular Account now take of both.

The *Doubters* are such as have their Name from their Nature, as well as from the Lord and Kingdom where they are born; their Nature is to put a Question upon every one of the Truths of *Emanuel*, and their Country is, *The Land of Doubting*, and that Land lyeth off, and furthest remote to the North, between the Land of *Darkness*, and that called the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*. For though the Land of *Darkness*, and that called the *Land of the Shadow of Death*, be sometimes called as if they were one and the self same Place; yet indeed they are two, lying but a little Way asunder, and the Land of *Doubting* points in, and lyeth between them. This is the *Land of Doubting*, and those that came with *Diabolus* to ruin the Town of *Mansoul*, are the Natives of that Country.

The *Bloodmen* are a People that have their Name derived from the Malignity of their Nature, and from the Fury that is in them to execute it upon the Town of *Mansoul*; their Land lyeth under the *Dog-star*, and by that they are governed as to their Intellectuals. The Name of their Country is the Province of *Leath-good*, the remote Parts of it are far distant from the Land

Land of *Doubting*, yet they do both *but* and *bound* upon the Hill called *Hellgate-hill*. These People are always in League with the *Doubters*, for they jointly do make question of the Faith and Fidelity of the Men of the Town of *Mansoul*, and so are both alike qualified for the Service of their Prince.

Now of these two Countries did *Diabolus* by the beating of his Drum raise another Army against the Town of *Mansoul*, of five and twenty thousand strong. There were ten thousand *Doubters*, and fifteen thousand *Bloodmen*, and they were put under several Captains for the War; and old *Incredulity* was again made General of the Army.

As for the *Doubters*, their Captains were five of the Seven that were Heads of the last *Diabolonian* Army, and these are their Names, Captain *Beelzebub*, Captain *Lucifer*, Captain *Apollyon*, Captain *Legion*, and Captain *Cerberus*, and the Captains that they had before were some of them made Lieutenants, and some Ensigns of the Army.

But *Diabolus* did not count that in this Expedition of his, these *Doubters* would prove his principal Men, for their Manhood had been tried before; also the *Mansouliaus* had put them to the worst, only he did bring them to multiply a Number, and to help, if need was, at a Pinch, but his trust he put in his *Bloodmen*, for that they were all rugged Villains, and he knew that they had done Feats heretofore.

As for the *Bloodmen* they also were under command, and the Names of their Captains were, Captain *Cain*, Captain *Nimrod*, Captain *Ishmael*, Captain *Esau*, Captain *Saul*, Captain *Absolom*, Captain *Judas*, and Captain *Pope*.

The Captains of
Blood-men

1. Captain *Cain* was over two Bands, to wit, the *Zadour*, and the *Angry Blood-men*; his Standard bore the red Colours, and his Scutcheon was the *Murdering Club*, Gen. iv. 8.

2. Captain *Nimrod* was Captain over two Bands, to wit, the *Tyrannical* and *Incroaching Blood-men*, his Standard-

Standard-bearer bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was the *Great Blood-bound*, Gen. x. 8, 9.

3. Captain *Ishmael* was Captain over two Bands, to wit, over the *Mocking and Scorning Blood-men*; his Standard-bearer bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was one *Mocking at Abraham's Isaac*, Gen. 21. ix. x.

4. Captain *Esau* was Captain over two Bands, to wit, the *Blood-men* that grudged that another should have the blessing; also over the *Blood-men* that are for executing their private revenge upon others; his Standard-bearer bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was one *privately lurking to murder Jacob*, Gen. xxvii. 42. 43. 44. 45.

5. Captain *Saul* was Captain over two Bands, to wit, the *Groundlessly jealous* and the *Devilishly furious Blood-men*, his Standard-bearer bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was *three Bloody Darts cast at harmless David*, 1 Sam. viii. 10.

6. Captain *Absolom* was Captain over two Bands, to wit, over the *Blood-men* that will kill a Father or a Friend, for the glory of this World; also over those *Blood-men* that hold one fair in hand with Words, till they shall have pierced him with their Swords; his Standard-bearer did bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was the *San pursuing the Father's Blood*, Ch. x. 10. Ch. xx. 23. 2 Sam. xv. 16. 17.

7. Captain *Judas* was over two Bands, to wit, the *Blood-men* that will sell a Man's Life for Money, and those also that will betray their Friend with a Kiss, his Standard-bearer bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was *Thirty Pieces of Silver*, and the *Haltar*, Mat. xxvi. 14. 15. 16.

8. Captain *Pope* was Captain over one Band, for all these Spirits are joined in one under him; his Standard-bearer bare the Red Colours, and his Scutcheon was the *Stake, the Flame, and the good Man in it*, Rev. xiii. 7, 8. Dan. xi. 33.

Now the Reason why *Diabolus* did so soon rally another Force after he had been beaten out of the Field,

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were for that he put mighty Confidence in this Army of *Blood men*, for he put a great deal of more Trust in them, than he did before in his Army of *Doubters*, tho' they had also often done great Service for him in the strengthening of him in his Kingdom. But those *Blood-men* he had proved them often, and their Sword did seldom return empty. Besides, he knew that these like Mastiffs, would fasten upon any; upon Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Prince or Governour, yea, upon the Prince of Princes. And that which encouraged him the more was, for that they once did force *Emanuel* out of the Kingdom of *Universe*, and why, thought he, may they not drive him from the Town of *Mansoul*?

So this Army of five and twenty thousand strong, was by their General, the great Lord *Incredulity* led up against the Town of *Mansoul*. Now Mr. *Prywell* the *Scout-master-general*, did himself go out to *Spie*, and he did bring *Mansoul* Tidings of their coming: Wherefore they shut up their Gates, and put themselves in a Posture of Defence against these new *Diablonians* that came up against the Town.

So *Diabolus* brought up his Army, and beleaguered the Town of *Mansoul*; the *Doubters* were placed about *Feet-gate*, and the *Blood-men* set down before *Eye-gate* and *Ear-gate*.

Now when this Army had thus incamped themselves, *Incredulity* did in the Name of *Diabolus*, his own Name, and the Name of the *Blood-men*, and the rest that were with him, send a Summons as hot as a red hot Iron to *Mansoul*, to yield to their Demands, threatening that if they still stood it out against them, they would presently burn down *Mansoul* with Fire. For you must know that as for the *Blood-men*, they were not so much that *Mansoul* should be surrendered, that *Mansoul* should be destroyed, and cut off out of the Land of Living. True, they sent to them to surrender, but should they so do, that would not quench the Thirsts of these Men: They must have Blood, the Blood of *Mansoul*, else they die.

and it is from *hence that they have their name*. Wherefore these *Bloodmen* he reserv'd while now, that they might, when all his Engines proved ineffectual, as his last and sure card he played against the Town of *Mansoul*, *Psal. 29. 10. Isa. 59. 7. Isa. 22. 17.*

Now when the Townsmen had received this red-hot Summons, it begat in 'em at present some changing and interchanging thoughts; but they jointly agreed in less than half an hour to carry the Summons to the Prince, the which they did when they had writ at the bottom of it, *Lord Save Mansoul from bloody Men*, *Psal. 59. 2.*

So he took it, and looked upon it, and considered it, and took notice also of that short Petition that the Men of *Mansoul* had written at the bottom of it, and called to him the noble Captain *Credence*, and bid him go and take Captain *Patience* with him, and go and take care of that side of *Mansoul* that was beleaguerr'd by the *Bloodmen*, *Heb. 6. 12. Ver. 15.* So they went and did as they were commanded; then Captain *Credence* went and took Captain *Patience*, and they both secured that side of *Mansoul* that was besieged by the *Bloodmen*.

Then he commanded that Captain *Goodhope* and Captain *Charity*, and my Lord *Will be-will* should take charge of the other side of the Town, and I, said the Prince, will set my Standard upon the Battlements of your Castle, and do you three watch against the *Doubters*. This done, he again commanded that the brave Captain the Captain *Experience* should draw up his Men in the Market-place, and that there he should exercise them day by day before the People of the Town of *Mansoul*. Now the Siege was long, and many a fierce attempt did the Enemy, especially those called *Bloodmen*, make upon the Town of *Mansoul*, and many a Grewd Brush did some of the Townsmen meet with from them; especially Captain *Self-denial*, who, I should have told you before, was commanded to take the Care of *Ear-gate* and *Eye-gate* now against the *Bloodmen*, This Captain *Self-denial* was

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young Man, but stout, and a Townsman in *Mansoul*, as Captain *Experience* also was. And *Emanuel* at his second return to *Mansoul*, made him a Captain over a thousand of the *Mansoul*ians, for the good of the Corporation. This Captain therefore being an hardy Man, and a Man of great Courage, and willing to venture himself for the good of the Town of *Mansoul*, would now and then sally out upon the *Blood-men*, and give them many notable alarms, and entred several brisk Skirmishes with them, and also did some execution upon them, but you must think that this could not easily be done, but he must meet with brushes himself, for he carried several of their marks in his Face; yea, and some in some other Parts of his Body.

So after some time spent for the Trial of the faith, and hope, and love of the Town of *Mansoul*; the Prince *Emanuel* upon a Day calls his Captains and Men of War together, and divides them into two Companies; this done, he commands them at a time appointed, and

Emanuel prepares to give the Enemy Battle. How he ordereth his Men.

that in the Morning very early, to sally out upon the Enemy; saying, Let half of you fall upon the *Doubters*, and half of you fall upon the *Blood-men*. Those of you that go out against the *Doubters*, kill and slay, and cause to perish so many of them as by any means you can lay hands on; but for you that go out against the *Blood-men*, slay them not, but take them alive.

So at the time appointed, betimes in the Morning, the Captains went out as they were commanded against the Enemies: Captain *Goodhope*, Captain *Charity*, and those that were joined with them, as Captain *Innocent*, and Captain *Experience*, went out against the *Doubters*; and Captain *Credence*, and Captain *Patience*, with Captain *Self-denial*, and the rest that were to join with them, went out against the *Blood-men*.

Now those that went out against the *Doubters*, drew up in a Body before the Plain, and marched

on to bid them Battle: But the *Doubters* remembering their last Success, made a retreat, not daring to stand the Shock, but fled from the Prince's Men; wherefore they pursued them, and in their pursuit slew many, but they could not catch them all. Now those that escaped went some of them home, and the rest by fives, nines, and seventeens, like Wanderers, went straggling up and down the Country, where they upon the barbarous People shewed and exercised many of their *Diabolonian* Actions; nor did these People rise up in Arms against them, but suffered themselves to be enslaved by them. They would also after this shew themselves in Companies before the Town of *Mansoul*, but never to abide it; for if Captain *Credence*, Captain *Goodhope*, or Captain *Experience* did but thew themselves, they fled.

Those that went against the *Blood-men*, did as they were commanded, they forbore to slay any but fought to compass them about. But the *Bloodmen*, when they saw that no *Emanuel* was in the Field, concluded also that no *Emanuel* was in *Mansoul*; wherefore they looking upon what the Captains did, to be, as they called it, a Fruit of the Extravagancy of their wild and foolish Fancies, rather despised them, than feared them; but the Captains minding their Business, at last did compass them round, they also that had routed the *Doubters*, came in again to their Aid; so in fine, after some little straggling, for the *Bloodmen* also would have run for it, only now it was too late, (for though they are mischievous and cruel where they can overcome, yet all *Bloodmen* are Chicken-hearted Men, when they once come to see themselves matcht and qual'd) so the Captain took 'em, and brought them to the Prince.

Now when they were taken, had before the Prince, and examined, he found them to be of three several Counties, though they all came out of one Land.

1. One Sort of them came out of *Blindmanshire*, and they were such as did ignorantly what they did.

2. And

2. Another Sort of them came out of *Blindzealsbire*, and they did superstitiously what they did.

3. The third Sort of them came out of the Town of *Malice* in the County of *Envy*, and they did what they did out of Spite and Implacableness.

For the first of these, to wit, they that came out of *Blindmansbire*, when they saw where they were, and against whom they had fought, they trembled, and cried as they stood before him; and as many of those as asked him Mercy, he touched their Lips with his golden Scepter.

They that came out of *Blindzealsbire*, they did not as their Fellows did, for they pleaded that they had right to do what they did, because *Mansoul* was a Town whose Laws and Customs were diverse from all that dwelt thereabouts; very few of these could be brought to see their Evil, but those that did, and asked Mercy, they also obtained Favour.

Now they that came out of the Town of *Malice*, that is in the County of *Envy*, they neither wept nor disputed, but stood gnawing of their Tongues before him for Anguish and Madness, because they could not have their Will upon *Mansoul*. Now those last, with all those of the other two Sorts that did unfeignedly ask Pardon for their Faults: *Those he made to enter into sufficient Bond to answer for what they had done against Mansoul, and against her King, at the great and general Assizes to be holden for our Lord the King, where he himself should appoint for the Country and Kingdom of Universe.*

So they became bound each Man for himself to come in when called upon, to answer before our Lord the King for what they had done as before.

And thus much concerning this second Army that was sent by *Diabolus* to overthrow *Mansoul*.

But there were three of those that came from the Land of *Doubting*, who after they had wandered and ranged the Country a while, and perceived that they had escaped, were so hardy as to thrust themselves, knowing that yet there were in the Town of *Diabo-*

The Holy War,

Three or four
of the Doubters
go into *Man-
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tained, and by
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Jus, I say, they were so hardy as to thrust themselves into *Man-soul* among them. (Three did I say, I think there were four.) Now to whose House should these *Diabolonian Doubters* go, but to the House of an old *Diabolonian* in *Man-soul*, whose Name was *Evil-questioning*, a very great Enemy he was to *Man-soul*, and a great doer among the *Diabolonians* there. Well, to this *Evil-questioning's* House, as was said, did these *Diabolonians* come, (you may be sure that they had Directions how to find the way thither) so he made them welcome, pitied their Misfortune, succoured them with the best that he had in his House. Now after a little Acquaintance, and it was not long before they had that, this old *Evil-questioning* asked the *Doubters* if they were all of a Town, (he knew that they were all of one Kingdom;) and they answered, no, nor of one Shire neither, for I, said one, am an *Election-Doubter*; I, said another, am a *Vocation Doubter*; then said the third, I am a *Salvation Doubter*; and the fourth said he was a *Grace-Doubter*. Well, quoth the old Gentleman, be of what Shire you will, I am persuaded that you are Town-boys, you have the very length of my foot, are one with my heart, and shall be welcome to me. So they thanked him, and were glad that they had found themselves an harbour in *Man-soul*. Then said *Evil-questioning* to them, How many of your Company might there be that came with you to the Siege of *Man-soul*? And they answered, there were but ten thousand

Talk betwixt
the Doubters
and old *Evil-
questioning*.

Doubters in all, for the rest of the Army consisted of fifteen thousand *Blood-men*: These *Blood-men*, quoth they, border upon our Country; but poor Men, we hear, they were every one taken by *Emanuel's* Forces. Ten thousand, quoth the old Gentleman, I'll promise you that's a sound Company. But how came it to pass, since you were so mighty a Number, that you fainted, and durst not fight your Post? Our

General

General, said they, was the first Man that did run for't. Pray, quoth their Landlord, who was that your cowardly General? He was once the Lord-Mayor of *Mansoul*, said they. But pray call him not a cowardly General, for whether any from the East to the West has done more service for our Prince *Diabolus*, than has my Lord *Incredulity*, will be a hard Question for you to answer. But had they caught him, they would for certain have hanged him, and we promise you, hanging is but a bad business.

Then said the old Gentleman, I would that all the ten thousand *Doubters* were now well armed in *Mansoul*, and my self in the head of them, I would see what I could do. Ah, said they, that would be well, if we could see that: But Wishes, alas! what are they? And these Words were spoken aloud. Well, said old *Evil-questioning*, take heed that ye talk not too loud, you must be quiet and close, and must take care of yourselves while you are here, or I'll assure you, you will be snapt.

Why? Quoth the *Doubters*.

Why! Quoth the old Gentleman? Why, because both the Prince and Lord *Secretary*, and there Captains and Soldiers are all at present in Town; yea, the Town is as full of them as ever it can hold. And besides, there is one whose Name is *Will-be-will*, a most cruel Enemy of ours, and him the Prince had made Keeper of the Gates, and has commanded him, that with all the Diligence he can, he should look for, search out, and destroy all, and all Manner of *Diabolonians*.

And if he lighted upon you, down you go, though your Head's made of Gold.

And now, to see how it happened, one of the Lord *Will-be-will's* faithful Soldiers, whose Name was Mr. *Diligence*, stood all this while listening under old *Evil-questioning's* Eaves, and heard all the Talk that had been betwixt him and the *Doubters* that he entertained under his Roof.

They are overheard.

The Soldier was a Man that my Lord had much Confidence in, and that he loved dearly, and that both because he was a Man of Courage, and also a Man that was unwearied in seeking after *Diabolonians* to apprehend them.

Now this Man, as I told you, heard all the Talk that was between old *Evil-questioning* and these *Diabolonians*; wherefore what does he, but goes to his Lord and tells him what he had heard. And sayest thou so, my trusty, quoth my Lord? Ay, quoth *Diligence*, that I do, and if your Lordship will be pleased to go with me, you shall find it as I have said. And are they there, quoth my Lord? I know *Evil-questioning* well, for he and I were great at the Time of our Apollasie. But I know not now where he dwells. But I do, said his Man, and if your Lordship will go, I will lead you the Way to his Den. Go, quoth my Lord, that I will. Come, my *Diligence*, let's go find them out. So my Lord and his Man went together the direct Way to his House. Now his Man went before to shew him the Way, and they went till they came even under old Mr. *Evil-questioning's* Wall: Then said *Diligence*, Hark (my Lord,) do you know the old Gentleman's Tongue when you hear it? Yes, said my Lord, I know it well, but I have not seen him many a Day. This I know, he is cunning, I wish he doth not give us the Slip. Let me alone for that, said his Servant *Diligence*. But how shall we find the Door, quoth my Lord? Let me alone for that too, said his Man. So he had my Lord *Willbe-will* about, and shewed him the Way to the Door. Then my Lord, without more ado, broke open the Door, rushed into the House, and caught them all five together, even as *Diligence* his Man had told him. So my Lord apprehended them, and led them away, and committed them to the Hand of Mr. *Trueman* the Goaler, and he commanded, and he did put them in Ward. This done, my Lord Mayor was acquainted in the Morning with what

They are apprehended and committed to Prison.

what my Lord *Willberwill* had done over Night, and his Lordship rejoiced much at the News, not only because they were *Doubters* apprehended, but because that old *Evil-questioning* was taken; for he had been a very great Trouble to *Mansoul*, and much Affliction to my Lord-Mayor himself. He had also been sought for often, but no Hand could ever be laid upon him till now.

Well, the next Thing was to make Preparations to try these five that by my Lord had been apprehended, and that were in the Hands of Mr. *Trueman* the Goaler. So the Day was set, and the Court called and came together, and the Prisoners brought to the Bar. My Lord *Willberwill* had Power to have slain them when at first he took them, and that without any more ado, but he thought at this Time more for the Honour of the Prince, the Comfort of *Mansoul*, and the Discomfiment of the Enemy, to bring them forth to publick Judgment.

They are brought to Trial.

But I say, Mr. *Trueman* brought them in Chains to the Bar, to the Town-hall, for that was the Place of Judgment. So to be short, the Jury was pannelled, the Witnesses sworn, and the Prisoners tried for their Lives; the Jury was the same that tried Mr. *No-truth*, *Pitiless*, *Haughty*, and the rest of their Companions.

And first, old *Evil-questioning* himself was set to the Bar; for he was the Receiver, the Entertainer and Comforter of these *Doubters*, that by Nation were Godlandish-men; then he was bid to hearken to his Charge, and was told that he had Liberty to object, if he had ought to say for himself. So his Indictment was read, the Manner and Form here follows.

Mr. Questioning. Thou art here indicted by the Name of *Evil-questioning*, an Intruder upon the Town of *Mansoul*, for that thou art a Deceiver by Nature, and also a Hater of the Prince Emanuel, and that thou hast studied the Ruin of the Town of *Mansoul*. Thou art also here Indicted, for entertaining the King's Enemies, after wholesome Laws made to the

contrary: For, 1. Thou hast questioned the Truth of her Doctrine and State. 2. In wishing that ten thousand Doubters were in her. In receiving, entertaining and encouraging of her Enemies, that came from their Army unto thee. What sayest thou to this Indictment, art thou guilty, or not guilty?

My Lord, quoth he, I know not the Meaning of this Indictment, forasmuch as I am not the Man concerned in it; the Man that standeth by this Charge accused before this Bench, is called by the Name of *Evil-questioning*, which Name I deny to be mine, mine being *Honest-Enquiring*. The one indeed sounds like the other, but I trow, your Lordships know that between these two there is a wide Difference; for I hope that a Man even in the worst of Times, and that too amongst the worst of Men may make an honest Enquiry after Things, without running the Danger of Death.

Then spake my Lord *Willbewill*, for he was one of the Witnesses: My Lord, and you the honourable Bench and Magistrates of the Town of Mansoul, you all have heard with your Ears, that the Prisoner at the Bar has denied his Name, and so thinks to shift from the Charge of the Indictment. But I know him to be the Man concerned, and that his proper Name is *Evil-questioning*. I have known him (my Lord) above this thirty Years, for he and I (a Shame it is for me to speak it) were great Acquaintance, when Diabolus that Tyrant had the Government of Mansoul; and I testifie that he is a Diabolonian by Nature, and an Enemy to our Prince, and an Haer of the blessed Town of Mansoul. He has in Times of Rebellion been at, and lain in my House, my Lord, not so little as twenty Nights together, and we did use to talk then (for the Substance of Talk) as he, and his Doubters have talked of late: True, I have not seen him many a Day, I suppose that the coming of Emanuel to Mansoul has made him to change his Lodgings, as this Indictment has driven him to change his Name; but this is the Man, my Lord.

Then

Then said the Court unto him, Hast thou any more to say?

Yes, quoth the old Gentleman; that I have; for all that has yet been said against me, is but by the Mouth of one Witness, and it is not lawful for the famous Town of Mansoul, at the Mouth of one Witness, to put any Man to Death.

Then stood forth Mr. Diligence, and said, My Lord, as I was upon my Watch such a Night at the Head of Badstreet, in this Town, I chanced to hear a muttering within the Gentleman's House; then thought I, what's to do here? So I went up close, but very softly, to the side of the House to listen, thinking, as indeed it fell out, that there I might light of some Diabolonian Conventicle. So, as I said, I drew nearer and nearer, and when I was got up close to the Wall, it was but a while before I perceived that there were Outlandish-Men in the House (but I did understand their Speech, for I have been a Traveller my self) now hearing such Language in such a tottering Cottage this old Gentleman dwelt in, I clapt mine Ear to a Hole in the Window, and there heard them talk as followeth. This old Mr. Questioning asked these Doubters what they were, whence they came, and what was their Business in these Parts? And they told him so all these Questions, yet he did entertain them. He also asked what Numbers there were of them, and they told him ten thousand Men. He then asked them why they made no more Manly Assault upon Mansoul? and they told him. So he called their General Coward, for marching off when he should have fought for his Prince. Further, this old Evil-questioning wist, and I heard him wist, would all the ten thousand Doubters were now in Mansoul, and himself in the head of them. He bid them also take heed of them. He bid them also to take heed and lie quiet, for if they were taken they must die, although they had heads of Gold.

Then said the Court, Mr. Evil-questioning, here is now another Witness against you, and his Testimony

mony is full: 1. He swears that you did receive these Men into your House, and that you did nourish them there, tho' you knew that they were *Diabolonians*, and the King's Enemies. 2. He swears that you did wish ten thousand of them in *Mansoul*. 3. He swears that you did give them Advice to be quiet and close, lest they were taken by the King's Servants. All which manifesteth that thou art a *Diabolonian*; but hadst thou been a Friend to the King, thou wouldst have apprehended them.

Then said *Evil questioning*, To the first of these I answer, the Men that came into mine House were Strangers, and I took them in, and is it now become a Crime in *Mansoul* for a Man to entertain Strangers? That I did also nourish them is true, and why should my Charity be blamed. As for the Reason why I wished ten thousand of them in *Mansoul*, I never told it to the Witnesses, nor to themselves. I might wish them to be taken, and so my Wish might mean well to *Mansoul*, for ought that any yet knows. I did also bid 'em take heed that they fell not into the Captain's Hands, but that might be because I am unwilling that any Man should be slain, and not because I would have the King's Enemies, as such, escape.

My Lord-Mayor then replied, *That tho' it was a Virtue to entertain Strangers, yet it was Treason to entertain the King's Enemies. And for what else thou hast said, thou dost by Words but Labour to evade, and defer the Execution of Judgment. But could there be no more proved against thee but that thou art a Diabolonian, thou must for that die the Death by the Law; but to be a Receiver, a Nourisher, a Countenancer, and a Harbourn of others of them, yea, of outlandish Diabolonians; yea, of them that came from far, on purpose to cut off and destroy our Mansoul; this must not be born.*

Then said *Evil-questioning*, I see how the Game will go. I must die for my Name, and for my Charity. And so held his Peace.

Then they called the outlandish *Doubters* to the Bar,

Bar, and the first of them that was arraigned, was the *Election-Doubter*; so his Indictment was read, and because he was an Outlandish man, the Substance of it was told to him by an Interpreter; to wit, *That he was there charged with being an Enemy to Emanuel the Prince, a hater of the Town of Mansoul, and an opposer of her most wholesome Doctrine.*

Then the Judge asked him if he would plead? But he said only this, *That he confessed that he was an Election-Doubter, and that that was the Religion that he had even been brought up in.* And said moreover, *if I must die for my Religion, I trow, I shall die a Martyr, and so I care the less.*

Then the Judge replied, To question Election is to overthrow a great Doctrine of the Gospel; to wit, the *Omniscieny*, and *Power*, and *Will* of God, to take away the Liberty of God with his Creature, to stumble the Faith of the Town of *Mansoul*, and to make Salvation to depend upon Works, and not upon Grace. It also belied the Word, and disquieted the Minds of the Men of *Mansoul*, therefore by the best of Laws he must die.

Then was the *Vocation-Doubter* called, and set to the Bar; and his Indictment for Substance was the same with the other, only he was particularly charged with the denying the calling of *Mansoul*.

The Judge asked him also what he had to say for himself?

So he replied, *That he never believed that there was any such Thing as a distinct and powerful Call of God to Mansoul, otherwise than by the general Voice of the Word, nor by that neither, otherwise than as is exhorted them to forbear Evil, and to do that which is Good, and in so doing a Promise of Happiness is annexed.*

Then said the Judge, Thou art a *Diabolonian*, and hast denied a great Part of one of the most experimental Truths of the Prince of the Town of *Mansoul*; for he has called, and she has heard a most distinct and powerful Call of her *Emanuel*, by which she has been quickened, awakened, and possessed with Hea-
venly

venly Grace to desire to have Communion with her Prince, to serve him, and to do his Will, and to look for her happiness merely of his good pleasure. And for thine abhorrence of this good Doctrine thou must die the death.

Then the *Grace-Doubter* was called, and his Indictment was read, and he replied thereto, *That though he was of the Land of Doubting, his Father was the Offspring of a Pharisee, and lived in good fashion among his Neighbours, and that he taught him to believe, and believe I do, and will, that Mansoul shall never be saved freely by Grace.*

Then said the Judge, Why, the Law of the Prince is plain: Negatively, *Not of Works*: 2 Positively, *By Grace you are saved*, Rom. 3. Eph. 2. And thy Religion setteth in and upon the works of the Flesh: For the works of the Law are the works of the Flesh. Besides, in saying (thou hast done) thou hast robbed God of his Glory, and given it to a sinful Man; thou hast robbed Christ of the necessity of his undertaking; and the sufficiency thereof, and hast given both these to the works of the Flesh. Thou hast despised the Work of the Holy Ghost, and hast magnified the will of the Flesh, and of the legal Mind. Thou art a *Diabolonian*, the Son of a *Diabolonian*; and for thy *Diabolonian* Principles thou must die.

The Court then having proceeded thus far with them, sent out the Jury, who forthwith brought them in guilty of Death. Then stood up the Recorder, and addressed himself to the Prisoners: *You the Prisoners at the Bar, you have been here indicted, and proved guilty of high Crimes against Emanuel, our Prince, and against the Welfare of the famous Town of Mansoul: Crimes for which you must be put to Death; and die ye accordingly.*

So they were sentenced to the Death of the Cross: The Place assigned them for Execution was that where *Diabolus* drew up his last Army against *Mansoul*; save only that old *Evil-questioning* was hanged

at the top of *Bad-street*, juſt over againſt his own Door.

When the Town of *Manſoul* had thus far rid themſelves of their Enemies, and of the Troublers of their Peace, in the next place a ſtrict Commandment was given out, that yet my Lord *Willberwill* ſhould, with *Diligence* his Man, ſearch for, and do his beſt to apprehend what Town *Diabolonians* were yet left alive in *Manſoul*. The Names of ſeveral of them were Mr. *Fooling*, Mr. *Letgoodſlip*, Mr. *Slaviſh fear*, Mr. *Nolove*, Mr. *Miſtruſt*, Mr. *Fleſh*, and Mr. *Sloth*. It was alſo commanded that he ſhould apprehend Mr. *Evil-queſtioning's* Children that he left behind him, and that they ſhould demolish his Houſe there; Mr. *Doubt*, and he was his eldeſt Son; the next to him was *Legal-life*, *Unbelief*, *Wrong-thoughts-of-Chriſt*, *Clip-promise*, *Carnal-ſenſe*, *Live-by-ſeel*, *Self-love*. All theſe he had by one Wife, and her Name was *No-hope*, ſhe was the Kinswoman of old *Incredulity*, for he was her Uncle, and when her Father old *Dark* was dead, he took her and brought her up, and when ſhe was marriageable, he gave her to this old *Evil-queſtioning* to wife.

Now the Lord *Willberwill* did put into execution his Commiſſion with great *Diligence* his Man. He took *Fooling* in the Streets, and hanged him up in *Want-wit-alley*, over againſt his own Houſe. This *Fooling* was he that would have had the Town of *Manſoul* deliver up Captain *Credence* into the hands of *Diabolus*, provided that then he would have withdrawn his Force out of the Town. He alſo took Mr. *Letgoodſlip* one day as he was buſie in the Market, and executed him according to Law; now there was an honeſt poor Man in *Manſoul*, and his Name was Mr. *Meditation*, one of no great account in the Days of Apoſtaſie; but now of repute with the beſt of the Town. This Man therefore they were willing to prefer; now Mr. *Letgoodſlip* had a great deal of Wealth heretofore in *Manſoul*, and at *Emanuel's* coming it was ſequeſtered to the Uſe of the Prince; this
therefore

therefore was now given to Mr. *Meditation* to improve for the common Good, and after him to his Son Mr. *Thinkwell*; this *Thinkwell* he had by Mrs. *Piety* his Wife, and she was the Daughter of Mr. *Recorder*.

After this my Lord apprehended *Clip-promise*; now because he was a notorious Villain, for by his Doings much of the King's Coin was abused, therefore he was made a publick Example. He was arraigned and judged to be the first set in the Pillory, and then to be whipt by all the Children and Servants in *Mansoul*, and then to be hanged till he was dead. Some may wonder at the Severity of this Man's Punishment, but these that are honest Traders in *Mansoul*, are sensible of the great Abuse that one Clipper of Promises in little Time may do to the Town of *Mansoul*. And truly my Judgment is, that all those of his Name and Life should be served even as he.

He also apprehended *Carnal-sense*, and put him in Hold, but how it came about I cannot tell, but he broke Prison and made his Escape. Yea, and the bold Villain will not yet quit the Town, but lurks in the *Diabolonian Dens* a Days, and haunts like a Ghost honest Mens Houses a Nights. Wherefore there was a Proclamation set up in the Market-place in *Mansoul*, signifying that whosoever could discover *Carnal-sense*, and apprehend him and slay him, should be admitted daily to the Prince's Table, and should be made keeper of the Treasure of *Mansoul*. Many therefore did bend themselves to do this Thing, but take him and slay him they could not, though often he was discovered.

But my Lord took Mr. *Wrong-thoughts of Christ*, and put him in Prison, and he died of a lingering Consumption.

Self-love was also taken and committed to Custody, but there were many that were allied to him in *Mansoul*, so his Judgment was deferred, but at last Mr. *Self-denial* stood up and said, if such Villains as these may be winked at in *Mansoul*, I will lay down my

Commission. He also took him from the Croud, and had him among his Soldiers, and there he was brained. But some in *Manfoul* muttered at it, though none durst speak plainly, because *Emanuel* was in the Town. But this brave Act of Captain *Self-denial* came to the Prince's Ears, so he sent for him, and made him a Lord in *Manfoul*. My Lord *Willberwill* also obtained great Commendations of *Emanuel* for what he had done for the Town of *Manfoul*.

Then my Lord *Self-denial* took Courage, and set to the pursuing of the *Diabolonians* with my Lord *Willberwill*; and they took *Live-by-feeling*, and they took *Legal life*, and put them in hold till they died. But Mr. *Unbelief* was a nimble *Jack*, him they could never lay hold of, though they attempted to do it often. He therefore, and some few more of the subtlest of the *Diabolonian* Tribe did yet remain in *Manfoul*, to the Time that *Manfoul* left off to dwell any longer in the Kingdom of *Universe*. But they kept them to their Dens and Holes; if one of them did appear or happen to be seen in any of the Streets of the Town of *Manfoul*, the whole Town would be up in Arms after them; yea, the very Children in *Manfoul* would cry out after them as after a Thief, and would wish that they might stone them to death with Stones. And now did *Manfoul* arrive to some good Degree of Peace and Quiet, her Prince also did abide within her Borders, her Captains also, and her Soldiers did their Duties, and *Manfoul* minded her Trade that she had with the Country afar off; also she was busy her Manufacture, *Isa. 33. 17. Phil 3 20. Prov. 31.*

When the Town of *Manfoul* had thus far rid themselves of so many of their Enemies, and the Troublers of their Peace; the Prince sent to them, and appointed a Day wherein he would at the Market-place meet the whole People, and there give them in Charge concerning the future Matters, that if observed, would tend to their farther Safety and Comfort, and to the Condemnation and Destruction of their home-bred

Diabolonians. So the Day appointed was come, and the Townsmen met together; *Emanuel* also came down in his Chariot, and all his Captains in their state attending of him on the Right-hand, and on the Left. Then was an *O yes* made for Silence, and after some mutual Carriages of Love, the Prince began, and thus proceeded.

*Emanuel's
Speech to
Mansoul.*

‘ You, my *Mansoul*, and the beloved of
‘ mine Heart, many and great are the Pri-
‘ viledges that I have bestowed upon you;
‘ I have singled you out from others, and
‘ have chosen you to myself, not for your worthiness,
‘ but for mine own Sake. I have also redeemed you,
‘ not only from the Dread of my Father’s Law, but
‘ from the Hand of *Diabolus*. This I have done, be-
‘ cause I loved you, and because I have set my Heart
‘ upon you to do you good. I have also that all
‘ Things that might hinder thy Way to the Pleasures of
‘ Paradise might be taken out of the Way, laid down
‘ for thee, for thy Soul, a plenary Satisfaction, and
‘ have bought thee for myself; a Price not of corrup-
‘ tible Things, as of Silver and Gold, but a Price of
‘ Blood, mine own Blood, which I have freely spilt
‘ upon the Ground to make thee mine. So I have re-
‘ conciled thee, O my *Mansoul*, to my Father, and
‘ intrusted thee in the Mansion-houses that are with
‘ my Father in the Royal City, where Things are, O
‘ my *Mansoul*, that Eye hath not seen, nor hath entered
‘ into the Heart of Man to conceive.

‘ Besides, O my *Mansoul*, thou seest what I have
‘ done, and how I have taken thee out of the Hands of
‘ thine Enemies; unto whom thou hast deeply revolt-
‘ ed from my Father, and by whom thou wast content
‘ to be possessed, and also to be destroyed. I came
‘ to thee first by my Law, then by my Gospel to awa-
‘ ken thee and shew thee my Glory. And thou know-
‘ est what thou wast, what thou saidst, what thou
‘ didst, and how many Times thou rebelledst against
‘ my Father and me; yet I left thee not, as thou seest
‘ this Day, but came to thee, have born thy Manners,
‘ have

have waited upon thee, and after all accepted of thee even of my meer Grace and Favour; and would not suffer thee to be lost, as thou most willingly wouldst have been. I also compassed thee about, afflicted thee on every Side, that I might make thee weary of thy Ways, and bring down thy Heart with Molestation to a Willingness to close with thy Good and Happiness. And when I had gotten a compleat Conquest over thee, I turned it to thy Advantage.

Thou seest also what a Company of my Father's Host I have lodged within thy Borders, Captains and Rulers, Soldiers, Men of War, Engines and excellent Devices to subdue and bring down thy Foes; thou knowest my Meaning, O *Mansoul*. And they are my Servants, and thine too, *Mansoul*. Yea, my Design of possessing of thee with them, and the natural Tendency of each of them, is to defend, purge, strengthen, and sweeten thee for myself, O *Mansoul*, and to make thee meet for my Father's Presence, Blessing and Glory; for thou, my *Mansoul*, art created to be prepared unto these.

Thou seest moreover, my *Mansoul*, how I have passed by thy Back-slidings, and have healed thee. Indeed I was angry with thee, but I have turned my Anger, and mine Indignation is ceased in the Destruction of thine Enemies, O *Mansoul*. Nor did thy Goodness fetch me again unto thee, after that I for thy Transgressions have hid my Face, and withdrawn my Presence from thee. The Way of Back-sliding was thine, but the Way and Means of Recovery was mine. I invented the Means of thy Return; it is I that made an Hedge and a Wall, when thou wast beginning to turn to Things in which I delighted not. 'Twas I that made thy Sweet Bitter, thy Day Night; thy smooth Way thorny; and that also confounded all that sought thy Destruction. 'Twas I that set Mr. *Godlyfear* to work in *Mansoul*. 'Twas I that stirred up thy Conscience and Understanding, thy Will and thy Affections, after thy great and woeful Decay. 'Twas I that put Life into thee, O *Mansoul*, to seek me,

me, that thou mightest find me, and in thy finding, find thine own Health, Happiness and Salvation. 'Twas I that fetched the second Time the *Diabolonians* out of *Mansoul*; 'twas I that overcame them, and that destroyed them before thy Face.

And now my *Mansoul*, I am returned to thee in Peace, and thy Transgressions against me are as if they had not been. Nor shall it be with thee as in former Days, but I will do better for thee than at thy beginning. For yet a little While, O my *Mansoul*, even after a few more Times are gone over thy Head, I will (but be not thou troubled at what I say) take down this famous Town of *Mansoul*, Strick and Stoue to the Ground. And I will carry the Stones thereof, and the Timber thereof, and the Walls thereof, and the Dust thereof, and Inhabitants thereof, into mine own Country, even into the Kingdom of my Father; and will there set it up in such Strength and Glory, as it never did see in the Kingdom where now it is placed. I will even there set it up for my Father's Habitation, for, for that Purpose it was at first erected in the Kingdom of *Universe*; and there will I make it a-Spectacle of Wonder, a Monument of Mercy. There shall the Natives of *Mansoul* see all that of all which they have seen nothing here; there shall they be equal to those unto whom they have been inferior here. And there shalt thou, O my *Mansoul*, have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as is not possible here to be enjoined, nor ever could be, should thou live in *Universe* the Space of a thousand Years.

And there, O my *Mansoul*, thou shalt be afraid of Murderers no more & of *Diabolonians* no more. There shall be no more Plots, nor Contrivances, nor Designs against thee, O my *Mansoul*. There thou shalt no more hear the evil Tidings, or the Noise of the *Diabolonian* Drum. There thou shalt not see the *Diabolonian* Standard-bearers, nor yet behold *Diabolus* his Standard. No *Diabolonian* Mount should be

cast

cast up against thee there, nor shall there the *Diabolonian* Standard be set up to make thee afraid. There thou shalt meet with no Sorrow, nor Grief, nor shall it be possible that any *Diabolonian* should again (for ever) be able to creep into thy Skirts, burrow in thy Walls, or be seen within thy Borders all the Days of Eternity. Life shall there last longer than here you are able to desire it should, and yet it shall always be sweet and new, nor shall any Impediment attend it for ever.

There, O *Mansoul*, thou shalt meet with many of these that have been like thee, and that have been Partakers of thy Sorrows; even such as I have chosen, and redeemed, and set apart as thou for my Father's Court and City Royal. All they will be glad in thee, and thou, when thou seest them, shall be glad in thine Heart.

There are Things, O *Mansoul*, even Things of thy Father's providing and mine, that never were seen since the Beginning of the World, and they are laid up with my Father, and sealed up among his Treasures for thee, till thou shalt come thither to them. I told you before that I would remove my *Mansoul* and set it up elsewhere, and where I will set it, there are those that love thee, and those that rejoice in thee now, but much more when they see thee exalted to Honour. My Father will then send them for you to fetch you; and their Bosoms are Chariots to put you in. And you, O my *Mansoul*, shall ride upon the Wings of the Wind, *Psal.* 68. 17. They will come to convey, conduct, and bring you to that, when your Eyes see more, that will be your desired Heaven.

And thus, O my *Mansoul*, I have shewed unto thee what shall be done to thee hereafter, if thou canst understand; and now I will tell thee what at present must be thy Duty and Practice, until I shall come and fetch thee to myself, according as is related in the Scriptures of Truth.

First,

First, I charge thee that thou dost hereafter keep more white and clean the Liveries which I gave thee before my last withdrawing from thee. Do it, I say, for this will be thy Wisdom. They are in themselves fine Linnen, but thou must keep them white and clean. This will be your Wisdom, your Honour, and will be greatly for my Glory. When your Garments are white, the World will count you mine. Also when your Garments are white, then I am delighted in your Ways; for then your goings to and fro will be like a Flash of Lightening, that those that are present must take notice of, also their Eyes will be made to dazzle thereat. Deck thyself therefore according to my bidding, and make thyself by my Law straight Steps for thy Feet, so shall thy King greatly desire thy Beauty, for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

Now that thou mayst keep them as I bid thee, I have, as I before did tell thee, provided for thee an open Fountain to wash thy Garments in. Look therefore that thou wash often in my Fountain, and go not in defiled Garments; for as it is to my Dishonour, and my Disgrace, so it will be to thy Discomfort, when you shall walk in filthy Garments, *Zach. 3. 1, 2.* Let not therefore my Garments, your Garments, the Garments that I gave thee, be defiled or spotted by the Flesh, *Jude v. 23.* Keep thy Garments always white, and let thy head lack no Ointment.

My *Mansoul*, I have oft-times delivered thee from the Designs, Plots, Attempts, and Conspiracies of *Diabolus*, and for all this I ask thee nothing, but that thou render not to me Evil for my Good, but that thou bear in Mind my Love, and the continuation of my Kindness to my beloved *Mansoul*, so as to provoke thee to walk, in thy Measure, according to the Benefit bestowed on thee. Of old the Sacrifices were bound with Cords to the Horns of the Golden Altar. Consider what is said to thee, O my blessed *Mansoul*.

O my

• O my *Mansoul*, I have lived, I have died, I live, and will die no more for thee. I live that thou mayest not die. Because I live thou shalt live also. I reconciled thee to my Father by the Blood of my Cross, and being reconciled thou shalt live through me. I will pray for thee, I will fight for thee, I will yet do thee good.

• Nothing can hurt thee but Sin; nothing can grieve me but Sin; nothing can make thee base before thy Foes but Sin: Take heed of Sin, my *Mansoul*.

• And dost thou know why I at first, and do still suffer *Diabolonians* to dwell in thy Walls, O *Mansoul*? It is to keep thee waking, to try thy Love; to make thee watchful, and to cause thee yet to prize my noble Captains, their Soldiers, and my Mercy.

• It is also that yet thou mayest be made to remember what a deplorable Condition thou once wast in, I mean when, not some, but all did dwell, not in thy Wall, but in thy Castle, and in thy strong Hold, O *Mansoul*.

• O my *Mansoul*, should I slay all them within; many there be without that would bring thee into bondage; for were all these within cut off, those without would find thee sleeping, and then as in a Moment they would swallow up my *Mansoul*. I therefore left them in thee, not to do thee hurt (the which they yet will, if thou hearken to them, and serve them) but to do thee good, the which they must, if thou watch and fight against them. Know therefore that whatever they shall tempt thee to, my Design is that they should drive thee, not further off, but nearer to my Father, to learn thee War, to make Petitioning desirable to thee, and to make thee little in thine own Eyes. Hearken diligently to this my *Mansoul*.

• Shew me then thy Love, my *Mansoul*, and let not those that are within thy Walls, take thy Affections off from him that hath redeemed thy Soul. Yea, let the Sight of a *Diabolonian* heighten thy love to me.

• I came

I came once and twice, and thrice to save thee from the Poison of those Arrows that would have wrought thy Death: stand for me, my Friend, my *Mansoul*, against the *Diabolonians*, and I will stand for thee before my Father, and all his Court. Love me against Temptation, and I will love thee notwithstanding thine Infirmities.

O my *Mansoul*, remember what my Captains, my Soldiers, and mine Engines have done for thee. They have fought for thee, they have born much at thy Hands to do thee good, O *Mansoul*. Hadst thou not had them to help thee, *Diabolus* had certainly made a Hand of thee. Nourish them therefore, my *Mansoul*. When thou dost well, they will be well, when thou dost ill, they will be ill, and sick, and weak. Make not my Captains sick, O *Mansoul*, for if they be sick, thou canst not be well; if they be weak, thou canst not be strong; if they be faint, thou canst not be stout and valiant for thy King, O *Mansoul*. Nor must thou think always to live by Sense, thou must live upon my Word. Thou must believe, O my *Mansoul*, when I am for thee, that yet I love and bear thee upon mine Heart for ever.

Remember therefore, O my *Mansoul*, that thou art beloved of me; as I have therefore taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make War against my Foes, so now I command thee to believe that my Love is constant to thee, O my *Mansoul*, how have I set my Heart, my Love upon thee, watch, Behold, I lay, none other burden upon thee, than what thou hast already, bold fall till I come.

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